

1947 february 15c

modern screen



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JUNE ALLYSON

JAN 13 1947

Hitch your Hair Styles to the Stars



**No other shampoo
leaves your hair
more lustrous, yet
so easy to manage.**

Ballerina on blades... star of the dazzling Hollywood Ice Revue and 20th Century-Fox Films... Sonja Henie pirouettes, whirls and glides over the ice as gracefully as a bird in flight... her lovely, blonde hair gleaming in all its glory.

"I love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves my hair so smooth and shining and well behaved," she says.

Whether you are a glamorous blonde like Sonja, a beauteous brunette or a radiant red-head, you too can bring out all the natural loveliness of your hair... reveal all its sparkling high lights... dramatize all its soft, thrilling texture... when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



★ **TIME OUT BETWEEN TAKES!** Technicolor cameras demand perfection. And a movie star's hair must always be radiantly clean. Drene is not a soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals as much as 33 per cent more

lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it. Sonja favors this softly-curved hair-do for lively action in front of the cameras. You'll like it especially for active sports and other informal occasions.

Drene **Shampoo**
with Hair Conditioning Action



★ **TABLE FOR TWO!** Sonja's blonde beauty is just as glamorous in real life. For that "special evening", try the simple, but elegant up-do Sonja models here. It's so easy to fix when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action. Comb hair up to crown, anchor, arrange in gleaming curls.

"HUNGRY, HONEY?"

GIRL: No, I'm not *hungry*. Just *looking*.

CUPID: *Just looking*, she says! "Lovelorn Maiden Gazes Yearningly at Valentine, and says she's—"

GIRL: Smart-aleck! Know-it-all! Instead of poking fun at me, you might try to *help*!

CUPID: *Me help you?* Why don't you stop moping long enough to help yourself? *Smile* at men. *Gleam* at 'em, give 'em the old glitter. They'll eat it up!

GIRL: And then have stomach-ache! You should see my smile, Cupid. Looks as though it got dragged along a country road. I clean my teeth faithfully, but—

CUPID: No sparkle, eh? And "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, now that I think of it—

CUPID: *Now* that you think of it! You beanhead! "Pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let *him* figure out what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then, as I'm walking out, he'll hand me a box containing one bright smile—

CUPID: Nitwit, bright smiles depend largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana not only cleans teeth—it's designed, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, start right in ... and Baby, you'll be on the way to a smile that'll have men eating their hearts out for you!

NEVER IGNORE
"PINK
TOOTH BRUSH"



For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This is the year of "The Yearling" and this month we're going to let a number of America's famous authors tell you about M-G-M's finest picture.

All these writers saw the preview of "The Yearling" and it's a privilege to have them as our guest columnists.



THORNTON DELEHANTY of "Redbook Magazine": "Heart-warming story, and superb acting and production. 'The Yearling' is an enthralling film, a masterpiece."

LOUELLA PARSONS, Hollywood's famed columnist: "A tender, true and really lovely picture—one you will thank M-G-M for making... I laughed at it and wept at it and loved every minute of it and I think you will too. Claude Jarman, Jr., as 'Jody' is great!"

URSULA PARROTT: "An enchanting background of woodland and wilderness, photographed in Technicolor so subtly perfect it deepens and intensifies every mood of the story."



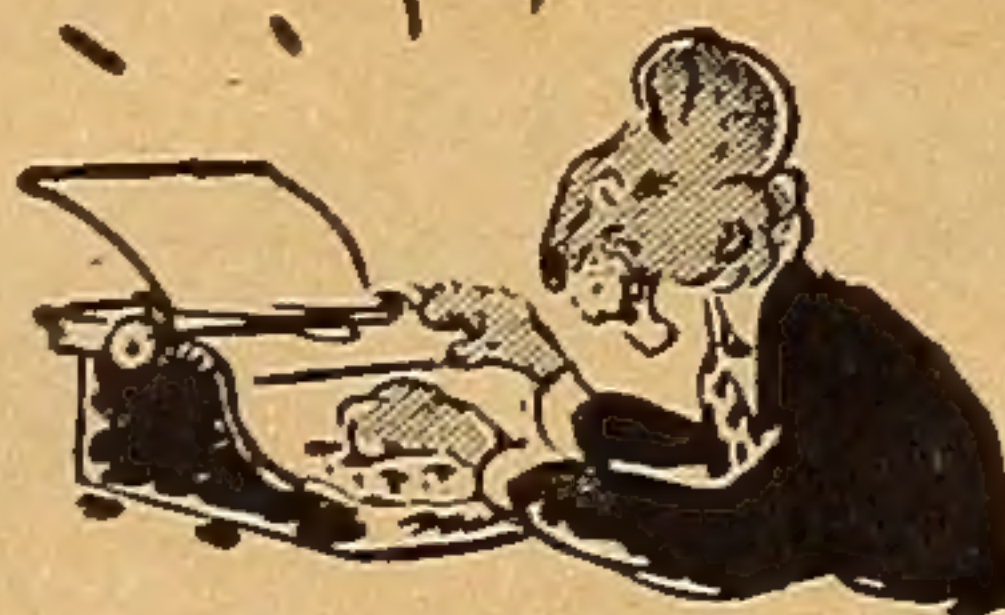
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN: "The outstanding feature of 'The Yearling' is (to my way of thinking) the superlative performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter. She plays an exacting and difficult role with superb restraint and dynamic power."



BENNETT CERF, author and columnist: "If there is any justice in Hollywood, 'The Yearling' should waltz off with just about all the Oscars in sight."

And that's why:
This is the year
of "The Yearling"!

—Leo



"The Yearling", starring Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, is a Clarence Brown production. The cast also includes Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker. Screen play by Paul Osborn, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor.

FEBRUARY, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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*You'll share the intimate secrets of an
amazing love affair!*

M-G-M PRESENTS

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT · WALTER PIDGEON
JUNE ALLYSON**

"The Secret Heart"

She had
no right
to love
him...
but she
did!



She had
the right
to love him...
but
hesitated!

A **ROBERT Z. LEONARD** PRODUCTION

with **LIONEL BARRYMORE · ROBERT STERLING · MARSHALL THOMPSON**

Screen Play by **WHITFIELD COOK** and **ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN**
Based Upon an Original Story and Adaptation by **ROSE FRANKEN** and **WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY**
Directed by **ROBERT Z. LEONARD** Produced by **EDWIN H. KNOFF** • AN M-G-M PICTURE

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts

ONCE AGAIN, OUR OWN
INCOMPARABLE LOUELLA PARSONS
COMES THROUGH WITH
THE INSIDE, INTIMATE INFO IN THAT
ETERNALLY FASCINATING QUES-
TION, "WHAT'S NEW IN HOLLYWOOD?"

■ If you believe all you've read about the separations of Ty Power and Annabella and Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini, you must be as mixed up as a jigsaw puzzle.

In all my years of covering movie news I've never read so much "stuff" without an ounce of truth. Oh, some of the yarns skimmed around the truth, but in my book, a half-truth is no better than an out and out lie.

Take that well splashed yarn that Ty and Gene would be married as soon as they were free from their respective mates. As the fellow says on the radio, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

It made a hot story, I'll admit, that Ty and Gene had fallen "madly in love" during the making of "The Razor's Edge."

It also made a sizzling yarn that Oleg Cassini would set off plenty of firecrackers in his divorce action.

So I asked him pointblank if he thought Gene and Ty had fallen in love during the making of their biggest picture together.

He said, "I do not. Louella, this is what I believe: I think both Gene and Power had their hearts wrapped up in the roles they were creating. With so many deep and real love scenes to portray, it was natural that a genuine sympathy should spring up between them and that they might lunch together and have many conferences about their script."

As for Oleg setting off a powder keg when Gene files for divorce, he says, "Nonsense. I shall put nothing in the way of her obtaining



One and all were invited to the Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's with the request that you "come dressed as your suppressed desire." Here, E. Williams and hubby Ben Gage make like a siren and a schoolboy.



Sonny Tufts insisted that gauchito Cesar Romero join him in making a gruesome twosome as a pair of high flying deep sea divers. P.S. Sonny's gone gunning for a fox on his farm—with a bow and arrow!

her freedom. Gene and I were happy for many wonderful years. If that happiness has fled, there is nothing to be done about it except for both of us to pick up the pieces and make new lives for ourselves."

Why were Gene and Oleg so long in separating after the first rumors of "trouble" broke? I, personally, believe that their child held them together for as long as possible.

No matter what reason is ever given for the break between Ty and Annabella, I'll always believe the real one was the long enforced separation the war years brought to them.

Tyrone came back from the war a different boy than the one who went away. Before his days in the service came, I think he had been dependent on Annabella. But the war gave



"Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum . . ." Two dashing desperadoes—Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz. At long last, Lucille's gotten boss Louis Mayer's permission to go east next year to appear in a play.



Lay that whistle down, June Haver—David Rose is a musician, remember? Girl Scout Junie wears the uniform bestowed by her Rock Island friends on her recent trip home.

him a new self-confidence. He came back to Hollywood a far more mature person mentally, spiritually and physically than when he went away.

Meanwhile, a new career and interest on the stage had sprung up for Annabella. Her closest friends were people who lived in the East—particularly the Vincent Astors. The big comfortable home where the Powers had entertained so often was boarded up.

Several times after their break, Ty was seen dining with Lana Turner. But I wouldn't put too much stock in THAT romance, either.

If there IS a new, big romance in Gene Tierney's life, I think you will find that the man is a well (Continued on next page)



June Allyson's no glad-hander, but the cute little "Shriner" was kept busy all evening greeting the many Powell friends. Chivalrous Dick, who loves the sea, sold his yacht 'cause wifie got so-o-o seasick.



After four months of wedded bliss, Bob Hutton and "the woman I love," Cleatus Caldwell, still have that honeymoon glaze. Though Bob came as a sheik, he had eyes for no one but his personal harem favorite.



With the birth of her baby one month off, Jeanne Crain made a lovely Gold Rush gal. Hubby Paul Brinkman is thrilled over it, but objects to Mrs. B.'s new pet—a lion cub which waits for them in their car!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts



Jimmy and Harry Ritz surround sombrero'd Tony Martin, who, in turn, surrounds pretty Wilma Francis at the opening of a new night club, "The Stables." Tony's been seen with Florence Pritchett and Linda Brent.

known millionaire who has been carrying around a frustrated love for her for several years.

STRONG-MINDED JUNIE . . . Little Junie Haver called me to say that everyone can stop guessing about whom she is going to marry—and when.

"I am not marrying Dr. Duzik," she said, "and I am not marrying Dave Rose. In fact, I have made up my mind that I won't marry anyone for five years."

June is a youngster who knows her own mind—but I've heard girls say that before and then get married within five weeks or five days.

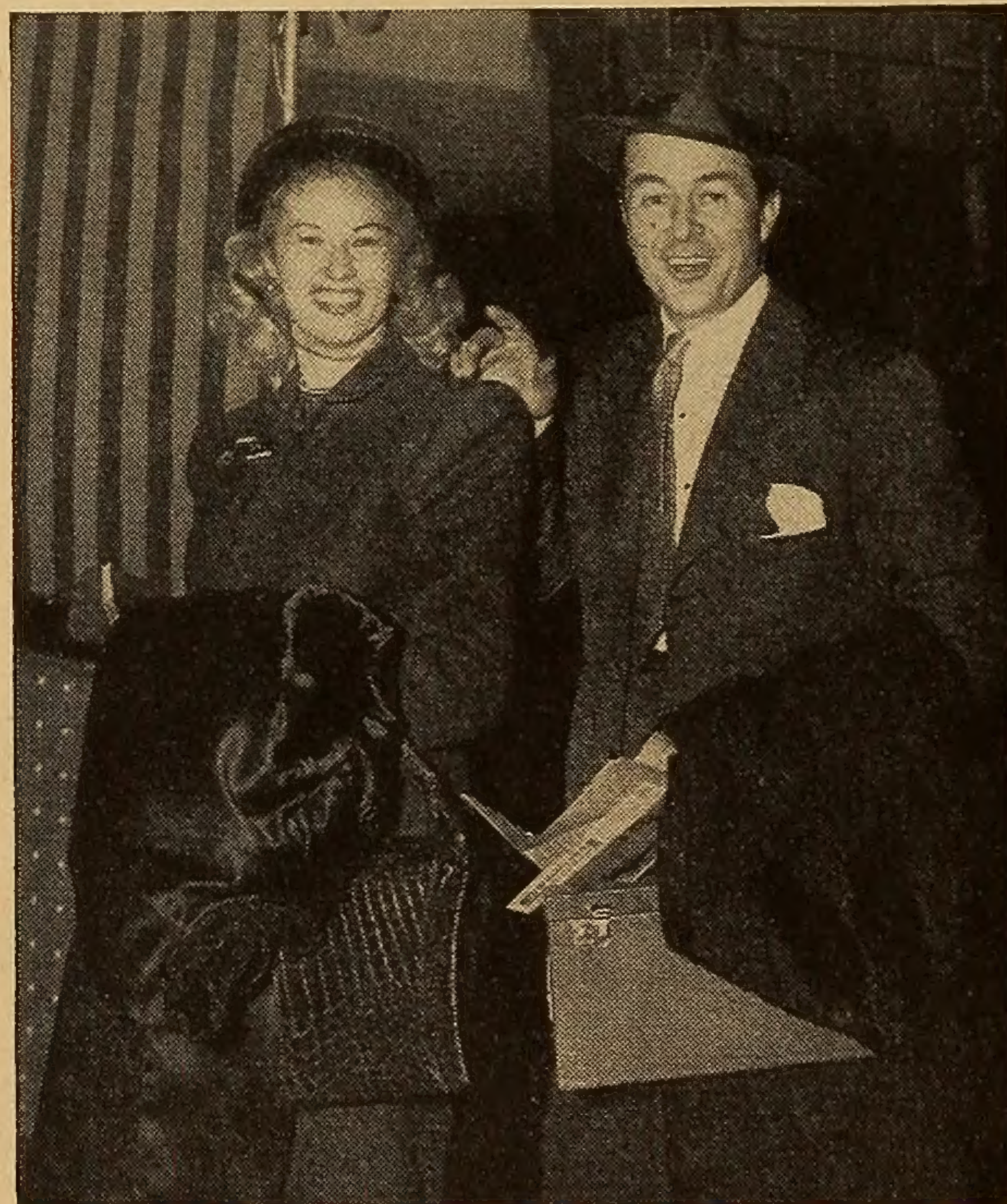
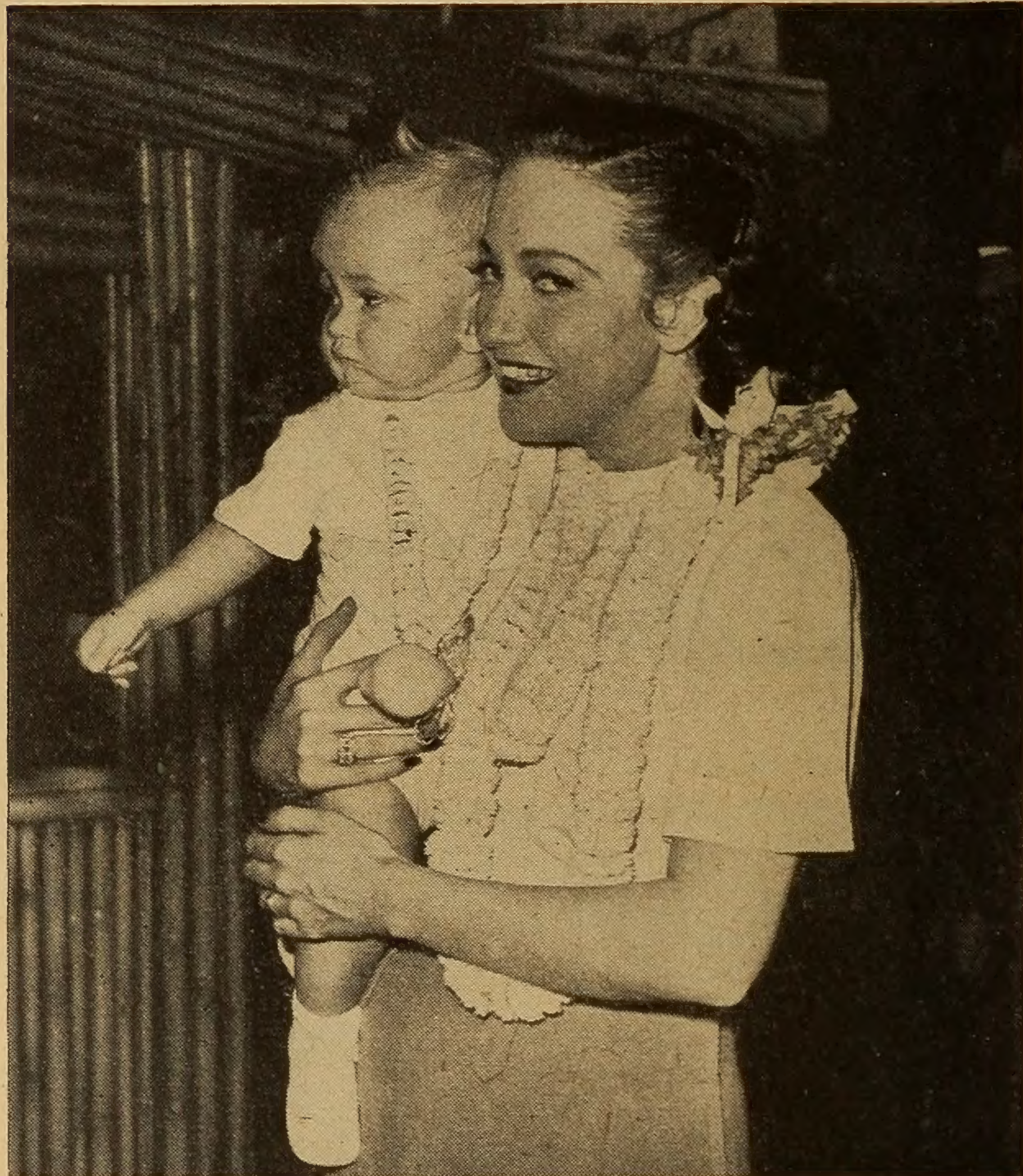
HUTTON HAM . . . Never let it be said that Betty Hutton hasn't a wonderful sense of humor. A few days before her baby was born, Betty said:

"Louella, what do you bet this baby isn't such a big ham it waits until a Sunday to be born so it can get a break on your radio show?"

One of the cutest presents Betty received at her baby shower was a diamond engagement ring which Ridgely Howard, son and heir of Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard, presented to her. So Betty's girl baby is probably the first young lady in the world, outside of royalty, ever BORN engaged.

(Continued on page 8)

Dorothy Lamour took her son, John Ridgely Howard, to Betty Hutton's baby shower, and showed off his miniature platinum cuff links. Lucky little John has his own circus: It's painted on the walls of his nursery.



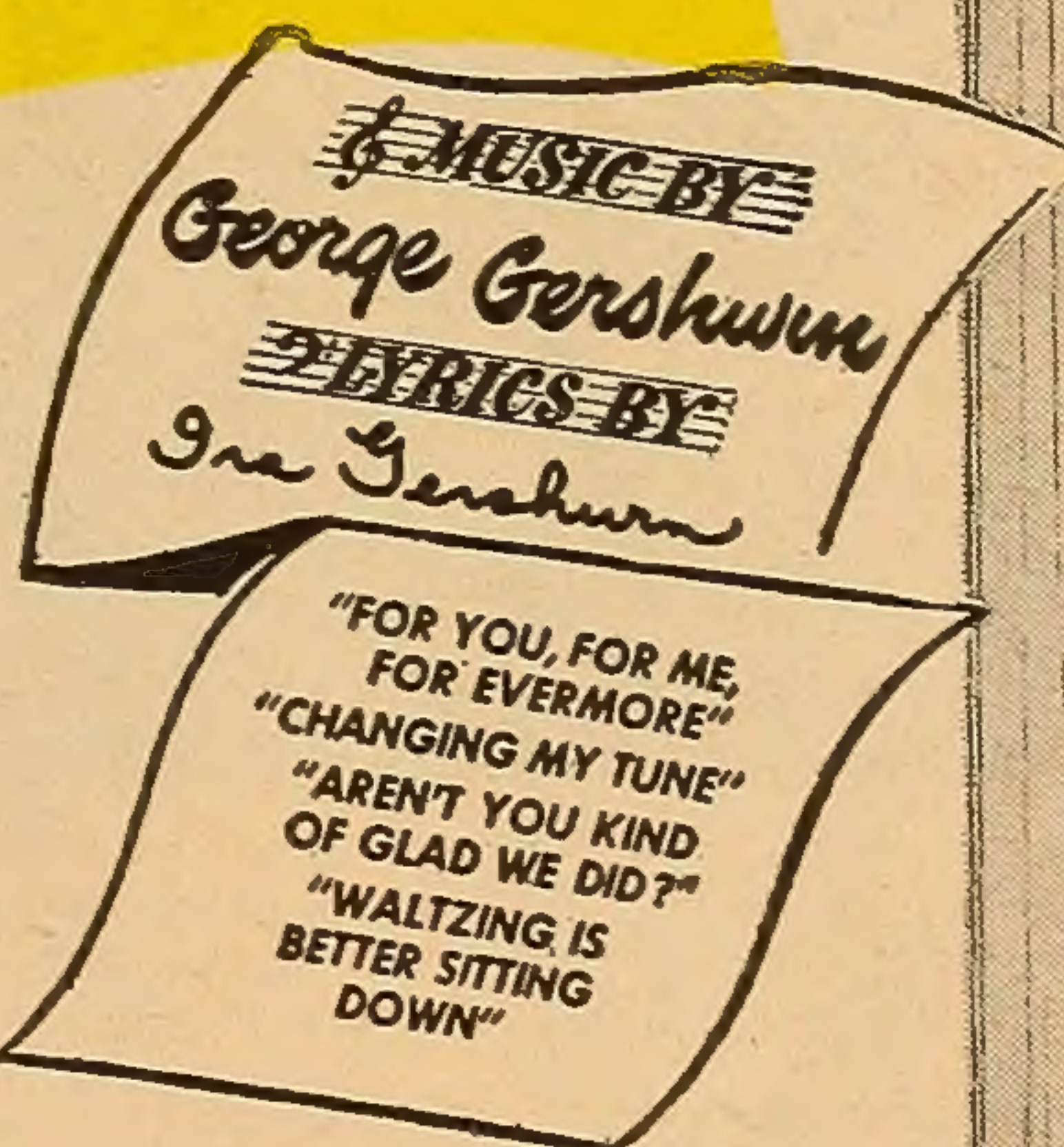
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland board the Queen Elizabeth for a long-promised trip to Europe. Ray bought a house in southern France, spent a month in Paris.

There's more to "The Shocking
Miss Pilgrim" ...than meets the eye!



Shameless?
Blameless?
Nameless?

BETTY GRABLE
and **DICK HAYMES** in



The Shocking **MISS PILGRIM**

IN TECHNICOLOR

with
ANNE REVERE · ALLYN JOSLYN · GENE LOCKHART

Written for the Screen and Directed by **GEORGE SEATON** Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG**

From a Story by Ernest and Frederica Maas · Dances Staged by Hermes Pan · Costumes Designed by Orry Kelly

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Have you seen Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. Somerset Maugham's "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"?

Gary Cooper's deep in thought as Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford chat during a Screen Actors' Guild meeting. Claudette's planning to play a murderess in her next pic, "The Endorsement," just bought a \$3,000 red leather upholstered car.



Danny Kaye tuned his "A" string with Vaughn Monroe when he appeared on V's radio program. Danny's excited about the many roles he plays in his new "Mitty" pic, more excited over role of a soon-to-be father.



The Brown Derby nearly had a barber shop quartet when this gang got together: Reg Gardiner, Ronald Colman and Adolphe Menjou. Ronald plays his first role in 2 years as the lead in "The Late George Apley."

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts

GODDARD VS. HAYWORTH! . . . The battle of the "Carmens" is on. One studio is determined to make it with Rita Hayworth as the star and an independent producer is just as sure that his version, with Paulette Goddard, will be tops.

Both would be good as the undying "Carmen" although entirely different. Which is your choice?

HUTTON'S HAPPINESS . . . SOME frustrated love stories eventually get around to happy endings. I'm speaking, particularly, of Cleatus Caldwell and Robert Hutton who, I believe, were in love for two years before they got around to that Los Vegas elopement.

Certainly, there was never anybody really important in Cleatus' life. With Bob, it was

different. For a little while, he thought he was very much in love with Lana Turner.

When that flame finally died down, he made every effort to get Cleatus back. But her pride was hurt. Although she loved him, she couldn't bring herself to forgive and forget.

And, then, one night I ran into them together, again, at a party. I've never seen two people so happy. They had gotten together and decided that they were acting like kids.

Bob told me, "That's all behind us now. If Cleatus will say 'Yes' we're headed for a minister." I couldn't have been LESS surprised when they eloped to Las Vegas ten days later.

I believe they will be very happy. Cleatus is a very beautiful girl and she is constantly getting offers to test for the screen. But she isn't interested. She (Continued on page 10)

He's a hit with the misses...
They go for his kisses...

He's the Woman's Home Companion!

Eddie's a howl as the oil well millionaire
who becomes first prize on a radio
show... and the boy friend of 5,000,000
husband-hunting females!

"Ladies' Man"

Wait till you SEE Spike Jones play
"Cocktails For Two" and "Holiday
For Strings" in the year's first
romantic-musical fun riot!

starring
Eddie BRACKEN · *Cass DALEY* · *Virginia WELLES* · *Spike JONES*

with **Johnny COY** *Virginia FIELD*

Produced by **Daniel DARE** · Directed by **William D. RUSSELL**

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Jack Rose and Lewis Meltzer · A Paramount Picture

and his
City Slickers

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

and party postscripts



Sonja Henie and beau Stewart Barthelmess went western at the "Stables" opening in Palm Springs. Sonja, a popular gal, had been going with Van Johnson and Cary Grant before she started "going steady" with Stewart.

(Continued from page 8)

wants to devote her time to being Mrs. Bob Hutton and to her two children by her previous marriage to Ken Murray. This is the right way to handle Bob, if you ask me. I think the trouble with his marriage to Natalie Thompson was that she was overly eager for a movie career of her own during the time they were married.

Guess who was the first to send them a wire of congratulations after the wedding? Natalie, herself—the former Mrs. Hutton.

PHOTOGRS GO PARTYING . . . The candid cameramen and—BABIES, of all people—held the social spotlight in Hollywood this month, and I'm not kidding. In going over my date book I noticed one baby "shower" after the other and I can tell you that all the cute baby shops in these parts were practically sold out, what with the rush to buy presents for the new arrivals or about-to-be arrivals.

We'll get around to the infants in just a minute.

First, I want to tell you about all the beautiful babes who showed up for the annual blow-out hosted by the Society of Hollywood Press Photographers at Ciro's, their old stamping ground.

The invitations read, "A costume affair—come dressed as your suppressed desire—or what you would like to have been if you weren't what you are."

(Continued on page 12)



Trying out Charles Coburn's monocle at the Screen Guild broadcast is Shirley Temple, who's been married over a year now, and asks her directors to please call her "Mrs. Agar!"



Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan attended the Ice Follies opening, gossiped during intermission about Dennis' new picture, "My Wild Irish Rose." Ruptured ear drum won't interfere, says D.



Just two years ago, Mrs. Rex Harrison (Lilli Palmer) was having her baby during a London blitz. Now she's safe in H'wood (here at the Crillon) and starring in "Cloak and Dagger."

"There
ought
to be
a law

**AGAINST
KNOWING
THE THINGS
I FOUND OUT
ABOUT
MEN!"**

**THE MORE
YOU KNOW
ABOUT LOVE..
THE MORE
YOU'LL LOVE
THIS PICTURE!**

**IDA LUPINO • ROBERT ALDA
ANDREA KING • BRUCE BENNETT
"The Man I Love"**

WARNER HIT

Hear and hum! 'The Man I Love'
'Just My Bill' 'Why Was I Born' 'Lisa'
'Body and Soul' 'If I Could Be With You'

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH** SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTATION BY JO PAGANO
AND CATHERINE TURNEY • FROM A NOVEL BY MARITTA WOLFF
Produced by **ARNOLD ALBERT**

Come Join Us
it's the BEST thing
that ever happened



MYRNA LOY



FREDRIC MARCH



DANA ANDREWS



TERESA WRIGHT



VIRGINIA MAYO



HOAGY CARMICHAEL

and introducing **CATHY O'DONNELL**

Great ENTERTAINMENT



Yvonne De Carlo's doing the town with Turhan Bey now, but for competition, there's Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, Howard Hughes.

That certainly gave the boys and girls plenty of leeway and don't think they didn't take advantage of it.

There were at least a dozen shieks in the crowd, and very good looking ones, too. I didn't recognize Bob Hutton with a pointed beard. His bride, Cleatus, was at his side as a harem favorite and Cleatus is just the girl who could have made the grade, too! Another sheik floating around was Charles Korvin and I heard Bob tell Cleatus to be careful she remembered which harem she belonged in.

Jane Withers, who looked prettier than she ever looked in her life, was Madame Pompadour. "I always wanted to be Madame Pompadour," little Janie said, "a siren, a lady of the court"—and she looked it. She was as cute as the proverbial bug's ear.

In extreme contrast was Shirley Temple, who came as Alice in Wonderland with a very long, blonde wig. She was much blonder than the color of her hair now and Shirley admitted that when she was a little girl she had hoped to retain her very blonde locks. "But they went and turned dark on me," she admitted with that famous Temple pout.

Shirley was dancing with her boss, David Selznick, and let me say that David, who got in so bad with photographers a few months back, was given a royal reception by the boys. To say the producer of "Duel in the Sun" is a good sport is putting it mildly. He took a full page ad in the program with Bruce Bailey's picture saying, "Producer with a short right will shortly return to his home gymnasium to make a Selznick International picture." Bruce is the boy who is supposed to have traded a few impolite punches with Selznick several months ago.

Dorothy Lamour came as a bearded lady, of all things. She was all done up in spangles, all right, but she didn't have the nerve to take the beard out of her pocketbook. Every once in awhile she would take it out and wear it as a "bracelet" over her wrist.

Apparently, every young girl in Hollywood wants to be a siren, for there were plenty of them in the crowd. Beverly Tyler was dressed

to the teeth as Catherine of Russia. She was with Rory Calhoun, who was all done up in a western costume, along with another good looking cowboy, Guy Madison.

Andrea King looked out of this world as Lillian Russell on the arm of her husband, posing as Diamond Jim Brady. Cesar Romero, just back from South America with Ty Power, wore a gaucho costume he bought there, complete with a whip and everything. Glenn Ford was just "a sporty guy" while Eleanor Powell was a modest little Chinese gal.

The funniest costume was worn by Joan Davis—a plain skirt and a sweat shirt and she labeled herself "A sweater girl." "If you don't think that's a suppressed ambition, you're crazy," she yelled.

Sonny Tufts wore a deep sea diving costume and I kidded him, saying, "Bet you wore that to cover up your added avoirdupois." That same night I had scolded Sonny on the radio for putting on so much weight. I tried to encourage him by saying I thought he looked thinner than in his new picture, "Swell Guy." "It's just an optical illusion," he sighed, "but I am dieting—as of your broadcast!"

Jackie Cooper was a "grown-up" Skippy in a costume exactly like the one he wore as a little boy. And there was no more beautiful girl present than Ann Rutherford, who looked ravishing as a Star and Garter girl. It was her first appearance since she announced her separation from her husband, David May, and her escort was Rand Brooks.

Turhan Bey expressed himself as an African hunter and if you want to know, he was romantically stalking pretty Audrey Totter all evening. These two seem to have discovered each other, but probably by the time this is printed, it will be a romance of the far away past.

Bonita Granville, so happy and in love she can hardly keep her feet out of the clouds, came as a cigarette girl. She was with the wealthy Texan, Jack Wrather—and they are a love match if I ever saw one. That's why she came as a cigarette girl—it's a "match"—get the point? I suppose I could add, that "Smoke" (Continued on page 86)



Mrs. Richard Green didn't mind Dick's growing a mustache for his "Forever Amber" role, but she does dislike that patch on his chin!

... and it happens to *YOU* in

“THE

BEST

YEARS

OF

OUR

LIVES”

Produced by SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

Screen play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

From a novel by MacKINLAY KANTOR

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures

IN THE *Goldwyn* MANNER!



dorothy kilgallen

selects

"humoresque"

■ It is a difficult fact for the average Saturday night moviegoer, the average \$40-a-week shoe clerk, or the average budget-weary housewife to recognize with much enthusiasm, but there does exist in this world a group of people who are wretchedly unhappy because all they have is money. They live in sparkling splendor, they ride in gleaming motor cars, their wrists flash with gold and there is always more where that came from—and as they pass by, it is only natural for the man on the curbstone to look with envy and wistfully sigh: "What a life!"

Yet, impossible as it is to say without pitching into a quagmire of clichés, often these rich are desperately unhappy, often they cry into their silken pillows because they do not own such unfashionable properties as honesty and unselfishness and usefulness and true devotion, which they have found to be unpurchasable in the stylish world they whirl about in.

This is the "message" of "Humoresque," Joan Crawford's newest picture. Put in a few words, it sounds a little saccharine, but on celluloid, in the script devised by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold, it is an (Continued on page 24)



Herein: Wright (John Crawford), fabulously wealthy patron of the arts, is at first scornful, interested in Paul Boray's (John Garfield) career as a violinist, but later falls in love with him. Paul's best friend (Oscar Levant) and his parents (J. Carroll Nash and Ruth Nelson) vehemently veto the match.

"You
can't
push
me
around!"



HUMPHREY
BOGART

LIZABETH
SCOTT

JOHN CROMWELL'S
Dead Reckoning

Directed by
JOHN CROMWELL
Produced by
SIDNEY BIDDELL
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



MORRIS CARNOVSKY • CHARLES CANE • WILLIAM PRINCE • MARVIN MILLER • WALLACE FORD

Screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett, Steve Fisher



movie reviews

by virginia wilson

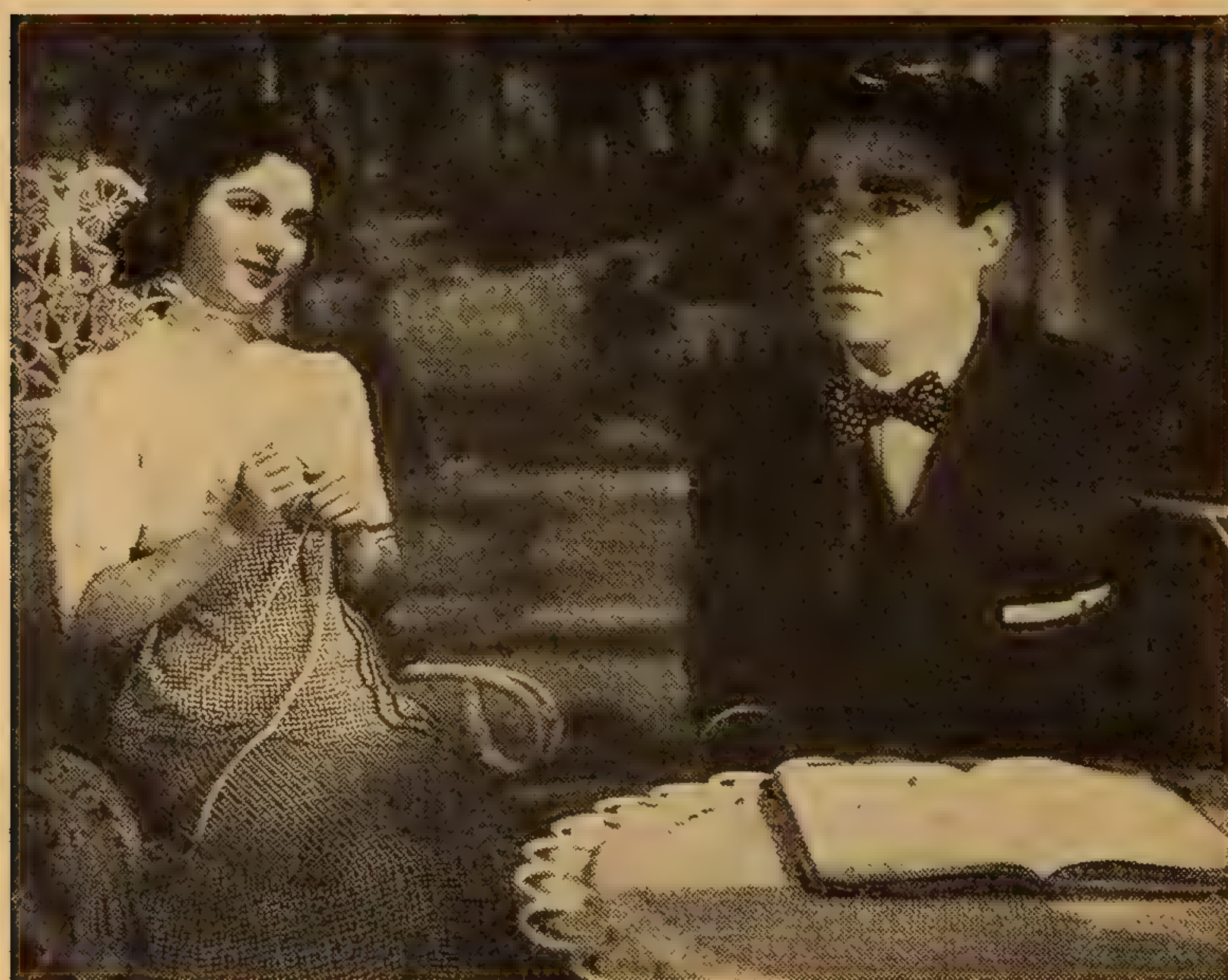
"MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES"

■ Maybe you don't think a little boy can talk to horses—and have them talk back. But you'll believe it when you see Lewie Penrose (Butch Jenkins) do it. Let me tell you how it happens, back in 1909.

The Penrose family have lived in Baltimore for a long time. When Mr. Penrose was alive they had lots of money, but now they only have what John (Peter Lawford) makes as a bank clerk, and that isn't much. Of course there's the board money Mr. Puddy (O. Z. Whitehead) pays them, but he's irregular about it. Puddy is an inventor, and he's working on an edible beer bottle. So far, it has resulted only in a series of explosions, and the loss of Mrs. Penrose's (Spring Byington) best Lowestoft platter. John, too, is working on an invention. Radio, he calls it. Everybody thinks it's sort of a silly name.

Not Lewie, though. Lewie thinks everything John does is just right. He loves his older brother so much that he even confides in him about the *(Continued on page 18)*

John Penrose (Peter Lawford) has been engaged to Martha (Beverly Tyler) for two years, but they can't get married till John earns more money. Everyone laughs at his invention, "that silly radio."



Little brother Lewis (Butch Jenkins) has always been fond of animals, so he isn't too surprised to find, one day, that horses will talk to him.



Big brother John isn't too excited about Lewis' talent until Lewis explains that race horses confide in him who's going to win each race.



Race horse owner (Edward Arnold), John and Martha (for whom the money would come in handy) are wild with suspense at the track. But not Lew. What's so odd about talking to horses???



Benedict Bogeaus presents

GREGORY PECK JOAN BENNETT

Only Ernest Hemingway,
author of "The Killers"
and
"For Whom the Bell Tolls"
could have written
of love like this!

in *Ernest Hemingway's*

"The Macomber Affair"

Also starring

ROBERT PRESTON

with REGINALD DENNY • JEAN GILLIE • Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and CASEY ROBINSON • Released thru United Artists



I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"



NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex*, but my *skin* says different! If you had a faceful of makeup you'd insist on a *soft* tissue—and you'd know there's no other kind of Kleenex!



Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn!



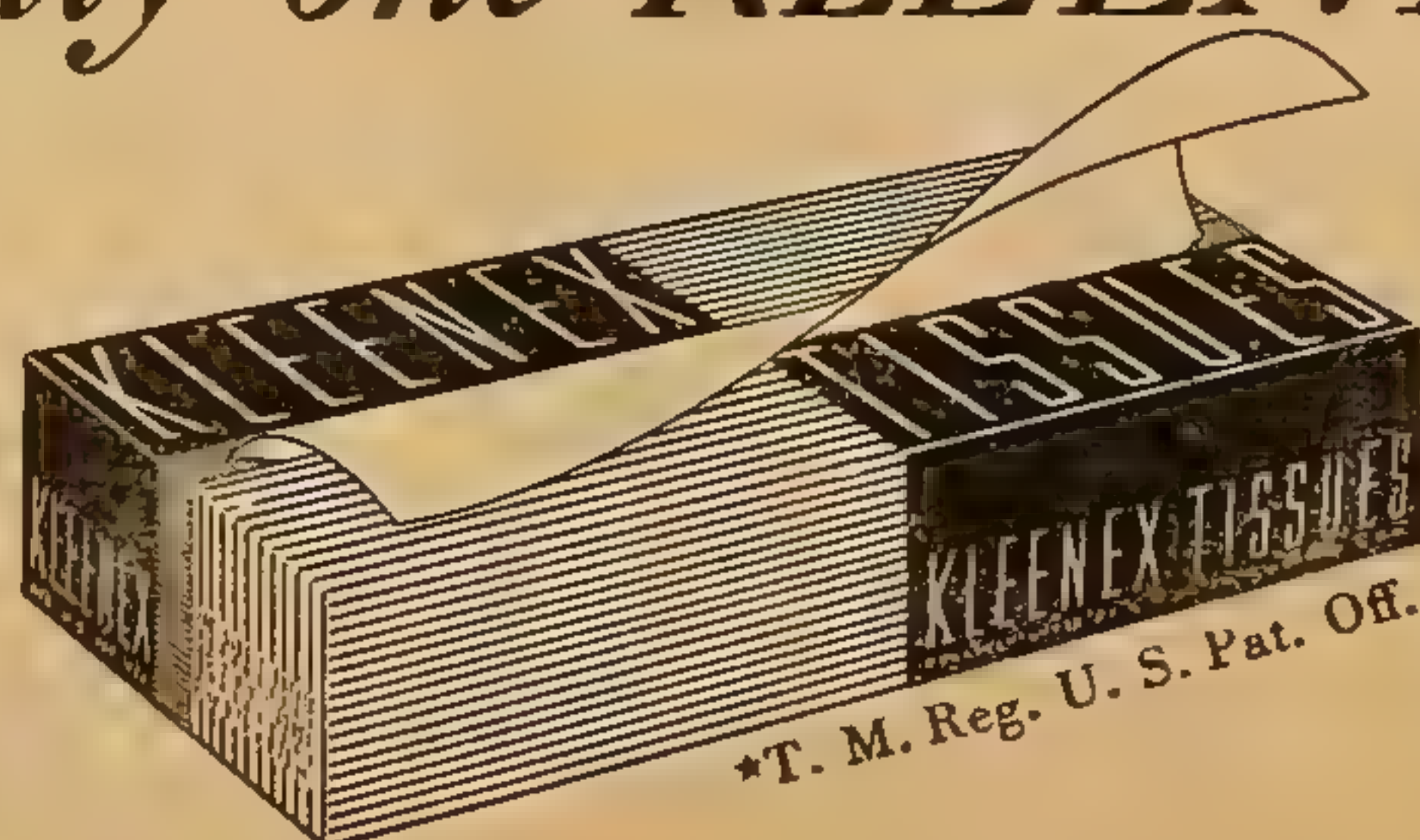
It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir! smiled our Nora. What other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! There's still another way . . .



Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—so you're sure Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft*. And *husky!* Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX



America's Favorite Tissue

(Continued from page 16)

horses. "They talk to me," Lewie says. "They tell me things."

"What kind of things?" John is skeptical.

"Well, if they're milk wagon horses, they tell me how hard they've been working. If they're race horses they tell me who's going to win the race."

John is interested, but not impressed. He has something more important on his mind—Martha (Beverly Tyler), his fiancée. They have been engaged for two years now, and it looks as if they might stay engaged forever, since they have no money to marry on. Now if someone rich would just see the possibilities of John's "radio!"

Lewie, with his passion for horses, persuades John and Martha to go out to the race track one afternoon. He picks all the winners, by asking the horses about it. This simple device attracts the attention of some professional gamblers, with extraordinary results all around.

I suppose you'd call this a fantasy. But it all seems completely real and heart-warming when you see it on the screen.—M-G-M

THE WICKED LADY

Wicked she was, but fascinating too, this lovely lady turned highwayman. She lived in England's seventeenth century, along with a handsome rogue called Captain Jackson (James Mason). Her name is Barbara Worth (Margaret Lockwood), and she's a woman men fall in love with too quickly for their own good. She is passionate, yet ruthless, seizing life greedily, selfishly.

She is invited to the castle of Sir Ralph Skelton (Griffith Jones) to be the maid of honor at his marriage to her best friend, Caroline (Patricia Roc). But when the marriage takes place a week later, it is Barbara who is the bride, while the broken-hearted Caroline serves as maid of honor. Barbara doesn't love Ralph, only the money and position she can have through him. She takes him from Caroline as coldly and calmly as she later snatches rings from her robbery victims.

Barbara turns highwayman by accident. The one thing she values is a diamond brooch left her by her mother. When she loses it gambling, she disguises herself as the notorious Captain Jackson, who is the best known highwayman of his day. Then she holds up the coach of the woman who won it from her. She gets the brooch back, plus some other jewelry, but the important thing, she finds, is the thrill of power it gives her. She loves danger.

Soon Barbara is leading a completely double life. By day she is the gracious Lady Skelton, dispensing alms to the villagers. By night she is a slim, masked



Wicked Lady: Capt. Jackson (James Mason) woos dashing Barbara Worth (M. Lockwood).

highwayman on a big, black horse, bringing terror to travellers. It is inevitable that she and Captain Jackson should meet, and when they do, they join forces. Jackson falls in love with her, which is a bad mistake for any man to make.

Soon murder enters the picture. Murder by gunshot, murder by poison, murder by knife. Barbara herself is in love now, with Kit Locksby (Michael Rennie) and there are so many people who stand in her way. Ruthless as ever, she determines to dispose of them all.—*Univ.*

THAT'S A JOKE, SON

Not since General Lee or Scarlett O'Hara has there been as famous a Southerner as Senator Claghorn. One Sunday night he boomed "That's a joke, son!" into Fred Allen's microphone, and the whole country roared with laughter. Kenny Delmar, who plays him on the air, is now starred in this picture about the man who thinks South Dakota ought to be moved down with the rest of the solid South.

Claghorn is just plain mister, not Senator, when the story opens. He isn't even a politician—just a mighty big talker. Not even that, when his wife, Magnolia (Una Merkel) is around. Magnolia stands for no nonsense from the rest of the family. That includes forbidding her daughter, Mary Lou (June Lockhart) to see her best beau, Jeff (Kenneth Farrell).

"I married a penniless good-for-nothing," says Magnolia grimly, "and I'm going to see that my daughter doesn't make the same mistake."

Jeff may be penniless, but he's not a good-for-nothing. His war record is fine, and all he needs is a little financial backing to get started in business. He wants to run a frozen food truck, and has it all planned out. Only the money is lacking.

One day the members of Magnolia's Women's Club accidentally get full of bourbon due to Claghorn's mistaking it for the grape juice he was supposed to put in the punch. They decide to run Magnolia for Senator. Meanwhile, Claghorn, also full of bourbon although not accidentally, gives Jeff fifteen hundred dollars—all the money he has in the world—to start in business.

That leads, surprisingly, to Claghorn running for Senator. Not that he wants to—he's too afraid of Magnolia. But things move too fast for him. Dan Healey (Douglas Dumbrille), the local machine boss, suspects that Claghorn may be elected. His somewhat unorthodox campaigning methods seem to be winning an amazing amount of support. So Healey has him kidnapped. It takes a dog named Daisy, and Magnolia's complete change of heart, to achieve a happy ending.—*PRC*



It's A Joke, Son: Senators' Claghorn (Kenny Delmar) and Leeds (Jiminy Conlin) plot politics.

You can catch
a cold shoulder
in mink, Pet!



YOU *should* be a heart-throb in mink, Honey. But that dreamy coat can leave you out in the cold if...

If you forget that even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. For odor can form

without any noticeable moisture. And heavy furs... warm woolen clothes... increase your chance of offending. So *always*... after your bath washes away *past* perspiration... guard against *future* underarm odor. Use Mum.

Mum better
because
it's Safe



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or all evening.

...

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even *after* you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Head of the Class



For you (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see ... You'll rate A-plus with that dream-boat sitting next to you in class ... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to DeLong Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



The Shocking Miss Pilgrim: Cynthia (B. Grable) spurns John (Dick Haymes).

13 RUE MADELEINE

This saga of the Office of Strategic Services plays it straight, with a documentary but exciting effect. It follows the career of four recruits in the dangerous O.S.S. from the time they enter it until their objective is achieved. By then one of them has proved a traitor and another is his victim.

The four are Bob Sharkey (James Cagney), Suzanne De Bouchard (Annabella), Bill O'Connell (Richard Conte) and Jeff Lassiter (Frank Latimore). Suzanne hopes she will eventually be sent to her native France where she may find out what happened to her husband, reported missing. Young Jeff is anxious to do anything, anywhere. He has been turned down by the other services as 4-F, but he has qualities the O.S.S. can use. Sharkey is in charge of the group. He takes his duties and the rigorous training seriously. It's an intensive course, and it's made more serious by the fact that Sharkey has been told there is a German agent among them.

"You'll have to spot him for yourself," Giblin (Walter Abel), the boss, tells him. "And watch out for him. He knows what he's doing."

It's that which tips off Sharkey to the fact that Bill O'Connell is the agent. Bill is just a little too fast on the trigger, too sure of himself, to be new at the espionage game. When he and Jeff are sent on a test job, to steal papers from a defense factory, Bill accuses Jeff to protect himself. It's a typically German reaction.

But Giblin sends O'Connell to England along with the rest of the group. Through him they will feed false information to the Germans. The burning question is where the Second Front will be, and the Germans are making every desperate effort to find the answer. O'Connell and Jeff are sent together on a mission to Holland, because Sharkey hopes to convince the agent—and his higher-ups—that the Second Front will come there. On that mission, Jeff is murdered, because he suspects O'Connell. After that, Sharkey takes over. He'll get O'Connell if it's the last thing he does—and it almost is.—20th-Fox

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM

The latest Betty Grable-Dick Haymes musical is based on as unlikely a subject as you can imagine: Women's Suffrage, no less, with la Grable making speeches

about Rights For Women. And Dick singing songs to prove that woman's place is in the home. It's all very gay, if a trifle unexpected.

Miss Cynthia Pilgrim (Betty Grable) is the first graduate of the Packard Typewriting School in New York. In 1912 there were only a few typewriters in the country, and even fewer people who knew how to use them. The school gets a fine position for Cynthia as secretary to the head of the Pritchard shipping firm in Boston. But when she arrives she finds that John Pritchard (Dick Haymes) was under the impression that she was a man.

"I don't believe in women working in offices," John says firmly. "They're an upsetting influence." John's aunt Alice (Anne Revere), a militant suffragette who owns most of the company stock, overhears this remark. She is furious, and makes him hire Cynthia immediately. The men in the office resent her at first, particularly Saxon (Gene Lockhart) the office manager. He almost succeeds in getting her fired. Probably would have, if Cynthia hadn't gone walking Sunday on Boston Common. She meets John, who does a triple take, because Cynthia in a light chiffon dress with her blonde curls soft around her face, is quite different from the severely garbed Miss Pilgrim of the office. John falls in love.

Okay, that's fine, up to a point. Cynthia goes for her handsome employer, too. But then Suffrage rears its ugly head. Aunt Alice has found that beautiful Cynthia makes more converts to the Cause with one speech than Back Bay feminists do with a dozen. So Cynthia has to go on spending her evenings making speeches instead of making love, and John becomes more convinced than ever that a woman's place is in the home. For a while it looks as if they'd just never get together. Believe it or not, it's a small pocket knife that does the trick.

Gershwin melodies, and some particularly lovely Technicolor almost make up for the long skirts Betty wears throughout the picture.—20th-Fox.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

If anyone brings up that old heredity-versus-environment argument, you might point out the case of George Apley. George (Ronald Colman) is completely the product of his environment, which is Boston in the early 1900's. Smug, punc-

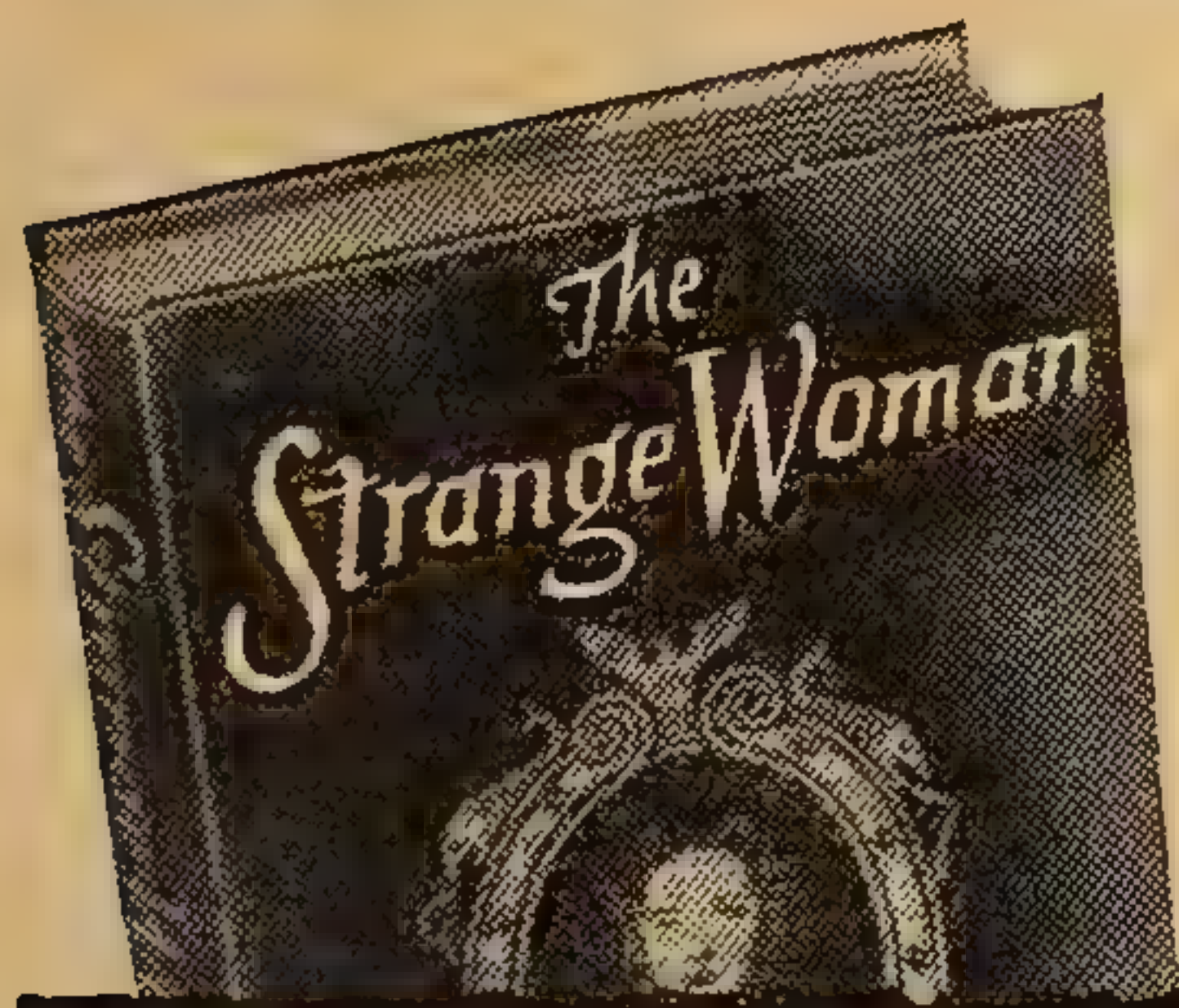


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Flaming Passion in
Wicked Old New Orleans!

DEVIL - MAY - CARE Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans, with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stick-pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth and power—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Aureole—and finally, the sultry Desiree.

"As sheer entertainment it will take backwater from nothing."—*Chicago Sun*.



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

He Knew the Whole
Town's Secrets!

AS a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of the townsfolk. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a forbidden love for the one woman he could not have!

"GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun*. Going like wildfire at publisher's price of \$2.75... winner of \$145,000 in cash prizes!



IN A DARK GARDEN

Even War Could Not
Crush Their Love!

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tilious, narrow to the point of stuffiness—that's George Apley. Yet underneath it all is a genuine love of people, and a desire to do what's best for everyone.

He is devoted to his calm, sweet wife, Catherine (Edna Best), and manages to be patient with his domineering sister, Amelia (Mildred Natwick). Yet he refuses to understand the wilfulness of his daughter, Eleanor (Peggy Cummins), who shocks him continually by her disregard for tradition. She has been known to proclaim that Boston is just like a savage tribe, with its worship of ancestors, and Harvard for a fetish.

At present Eleanor is absorbed in a young man named Howard Boulder (Charles Russell). He is an instructor at Harvard, which is good, but he went to Yale first, which is bad. Also, he is from New York. George Apley disapproves of New Yorkers—a flighty lot, with no morals or background! John (Richard Ney), Apley's son, has been worrying his father lately, too. Instead of dutifully becoming engaged to his third cousin, he has fallen in love with a girl from Worcester. He wants to marry her. In vain his father tells him the story of his own youth, when he wanted to marry an Irish girl from South Boston.

"You might have been very happy with her," John says rebelliously. George is shocked by this. One doesn't marry to be happy. "After all," he tells his son, "happiness is a very rare commodity. Especially in New England."

It is after George is turned down for the office of president of the Sunday Bird Watchers Club that he begins to have doubts of his infallibility. Perhaps John and Eleanor have the right to make their own decisions. . . .

The cast of "The Late George Apley" is superb. It includes Richard Haydn, Percy Waram and Vanessa Brown, as well as those already mentioned. Peggy Cummins makes a lively Eleanor, and Charles Russell is effective as her handsome, sardonic beau.—*20th-Fox*

SONG OF THE SOUTH

The new Walt Disney picture is a fascinating combination of live action and animated cartoons. It's in the cartoon sequences about Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit that the Disney genius shines brightest, however. They are based on the old Uncle Remus tales, which you've probably known and loved all your life.

Little Bobby (Bobby Driscoll) goes with his mother (Ruth Warrick) to visit his grandmother's plantation. Bobby is pretty unhappy because they've left Daddy at home, and what do a lot of women know about important things like fishing? The first night, he decides to run away, and go back home. The plantation turns out to be a lot bigger than he thought, and he gets lost. He wanders under the live-oak trees, a small, frightened figure, until he meets an old Negro whose name is Uncle Remus.

Uncle Remus (James Baskett) is as wise as he is old. He takes Bobby to his cabin, and tells him an absorbing tale about Br'er Rabbit. (Here's where we get into animation, and it's wonderful!) This rabbit is a cocky little creature, who spends his time outwitting his enemy, Br'er Fox. Sometimes his cockiness gets him awfully close to turning into rabbit stew, but he's a glib talker and a fast runner, and he always manages to get back to the briar patch where he was "bo'n and raised."

Bobby, fascinated, forgets about running away, and from that night on he is devoted to Uncle Remus. But things are tough, just the same. When a pretty little girl from down the road (Luana Patton) gives him a puppy, his mother won't let him keep it. Instead of taking it back, as he's told to do, he hides it in Uncle Remus' cabin. That gets them both in bad. To make matters worse, Bobby and his little girl friend sit listening to the fabulous story of the tar baby, when they should be at a party up at the big house. Verdict from mamma: No more stories. Then, like Br'er Rabbit, Bobby comes close to getting into a really fatal jam. . . .

You'll love the music, especially "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" and James Baskett, as Uncle Remus, emerges as one of the new personalities of the year. But it's Br'er Rabbit's picture.—*RKO*

CALIFORNIA

"California" is as big and beautiful and gaudy as the state for which it's named. The picture is a Technicolor pageant of the days when California was still "settlers' country" and you made the trip across the continent by wagon train instead of on the Super Chief.

The particular wagon train we're concerned with has as its guide Johnny Trumbo (Ray Milland), a tough, cynical ex-cavalryman. The man who organized



Song of the South: Uncle Remus (James Baskett) spins tales for Bobby (B. Driscoll).

The



author of
"LAURA"
now brings
to the
screen

THE
WICKEDEST
WOMAN
WHO
EVER
LOVED!

MARGARET LOCKWOOD
as
BEDELIA

who had more than
her share of men,
jewels, and love
— and wanted
more, more,
more!

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Bedevilling...

66
Bedelia



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ANNE CRAWFORD • BARRY K. BARNES
in
VERA CASPARY'S

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BARBARA BLAIR • LOUISE HAMPTON • KYNASTON REEVES • OLGA LINDO
Directed by Lance Comfort • Screenplay by Vera Caspary, Herbert Victor, Isadore Goldsmith
Produced by Isadore Goldsmith • Additional Dialogue M. Roy Ridley, Moie Charles

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DONALD WOODS • BOBBY BLAKE
Gaylord Pendleton • Claudia Drake

Directed by
Max Nosseck • Produced by
William Stephens

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California: Lily Bishop (B. Stanwyck) first hates John (R. Milland) then loves him.

the expedition is a wise old farmer named Michael Fabian (Barry Fitzgerald). It's Fabian who makes Trumbo take on a new passenger at Pioneer City. Trumbo takes one look at her and predicts trouble. He's probably right, at that. Lily Bishop (Barbara Stanwyck) isn't the quiet type, and the kindest thing the ladies of Pioneer City say about her is that she's a professional gambler.

There is a deep antagonism between Lily and Trumbo from the start. Not just because she takes him on at blackjack and wins every cent he has. It goes deeper than that. It goes, in fact, right to their hearts, where hate can be very close to love. Lily isn't popular with anyone, except Fabian. He understands the driving force that motivates her.

When the rumor of gold found in Cali-

fornia reaches the wagon train, one group after another deserts it to rush madly ahead. Lily is one of the first to go, and one of the few to cash in on the gold rush. Not that she turns miner. She puts her savings into a gambling hall which she names the "Golden Lily." She buys it from sinister Captain Coffin (George Coulouris), one-time slave trader, who now dreams of making California an empire with himself as its ruler. And Lily as his wife.

There are two people in the way of these ambitions. Fabian stands between Coffin and his empire, for Fabian wants California to be part of the United States. Trumbo stands between Coffin and Lily, for Lily's heart is traitor to her cool calculating head. So, decides Coffin, these two men must die. . . .—Par.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "HUMORESQUE"

(Continued from page 14)

impressive and vastly entertaining story, told with intelligence and wit and great respect for the dimensions of living people.

It is a perfect vehicle for the "new" Joan Crawford. Now that Joan's ability to play a role other than Cinderella has been recognized by the sagacious Warner Brothers, she is being permitted to reverse the ancient Crawford tradition and portray women rich in worldly goods and poor in soul—a combination which it must be admitted makes richer screen fare than the vice versa.

Miss Crawford's ability seems to grow with every film. As the beautiful and damned Helen Wright, she balances emotional power with intelligent restraint and creates a smooth, believable portrait of a cynical, alcoholic and unmoral society woman who comes upon the first honest emotion of her life when it is too late for her to do anything but renounce it. In my opinion she given an even finer performance in "Humoresque" than the one in "Mildred Pierce" for which she won last year's Academy Award.

Her partner in all this excellence is John Garfield, and although offhand you might never have thought of pairing them, it turns out that they go together like dynamite and a lighted match. Her smoothness, his roughness: her glitter, his quietness; her curried glamor, his brutal sex appeal, make an electric combination. And

his portrayal of Paul Boray, the young violinist whom Mrs. Wright annexes on a whim, is splendid—tender and hard and completely real. Mr. Garfield, of all actors, seems to have been invented for the purpose of Clifford Odets dialogue; he speaks it as if it came from his own head, and it never sounds better than when he is the one saying it. Mr. Odets should be grateful for him and the rest of the cast.

Stealing "Humoresque" from Crawford and Garfield would be like stealing the Empire State Building from the corner of 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, but Oscar Levant comes as close as a human creature could come to doing it. Playing a character listed in the program as Sid Jeffers—but better known to friends of Oscar Levant as Oscar Levant—he moves through the picture with his own peculiar brand of friendly bitterness, scattering some of the fastest dialogue of the season and now and then taking to the Steinway to abet the wholly brilliant musical score. A strange thing has happened to Oscar, that most professionally pained inhabitant of Broadway. He has become such a cinematic ray of sunshine that audiences gurggle when he appears.

The Warner Brothers have themselves a real picture in "Humoresque." Women will love it, of course, as they love all Crawford pictures—and for once the men will be delighted to have been dragged along.

It's by **DURA-GLOSS**

*"It's the bright new idea
in fingertip fashion"*



Sylvia MacNeill
LOVELY
WALTER THORNTON MODEL



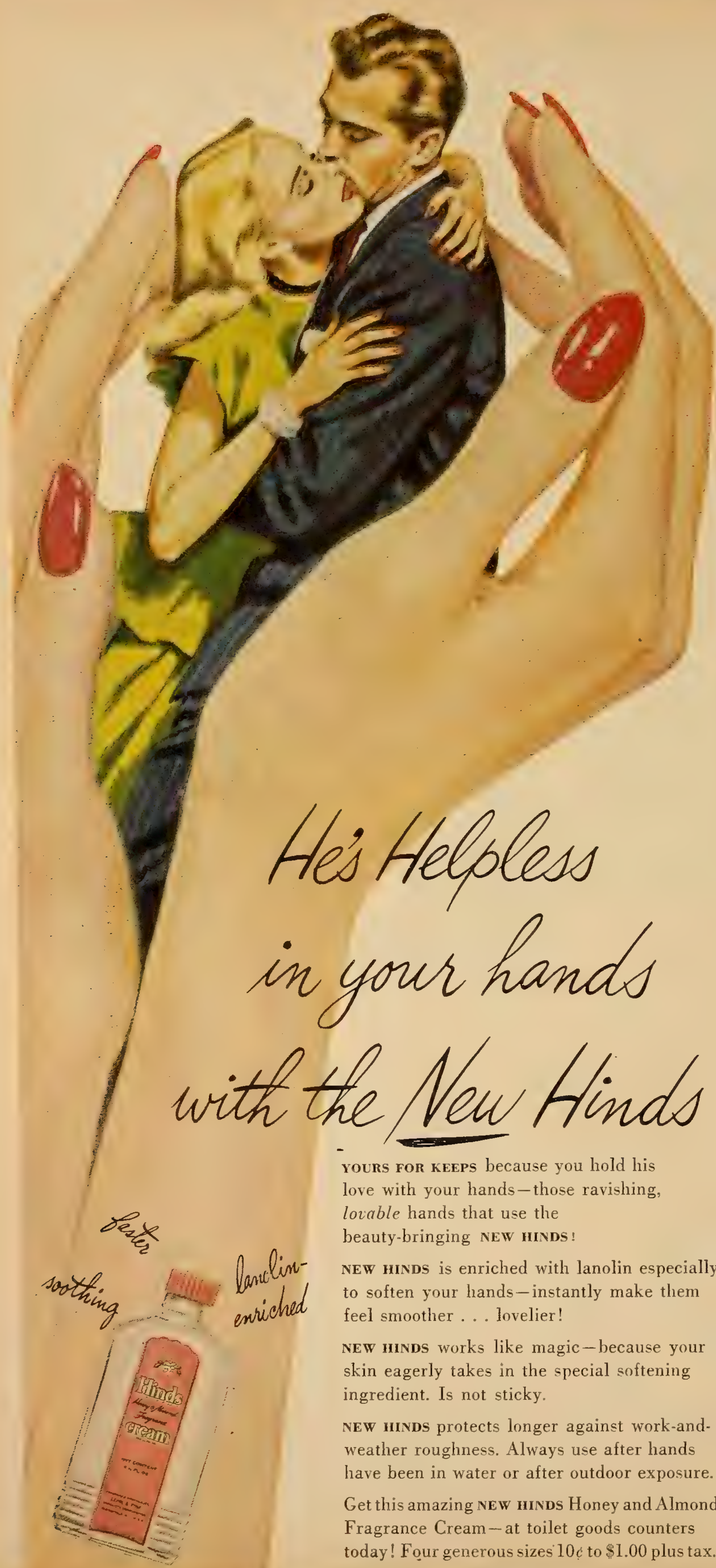
*It's color range
for costume change*

A John Frederics pink felt hat
and Dura-Gloss bright American Beauty smartly
contrast with a blue faille suit

"Fingertips are color accents, too," says sparkling
Sylvia MacNeill. "So I have six of the eighteen fashion-right
Dura-Gloss shades on my dressing table ready to
complement whatever frock I choose. Give your fingertips
this added loveliness, too! Whisking away the old and
brushing on harmonizing Dura-Gloss takes less time than
renewing facial make-up... brings you the bright new magic
of fingertips keyed to the occasion, your frock, your mood!"
Eighteen fashion-right shades... 10¢ plus tax.

NEW! Dura-Gloss Lipstick—creamy-smooth, long-lasting, never oily,
never dry—in glowing colors to match and blend with Dura-Gloss Nail Polish.

Smart gold-tone metal cap, slick-turning metal swivel... 39¢ plus tax.



He's Helpless
in your hands
with the New Hinds

YOURS FOR KEEPS because you hold his love with your hands—those ravishing, lovable hands that use the beauty-bringing NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—instantly make them feel smoother . . . lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic—because your skin eagerly takes in the special softening ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects longer against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! Four generous sizes 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

STEPHEN BE-KASSY, who scored as Liszt in "Song to Remember," will soon be seen in "Arch of Triumph." He was born in Hungary on Feb. 10, 1910. He's 6' tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Is married to Hagar Wilde, and has a daughter, Steffan. Write to him at Enterprise Productions, Universal City California. He has no fan club.



BARBARA LAWRENCE, who was Jeanne Crain's rival in "Margie," was born in Carnegie, Oklahoma, and is in her early twenties. She's a blue-eyed blonde and is 5' 7½" tall, and weighs 124 lbs. She's unmarried. Write to her at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills. No club yet.



STEVE COCHRAN, who appeared as Speed in "Kid From Brooklyn," and Eddie in "The Chase," was born in Eureka, Cal. on May 25. Real name is Robert. He has dark brown eyes and brown hair, and is 6' tall. Is married to Fay McKenzie, and hails from the stage. Write to him at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Hollywood, Calif. Shirley Ann Brightrose, 29-47 W. 29th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has his fan club.



Terry S., Hollywood: Rudy Wissler did the singing for Scotty Beckett, who played the young Jolson in "The Jolson Story." Scotty was born in Oakland, Calif., in Oct. 1930. He's growing, and has brown eyes and hair. Write to him at Columbia Pictures, Hollywood. Larry Parks was born in Olathe, Kansas, on Dec. 13, 1914. He is 5' 11", 160 lbs., and has brown eyes and brown hair. Is married to Betty Garrett, and can be reached at Columbia Pictures, Hollywood. Bev Davis, 2937 W. 31 St., Brooklyn, has his club.

Pauline B., Canada: Theresa Smith, 2114 Lancaster Avenue, Wilmington, Del., has the Skippy Homeier Club. Lee Garber, 2137 Cropsy Avenue, Brooklyn, has Kenny Bowers', Barbara MacEvoy, Box 611, Quogue, N. Y., has Elizabeth Taylor's, and Helen Russ, 177 Peabody, San Francisco, Cal. has Richard Conte's.

Helen Murphey, N. J.: Richard Webb, who was Parker in "O.S.S." was born in Bloomington, Ill. on Sept. 9, 1915. He is 6' 1" tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. Is married to Elizabeth Sterns and has two children. Write him at Paramount.

COME ON NOW! You must have some questions to ask. I'm waiting for your letters, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.





To our Readers...

■ I address this page to our more near-sighted readers who didn't happen to notice that this issue of MODERN SCREEN sports a very gay and completely different cover. Get out your little jeweler's eye gadget, and study us deeply for a minute. Were we ever lovelier? . . . A profound change has come over MODERN SCREEN. The technical age has got into our blood. Time was when posing for our cover was as simple as dabbing a suggestion of soap and water on your face and beaming at the photog's little bird. Now it's become an involved process . . . Our Art Director, Otto Storch, confers with Cover Designer, Lester Beall, in a modernistic, air-conditioned studio, while a finely constructed Powers model takes shorthand. The talk flies high, wide and handsome. Eventu-

ally a sketch is made. Only it isn't a sketch. You call it a "visual" if you know the score. After the visual comes a comprehensive. Our photographer, Nick Muray, then pockets the comprehensive and hops a plane for the Coast. June Allyson is posed front face, semi-profile and dead man's float for the various units of the cover. Old Nick takes one last anxious look at his comprehensive and rushes back to have June put together again. And there you have your Technical-Age MS cover! . . . If you ask me (and of course you shouldn't ask me), I think it's great. It sparkles, it's radiant, it does everything but talk. But after all, what do you want for fifteen cents—talking magazines?

St. Albans



bless their little pointed heads!

by June Allyson

AS TOLD TO JEAN KINKEAD

■ When your editors asked me to do a story about my best friends, I thought, "Gleeps! Who are they? Let's see, there's Richard and my mother and—umm-mm—Richard. And that is positively all." First I thought I'd have to make up some friends because it's so wall-flowery to say right out in a magazine that you only have two friends, and one of them your own mother. But then I calmed down and thought about old Jeanie. *She* was certainly a friend. And Jane Wilkie. And Marie. Oh golly, they've been such perfectly wonderful friends, but I've been going steady with Richard for so long now that sometimes I can't seem to think any further than him.

Richard, of course, is my dearest, truest friend. He's the one person in the world I couldn't live without. That is very corny, isn't it, but it is true. Quite aside from being nuts about the guy, I respect him and like him so much. I think that just about the most thrilling moment of my whole life was when I realized that Richard and I were friends. It wasn't right off the bat, of course. That may be the way of love, but not of friendship. We had been going out together for a long time, and I was so completely crazy about him that it never really occurred to me to criticize the places he took me. I didn't like night clubs, but if he did, then they were for me. Smoke in our eyes and a loud band and okay—I like it here. Then one night he said wistfully, "Too bad you're such a one for the clubs, Stinky." I turned and looked at him hard. "*Me!*" I said. "Oh Richard, honey, you're wrong. Why, I like walks in the rain (Continued on page 31)"



She's so-o-o-o domestic, that Mrs. Powell, what with making breakfast for Dick every morning, spending all her free time in the kitchen, and specializing in fancy salad dressings! June relaxes by shopping, collects antique silver-trimmed bottles.



▼ French poodles Casey and Pat are new arrivals. Casey's not been clipped yet, because June thinks he looks cute with the fringe over his eyes, although she worries that he can't see what's going on.

▲ That look you see is known as "joy unconfined," which is how June felt when she got back home after her New York visit. She and Dick spent the first evening sitting and gazing lovingly at their house.



SOME PEOPLE SAY, "BLESS
YOUR LITTLE HEART." BUT WHEN JUNE
ALLYSON LOVES YOU, SHE
WHISPERS FONDLY, "BLESS YOUR LITTLE
POINTED HEAD."

Jittery Junie, at whose home M.S.'s Western Editor, Jane Wilkie, was married, forgot the cake and gibbered, "Don't be nervous," at the brand new Mrs. Robert Botwinick (here, with her hubby).

"The gal with the tiniest waist in H'wood," as designer Irene has dubbed her, has developed into a shopper. Watches avidly for sales, then trots home with loads of stuff she didn't need anyhow!



**bless
their
little
pointed
heads!**



Having just finished "The Secret Heart," popular June's slated for "Virtuous," wherein she'll upset all type-casting rules by playing a hard-hearted glamor gal. The first day's shooting on any new Dick Powell pic finds wife present with her lunch—3 bananas and milk!



Young Mrs. P. startled Bunny Waters and Esther Williams when, at a recent hen party, she murmured, "I want a baby more than life itself." (Here, with Walter Pidgeon and Dick at the Ice Follies premiere.)



One of June's newest friends is her maid, Tehru, a charming Japanese girl whose husband was with the U. S. forces in the Pacific. Keeping a file of Dick's old pic scripts is Tehru's greatest thrill.

and football games and riding with the top down . . ." He stared at me and stared at me, and then he said, "You, too," in a kind of new, gentle voice. "Well, gee." And I looked at him and said, "Gee." We walked out of that place so fast, and when we were out under the beautiful black night sky we held hands very tight, and I knew that we were friends.

After that there wasn't anything about myself I couldn't tell him. I turned the pockets of my soul inside out so he'd know everything I am. Good and bad. And one afternoon I told him about my phobia, and he cured me. You see, I used to be a frightful hypochondriac. I was sure I had every disease in the book and a couple they hadn't discovered yet. "Richard," I said to him one day, "I'm not at all well. Not at *all* well. You may as well know it." "Strouble, honey?" he asked, concerned, but not frantic. That in itself soothed me. "Heart, I think," I said. "Or it might be my lungs." (Continued on page 100)



THERE'S NO BITTERNESS IN

TY POWER'S HEART TOWARD ANNABELLA;

ONLY A GREAT SENSE

OF GROWING UP AND HIGH HOPES

FOR THE FUTURE

End of a Dream

by HEDDA HOPPER



Before their separation, Tyrone Power and Annabella attended this party for Marlene Dietrich. Ty's settled most of his things on Annabella, including their beautiful home. He denies rumors that he'll marry Gene Tierney, his co-star in "Razor's Edge."

■ Tyrone Power looked at me straight out of his honest black eyes, as he always has. He said, "Hedda, right now the greatest thing in the world to me is freedom. I'm free—that's all that matters."

I searched his face. It was as handsome as ever—handsomer because it was stronger. There were lines that hadn't been there before, lines that betrayed the strain he'd been through. His dark blue suit was loose on a frame thinner than it should be.

I thought, "This shouldn't happen to so nice a guy."

It was the day after Ty stepped off the plane that brought him back to Hollywood from New York, where he'd announced soberly, kindly and with dignity that the song had ended for himself and his wife, Annabella. That their marriage was through.

Ty had stepped off to face a swarm of crazy, heartless rumors. They made him out a home wrecker; they plunged him into scandal headlines. They seized on pure coincidence to brew a romance between Ty and another man's wife, Gene Tierney—all because Ty and Gene had professionally acted a romance on (Continued on page 88)



Panamanian fans kept Ty and Cesar at the desk although the boys yearned to explore the country. They toured South America and Central America, where C.'s pic, "Carnival in Costa Rica," takes place.



"Saludos Amigos!" was more than the name of their plane; John Jeffries (co-pilot at left), Ty and Cesar really meant the "Hi, neighbors!" the title implies. That's a flight map Tyrone's consulting.

by **CESAR ROMERO** AS TOLD TO JERRY ASHER

"THE FLYING FILTHY FIVE"

CESAR ROMERO SAW IT HAPPEN: THE
HEARTWARMING WELCOME SOUTH AMERICANS GAVE TO
THEIR FAVORITE "YANQUI" STAR—TY POWER.



■ Nothing ever looked so inviting as that long, lonely stretch of glistening beach. Tyrone Power dashed toward it first, peeling off clothes that marked a path of progress right down to the water's edge. The rest of us needed no further encouragement. There was co-pilot John Jeffries, now a wardrobe man at 20th Century-Fox; Jim Gallagher, Ty's secretary of many years' standing; Jim Denton, studio publicity man, and George Sanchez, our Mazatlan host. It was our first stop on the start of a fabulous flight through Mexico, Central and South America. The heat was intense, dust filled the air. The "Flying Filthy Five" we called ourselves!

Our hot, sticky bodies practically purred as we floated

around in the lazy Mexican sea. The water, like sapphire blue velvet, was soft and soothing after that wild ride from the hotel through corrugated streets, where bare-bottomed urchins narrowly escaped our wheels and barking dogs, honking horns, pigs, goats and flies startled us. It was Ty who snapped us back to reality.

"Look! There's a girl up there on the beach, sitting next to our clothes. You speak Spanish, Butch, tell her we aren't wearing bathing suits and can't come out of the water until she goes away!"

Coming in as close as the laws of decency permitted, I shouted and shouted. If the girl heard me at all, she didn't bother to turn her head. Finally we were forced



Just before Tyrone left for his air cruise, he gifted Gene Tierney with earrings made in the form of razor edges, and gave himself matching cuff links. Ty and the gang covered 20,000 miles on trip, spread good will every mile.

to swim around until our bodies tired, as it began to grow late. The girl still remained, so after a nautical consultation we decided there was nothing to do but call her bluff.

Slowly we approached, covering ourselves as best we could, pretending to be as nonchalant as if we were on Hollywood and Vine. Just before we reached her side, she stood up and casually removed her dress. She was wearing a bathing suit underneath. Still ignoring us, she sauntered into the water and swam out to sea. Propped up against Ty's shoes was an autograph book and pencil! Where she came from, how she knew who we were and that we were there—we never (Continued on page 130)



Big event of the trip was the boys' fishing excursion at Acapulco, where they caught three swordfish. They also were guests on a yachting trip. Boys boast that they don't get seasick—or airsick!



There's just no use in Van's trying to persuade Keenan Wynn that he can grow a mustache, too. Ever since Van had to wear a fake beard for "High Barbaree," K.'s been teasing him.

by
ed
sullivan

about van, evie and keenan



Van's amiable disposition shines right through into his voice. He's just completed recording an album of kiddie songs and stories, and says he only hopes the kids have as much fun listening to them as he did making them.



Van and Eve Wynn (here at Ciro's) held hands at the El Patio Theater during Keenan's act, then went back to congratulate him.

■ For the first time in his career, Van Johnson has been cast as the Menace, "typing" that is so contrary to Hollywood's passion for script formula that the movie colony and moving picture fans are still dazed and baffled by it. And what a Menace! No plain, ordinary M-G-M menace, but something special, a Menace who busted up the home of his best friend, Keenan Wynn, alienated the affections of Mrs. Keenan Wynn and bought the former Cedric Gibbons' home in which to install the ex-Mrs. Wynn as the first Mrs. Van Johnson. You can pardon the agonized gasps of bobby-soxers at the revelation that their Van, in real life, was playing the sort of cad that George Sanders plays in reel life. To compound confusion, every crackpot in Hollywood, yielding to the temptation to get into the act as noted by Jimmy Durante, has added innuendoes until the thing has become

an indictment, not only of individuals, but of the industry.

Hollywood gossips point out that by the time this reaches print, Eve Abbott Wynn will be within a few weeks of her February divorce, in Nevada, and then will become Mrs. Van Johnson. That *may* happen, but with this correspondent refusing to bet a plugged nickel on California weather, OR California romance. Whether or not Van and Eve get married, it is high time that some chronicler in possession of the facts, usurp the detective duties of Sherlock Holmes, and throw a spotlight on the three characters in Hollywood's own real-life triangle. My magnifying glass, Watson . . .

"Van Johnson and Eve certainly have been given a bum rap in this," Keenan Wynn tells me. "I've read that Van waited until I went to New York in November, and then started romancing (*Continued on page 107*)

BUSINESS STOOD STILL AND SCHOOLS

WERE EMPTY AS ALL OF ROCK ISLAND WENT WILD—

BECAUSE ITS OWN JUNE HAYER WAS HOME!

By Abigail Putnam

WE'RE PROUD OF YOU, JUNE

■ As far as June's concerned, it started with Harriet Jeanes, movie editor of the Rock Island Argus. She came to Chicago for an interview while June was there for the opening of "The Dolly Sisters."

"Why don't you come on home?" she asked. "They'd turn the place upside down for you."

"I'd settle for right side up," answered June. "But there just isn't time. I've got to get back to work."

She was working on "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" when Herbert Grove paid a visit to Hollywood. Herbert Grove, in case you don't know, is manager of the Tri-States Theaters located in the Tri-Cities. The Tri-Cities, in case you don't know, are Rock Island, Moline and Davenport, the first two in Illinois, the third in Iowa, and all you have to do to get back and forth is skip across the Mississippi via a beautiful bridge. So says Rock Island's proud daughter, Junie Haver.

Mr. Grove told June how Rock Island felt about her, not to mention Moline and Davenport, who consider themselves aunts. How, when her pictures played, Haver was the only name on the marquee. How nice it would be if she could come home for the Harvest Festival. How they'd hold up the preem of "Three Little Girls in Blue" till she got there—

"Golly, Mr. Grove, you don't have to sell it to *me!*" she enthused. "Let's both go and sell (*Continued on page 94*)



All smiles, June Haver received a football autographed by players of the Rock Island and Moline High Schools just before the big game. Pigskin's a combined gift of coach Stuart Armbruster (left) and Moline coach Ralph Stevens.



June drove the train (with help) from Rock Island to Moline, was thrilled but nervous.



◀ October 31st, 1946, will always be remembered as "June Haver Day" in Rock Island. June holds the golden key to the city as she arrives at the fan-jammed Fort Armstrong Hotel.



▲ June (now in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now") was guest of honor at the Harvest Festival. Her time schedule was disrupted by signing autographs, but J. didn't even care.



Ann Gray, of the Rock Island Girl Scouts, presented June with a floral tribute at a luncheon given by the local Chamber of Commerce. June's all better, now that she's rested after her near nervous breakdown.

By BILLY ROSE



none but

■ I know a girl who's in love with Cary Grant. Deeply, madly in love with Tall, Dark and Handsome himself. Now don't go telling me she's no different from fifty million other women. She's plenty different. Janice is a smart babe, sort of an Oscar Levant in lace panties. I've heard her out-witty Moss Hart, and talk horses with Swifty Morgan. She's been around, and gets a deep bow from headwaiters at the Ritz in New York or the Ritz in Paris. She's pretty as a toothpaste ad, and her eyes jolt your head back when she looks at you. She knows lots of movie stars, and they rate with her like floorwalkers.

But when it comes to Cary Grant, she's like your dopey little niece who cuts pictures out of movie magazines. She just doesn't make sense. I've seen this hep chick look up at the evening sky and say:

"Star light, star bright
First star I've seen tonight
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

Eleanor tells me Janice writes little notes to Cary and puts them under her pillow, and my wife says if you do that you dream about the man the note is addressed to.

On the way home from the theater the other night, I started to kid Janice about her crush on Grant. I got the wifely nudge to the rib which means, "Keep your big mouth shut." Back at the house, Eleanor said, "You mustn't needle her about Cary. I'll tell you the story if you promise you'll never breathe a word."

the lonely heart

I crossed my heart and gave her a columnist's promise. Here's the story:

Some months ago, Janice was out in Hollywood visiting friends. One night she was invited to one of those parties where people keep dropping both in and over. Janice wore a gown made of dream-stuff—she had been told Cary Grant was going to be there. Behind her earlobes she had dabbed a bit of the perfume that makes the violinist kiss the piano-player. The thirty-room Bel-Air bungalow was crowded with famous stars. Jimmy Stewart was plunking the piano. Edward G. Robinson was defending Impressionist art. Two blondes kept chasing Harpo Marx. Jimmy Durante was doing an impersonation of Jimmy Durante.

It was eleven-ish when Cary arrived. When he was introduced to Janice, he turned on his famous lopsided grin and gave her the up-and-down. They made chitchat for a few moments. Cary fetched her a drink and sat on the arm of her chair while several of the local gals watched her with admiring hatred. Janice did her best to be casual. "You're a big girl now," she said to herself. "Easy does it."

But she didn't fool Cary a bit. He sensed the five alarm fire inside her. A moonstruck girl was not a novelty to Public Dreamboat No. 1. He was flattered, amused, but it had happened too often for him to be intrigued. But to Janice, this was it. She pinched herself, felt it hurt, and thanked the evening star she had wished on so often.

Parties break up early in hard-working Hollywood.

Around midnight, Cary politely offered to drive her home. When they got into his car he kissed her. A thousand fiddles played for a moment, then they stopped, and Janice woke up. This wasn't her first kiss. She had been kissed before, and once or twice by men who loved her. She realized Cary had kissed her only because he was a nice guy, and thought it was expected of him. He had done it very much as one might ask his hostess for a dance. She was too much of a gal to settle for that.

A few minutes later the car rolled up in front of his home. She knew what he was going to say, and he said it. "Would you like to come up for a night-cap?"

Janice managed a smile. "Not tonight, Stardust," she said.

For the first time Cary was interested. He flashed the carefully careless smile that's good for two million domestic. "I don't get it, Sugarplum," he said. "What's the story?"

"It would bore you," said Janice, clenching her fists to keep from reaching out and touching the smile-crinkles around his eyes. "Be a darling and drive me home."

And that's all there is to the story. Janice came back to New York the next day. She tells my wife it was one of those things, and says she never thinks about Cary any more. Well, I'd believe her, except that she looked up at the sky the other night, and I'm betting it wasn't William Bendix she was thinking of when she murmured:

"Starlightstarbright
Firstariseetonight . . ."

By Jane Wilkie

HEARTS, MR. CROSBY

FIRMLY BELIEVES, WERE MEANT TO

BE HIDDEN. BUT SOME-

HOW, BING'S ALWAYS KEEPS SHOWING . . .

Helping Bing pick a winner in the Racing Form is Fred Astaire, no amateur with horses either. Fred's deserting his stables to establish the Fred Astaire Dance Studios. First one's scheduled to open January in New York.

Bing lends an ear to the warbling of Olga San Juan as they rehearse scenes for "Blue Skies." An English film critic who gets reactions to American pictures, says Bing's tops with Britons!



Unsentimental gentleman



This rugged, outdoor character is Rancher Crosby at his Elko, Nevada ranch, which he uses as a retreat. The ranch has no phone or radio, explains Bing, so he can't listen to his own transcriptions!



Scalpel, forceps, suture . . . All Bing and Joan Caulfield need is Dr. Kildare to add the finishing touch, as technical adviser Dr. B. Sachs instructs them in surgical procedure. Bing plays a doctor in his next pic, "Welcome Stranger."

■ One night in New York about a year ago, Bing Crosby stood in front of the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, waiting for a friend. He was idly watching a man who, although obviously headed for the hotel entrance, was taking the long way home by covering more ground to port and starboard than forward. The inebriated gentleman eventually reached the revolving doors, and just before flowing through them, caught a glimpse of Bing. He stopped abruptly, approached Crosby, slapped him on the shoulder and wheezed "Hiya, Bing!" Then, wonderfully pleased with his own humor, he continued, "Bet that's not the first time people called you that."

Crosby is seldom recognized in any city other than Hollywood, for the simple reason that no one ever expects to see him. His name a household word in every American home, he is too mythical a man to appear before the average citizen without warning and not create disbelief in his identity. Although he is mobbed in small towns when word flies ahead of his approaching arrival, he usually goes unmolested through the large cities. An inveterate walker, he often scorns cabs in Manhattan, and once walked, lugging two suitcases, from the Waldorf-Astoria to the Essex House without being recognized (*Continued on page 114*)



**A KITTEN, A MISDIRECTED
LETTER AND A RADIO—ON FEBRUARY
FOURTEENTH THEY ALL
BECAME VALENTINES!**



The age of 12 is in reality a tender one, and often the year for the first pangs of love. It was for Yvonne de Carlo. Her attention was split between a yearning to own a cat, and adoration of a curly-haired boy in her English class. She had to forego the cat because of a flattened allowance, but waited breathlessly for St. Valentine's Day. The students would exchange valentines in class, and Yvonne knew that if there was even a spark inside the boy, she would have some sign of it that day.

He gave her a valentine, but one which sent her into a flood of tears. It depicted her as a bow-legged girl with stringy hair and a wart on her nose, and Yvonne spent the afternoon sobbing into her handkerchief.

At home that night, she answered a ring of the doorbell to find no one there—but at her feet was a small crate. Inside was a coal black kitten, and the card attached bore the name of her blond Casanova. Yvonne learned then and there that no girl can know a man's heart by his valentine.

Bob Mitchum wasn't the only problem child in his family. His brother John was equally endowed with cussedness.

When Bob was in his early teens he was enamored of a blonde girl who lived in the same block, but he kept his crush to himself. Or thought he did. John, of course, had found out about it. As Valentine's Day approached, Bob spent long hours whipping up a lacy little number for his girl friend. Confined to the house with the flu when the romantic day rolled around, Bob speculated on the problem of presenting the valentine. The only solution was the use of his brother as a messenger. He approached John with what he thought was nonchalance.

"By the way," he said, "would you drop this envelope up at Nancy's house? It's some homework I promised to help her with."

"Oh, sure," said John, and promptly delivered it to another girl in the neighborhood. A dark-haired girl named Dorothy Spence who in time became the present Mrs. Mitchum.



Three years ago Ben Gage was in the service of his country. He had just met Esther Williams when he was confronted with Valentine's Day, and the pay envelope marked "Sgt. Ben Gage" contributed little to his dilemma. Then a game of Abyssinian polo, that which is played with two square cubes and well known to GIs, happened along in the nick of time and Ben's pockets were reimbursed somewhat. He bought Esther a second-hand radio-phonograph and presented it to her at her parents' home in the middle of a clan gathering.

The card read: "This is for St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Memorial Day, The Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Also your birthday, darling. It'll just have to last. Love, Ben."

The Gages still depend on that same radio for ether wave results, and find themselves giving only small remembrances on the bigger holidays and concentrating on Something Special in the way of valentines.



Man Hunt!

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW

A PACKAGE OF HERSHEY BARS WON

MODERN SCREEN THE FIRST AMERICAN

INTERVIEW WITH JAMES MASON.

■ The man across the big desk was younger than you would expect. A lot younger. He had friendly dark eyes, and brown hair in a crew cut. He looked as if he knew exactly what he was doing—and what he wanted me to do. His name was Al Delacorte, and he was the executive editor of MODERN SCREEN magazine.

"I have an assignment for you, Virginia," he said. "It may be a tough one. Not the writing part, but getting the story in the first place."



Rehearsing his part for a broadcast of "Bill of Divorcement," James Mason clung to his cigar—and script. James may accept RKO's offer to star with Rosalind Russell in "Mourning Becomes Electra."



▲ Penelope Ward, now on Broadway, took time out to co-star at the broadcast. Playing J.'s daughter, she said, "What a handsome young father for *any* girl to have!"

➤ "You see," explains Pam Kellino, "I can't help it if we look more like brother and sister. I'm *still* his wife!" Pam's co-author of James' next pic, "The Upturned Glass."

By VIRGINIA WILSON

"Never mind. I'm too broke to quibble over things like that," I told him. "I just bought a fox coat I haven't paid for."

He laughed. "I'm glad it wasn't mink. We're supposed to show a profit at the end of the year. Here's the assignment. James Mason, the English star, is coming in on the Queen Elizabeth. We want you to get hold of him for an interview, but I understand he's pretty elusive."

"From what I hear, that's the under-

statement of all time. What do I use—a butterfly net? And I hope you're providing me with a revolver for defense. I don't want to be hit over the head with a riding crop."

"He may not be like that off screen, although I wouldn't want to make any guarantee. There seem to be two schools of thought on the Mason personality. One holds that he's a complete stinker and the other contends that he's the most charming man in the world. But one thing everybody agrees on. He is

fascinating to women. I want to know why. Why do they flock to see him in every picture? What's the secret of his charm?"

"I'm normal. If I react, I'll let you know." But I didn't expect to react. That riding crop angle left me cold. Oh well, I was getting paid for this, wasn't I?

Al handed me a picture. "Just in case you haven't seen 'The Seventh Veil' or 'Man In Grey,' here's what he looks like." (Continued on page 104)





This is Lana!

AT THE MOMENT, SHE'S HEART
WHOLE AND FANCY FREE. BUT FOR LANA,
TOMORROW IS JUST A BIG UNOPENED VALENTINE

By Ida Zeitlin

■ Her hair in pigtails, Lana sat cross-legged on the couch in her dressing room and plied the man with questions about his kid, who was Cheryl's age. For an hour they exchanged eager notes on bringing up baby, then the guy—a visiting newspaper man—rose to go.

"Look, maybe I shouldn't get personal," he said, "but you're hard to believe. I expected—"

"I know. A sultry siren with a long cigarette holder. Trouble with you fellows," she pointed out sweetly, "you get to believe your own publicity—"

Miss Turner's got something there. The facade built up by the word-slingers doesn't have much to do with the girl behind it, and we hope you won't misunderstand that statement. We're not out to deglamorize Lana; if only because we're not the kind of dopes to attempt the impossible. Lana and Glamor are practically one and the same, you can't divorce them. Whatever it is in a girl that bowls men over—call it Magnetism, S.A., Personality or the Fourth Dimension—Lana's got it and to spare. Granted. But that wasn't the whole, even of Helen of Troy. There must have been times when the ex-Mrs. Menelaus got good and sick of being a legend and longed to prance around as a plain human being. Okay, not too plain . . .

It was (Continued on page 121)

ound and 'round it goes—also Mom and Cheryl!



Here's a whopping 'burger for a tiny tot.



"Duck—low bridge!" at the gay Lilliputian Carnival.



Their new home, which once belonged to musician Max Steiner, is being redone in a Chinese mood, has 1000 albums in the music room.

■ One day, right after Glenn Ford's baby boy, Peter, was born, Glenn rushed into the hospital room where his wife, Eleanor Powell, was in bed.

"Ellie," he cried impulsively, "what kind of flowers do you like? I'm gonna fill this whole room with flowers!"

Eleanor had to laugh at Glenn's new-papa enthusiasm. "Darling," she cracked, "just bring me a dandelion."

"A dandelion you shall have, Little Mother," promised Glenn, catching Ellie's gag on the first bounce.

Glenn called up every florist in Beverly Hills. They laughed at him. "Dandelions? Are you kidding? We don't carry dandelions!" He raced around the yards in his neighborhood. He couldn't find even a bud. A gardener tipped him off: "Dandelions don't bloom

this time of the year." That didn't stop Glenn.

He hopped in his car and toured up and down the Beverly streets. If he saw anything suspiciously yellow on a green lawn, he stomped across and investigated. Dogs barked, kids stared, irate householders rattled up their windows and demanded what the heck he wanted. "I'm hunting for a dandelion for my wife," grinned Glenn. They stared at the big, grown-up lug and shook their heads. They thought he was nuts. Glenn scoured a half-dozen districts that afternoon. Finally, in a little town twenty miles away, he spied a weak, out-of-season yellow bud. He nipped it off and raced back to the hospital. It wasn't visitors' hour at all, but Glenn broke in proudly with his prize. "Here it is, honey," he caroled triumphantly, "from me to you!" (Continued on page 53)

wanted: one guardian angel

HE FEELS LIKE ABE
LINCOLN ON A DANCE FLOOR,
NEVER REMEMBERS
TO EAT AND THANKS GOD
FOR BEING AN ACTOR.
NO, GLENN FORD'S
NOT CRAZY—JUST ALIVE.



Glenn is perpetually puffing at a pipe, has 2 racks of over 75 of 'em. He's lucky, has a wife who doesn't mind his smoking in the house, but does insist he confine his target practice to the garden.



Peter Newton Ford (the Newton's after his grandpop) loves to dress up in costumes, thinks overalls are "babyish." His favorite sports are horseback riding from his dad's lap—and eating from his mother's!

By **GEORGE BENJAMIN**

Glenn's given up wishing for a white Christmas in sunny (?) California, so when he and Ellie yen for a skating spree, it has to be at the local ice skating rink—fun, but no atmosphere.



**wanted:
one
guardian
angel**

Rumors of a separation don't faze the Fords in the least—they know it's not so. A wild bout of their favorite backgammon, however, has been known to have one or the other threatening mayhem.



At the tender age of not-quite-two, young Pete is a clothes horse, has a rain coat, a slew of hats and a jaunty windbreaker which he refers to as "See? Baker!" (That's Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford, at his right.)



After 2½ years in the Marines, Glenn has a trusty aim; he and his Colt .38 can now hit 8 bulls eyes out of 10. Since he socked Rita H. in "Gilda," his mail's upped into the 1000's.



Glenn (who's in "Framed") and Ellie have collected records for 8 years, have some discs which music authorities say are priceless.

Glenn draws more kicks out of his daily life than a Missouri mule. He collects more interests than a loan shark, has his fingers in more pies than a baker boy. His big brown eyes spark eternally with the joy of living and the wonder of the world.

If Glenn isn't knocking his big Lincoln convertible to pieces in the garage and rebuilding it, he's digging up his back yard to plant something or other. If he isn't hot on the trail of a rare stamp for his collection, he's playing a game of chess by mail with a Marine buddy stationed in China. If he isn't leaning over the Malibu pier casting for halibut he's up on the Columbia ranch teaching Pete to stick on the back of a pony. If he isn't rallying the Beverly Boy Scouts together as Neighbor-

hood Commissioner, he's huddling as a board member of the Screen Actors' Guild or playing an Armed Forces Radio Show. If he isn't whisking Ellie up to San Francisco to do the cafes, he's out in his own kitchen whipping up some outrageous concoction and driving the cook mad.

Glenn Ford couldn't be bored in a jail cell. Since he's not there but in Hollywood, he can't see how anyone can. His pet peeves are young Hollywood stars, struck by lucky lightning who, as he says, "act like actors" and go around yawning at their sudden success. He thinks everyone in pictures, including himself, is the luckiest guy in the world.

"Each night," grins Glenn, *(Continued on page 128)*

"Sure I'll talk about Guy"

By HENRY WILLSON

■ Sure I'll talk about Madison. First, he's under contract to David O. Selznick. Second, he's a friend of mine. Third, he's an interesting character.

Three years ago they were calling him the bewildered gob. Well, he's not bewildered any more. That was only a surface confusion anyway. Pick anyone out of his accustomed spot and plant him in a strange new world, and his head'll spin for a while. Madison's quit spinning sooner than most. Maybe because his feet grip the ground harder.

He's adjusted, but not married to Hollywood. There's a difference. Guy will never go sophisticated. I'm as sure of that as I am that the sun will rise, and it's not intended as either a biff or a bouquet—just a statement. He's not the sophisticated type, and could no more pretend to be what he's not than a fish could walk. As far as any one trait can explain a man, that explains Madison. He's as real as a coin out of the U.S. Mint.

By the same token, what he values most in others is sincerity. He doesn't make friends lightly but, once made, they're likely to be for good. Take Howard Hill. He's the archery expert you've seen in so many shorts. You've seen him in big pictures too—doubling for the hero who thinks bows and arrows went out (*Continued on page 125*)



Guy, who made his first hit as the young sailor in "Since You Went Away," is keeping his fingers crossed that appearing with Shirley Temple again in "Honeymoon" will make history repeat itself. As to personal romance, Cathy Downs seems to have supplanted Gail Russell.

When MS gifted Guy last Xmas with an all-'round game kit, little did we realize it would provide him with a poker game that nearly "wiped out" Rory Calhoun. Rory, (of "Adventure Island") loves boogie-woogie, can only play the bass as yet.



WHAT GOES ON
BENEATH THE BLOND HEAD
AND SERIOUS BLUE
EYES? HERE'S THE REAL GUY
MADISON—AS ONLY
HIS BEST FRIEND COULD
KNOW HIM.



Wayne, who (hubba-hubba) resembles his brother, is still at school, gets help from Guy. The Navy man who rented them their house is returning, so the Madisons will be house hunting.



Archery enthusiast Guy pulls out some of his collection of 100 arrows, raves to Henry Willson, young Selznick executive and Guy's discoverer, about new method for sharpening the tips. Later, Henry and Rory (center) joined in making quivers.

By HOWARD SHARPE



IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DUCK!

■ In the enormous living room of Kathryn Grayson's enormous Brentwood house—a living room large enough to accommodate a concert grand piano, two organs and a Scotts-Farnsworth—Miss Grayson and her singing coach, Earl Brent, sat on the ten-foot couch having tea. There was little else in the room, since furniture ordered for it was still being made and could not yet be afforded in any case, but neither the singer nor her instructor felt any lack in the furnishings.

The afternoon was bright, Kathryn had never been in better voice, and the tea was a rare blend. Mr. Brent, a worldly man, as persons who have coached divas and singing stars of the motion picture world are wont to be, sipped his tea appreciatively.

He raised it to his lips, and abruptly set it down again.

"Got a fly in it?" Kathryn asked, absently.

"I'll never touch another drop of tea," said Brent. "You may believe this or not, as you choose, but I just saw three ducks."

"In *here*?" asked Kathryn, a note of alarm in her voice.

"Passing the window."

"Not unlikely. We have three ducks."

"Oh." Mr. Brent (Continued on page 120)



"It Happened In Brooklyn" is the pic, but Hollywood's where Kathryn Grayson has her hair done. K. would like to take her dog to work, but he's as big as his name: Throckmorton!

"DUCKS CAN'T DROWN," KATHRYN GRAY-

SON INFORMED HER LITTLE NIECES. BUT

THAT'S WHAT SHE THOUGHT . . .



Greg and Greta Peck are such happy homebodies, it's unusual to find them cheek-to-cheeking like this (at 'Ciro's'). While a struggling actor, he modeled for cigarette money, was so embarrassed his teeth chattered!



With three pix canned—"The Yearling," "The Macomber Affair" and "Duel in the Sun"—Greg's got a fine chance to cop, 1946's Oscar. (Here, in a scene with Jennifer Jones in "Duel.")



Though he vows he's "no sissy," Jonny often begs for a bedtime song, which pop, who once sang in a show with Jimmy Savo, does beautifully!

■ June was bustin' out all over New York when Gregory Peck's train from California dumped him in Pennsylvania Station. He gripped his suitcase like the wariest tourist and let the crowds swirl him out on 34th Street, and the noisy symphony of the Big City crashed around his excited head.

Greg let the sidewalk crowds buffet him, just looking and exulting. A tingling excitement ran up him from somewhere down inside and gripped his throat. "This is it," he muttered, sweeping the scene with eager eyes. "My town. My life. And I'm actually here." He laughed at an impulse to grab the next passerby and tell him, "Hey, I'm Gregory Peck. I'm going to be an actor. What do you think of that?" Instead, he snapped out of it, hoisted his bag and crossed the street. He checked in at Sloan House, the YMCA hotel, on 34th Street and Eighth Avenue.

It was the only Manhattan hotel Gregory Peck knew. His personal acquaintance was just as limited. Of all the millions in New York City he knew exactly one person, Cray Denton, from the California University Little Theater. Cray had gone on to dramatic school in New York the year before. Greg called him before he unpacked his bag.

"Come on over," invited Cray, "and meet the people—you big, (Continued on page 64)

gregory peck

life story

THE FIRST DATE HE HAD

WITH GRETA, TWO OTHER GUYS HORNED

IN. "THEY'RE MY COUSINS,"

SHE DIMPLED. SO HE MARRIED HER—TO SAVE

HER FROM HER "COUSINS!" (PART II)

By Kirtley Baskette



In "the old days," Greg used to pawn his gold ring for 20 dollars, his lighter for 10, to provide coffee and cake money. Now he's signed for 9 pix, hopes to appear in one he's written "before I'm too old."



Joan Bennett kibitzed on location for "Macomber Affair," squealed as Greg crept up for candid shots. He's been offered 50% of the gross to appear in a sequel to the pic—if author Hemingway will write it!



ELIZABETH TAYLOR DREAMS OF BEING
WISE AND WORLDLY, BUT SHE STILL HATES
SCHOOL AND LOVES WIENIE ROASTS AND
THINKS FOURTEEN IS VERY "FEMME FATALE."

By Irene Kane



Liz, whose dad is an art dealer, got her first equipment and criticism from him, now has a "studio" just for littering up with paints, canvases, etc. She's semi-grown up for "The Rich, Full Life."

Little Miss Breathless



■ She patted her stomach in the black dress, and studied herself in the mirror. People would think she was at least sixteen, she decided, and turned to her mother.

"How do I look?"

Her mother said, "Gruesome," cheerfully, and they both laughed. She looked fine, and she was waiting for Fred, who was eighteen, to come and take her out.

It was all unbearably exciting. Her first unchaperoned date, and they would be going to the Starlight Roof of New York's glamorous Waldorf, and there would be beautiful people, and soft music, and white linen on the little tables . . .

"Mother," she said, "may I wear the jacket?"

The jacket referred to is a lovely little white broadtail affair of Mrs. Taylor's. "Certainly not," Mrs. Taylor said. "We're going to the Colony, and I'll need it."

At that point, Fred arrived. Fred used to be called Sonny, and after that Freddie, but he'd decided neither one of them had enough dignity. He listened (*Continued on page 79*)

Use your head!

By CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR



June Lockhart, pretty daughter of Gene Lockhart, poses in mock misery to show us how unhappy a gal can become when her curls are left neglected.



June's coif has noticeably perked up and as a happy result, so have her spirits! You will soon be seeing the blonde and curly-haired June in "It's a Joke, Son!"

BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOUR HAIR?

WELL, HERE'S A COLLECTION OF HOLLYWOOD-

ENDORSED ANSWERS FOR YOU!

■ Sometimes feel that your hair doesn't do right by you? Do you gaze with rapture at the way your movie pet wears her tresses, go home and try to copy her coif, only to find that *your* hair has a mind of its own and isn't taking directions from you? Pretty discouraging, or so it appears. June Lockhart in a frivolous moment mussed up her blonde hair, put a scowl on her pretty puss and slumped before our camera to mimic how depressing this temperamental-topknot business can be. But the pictures of June all slicked up show how wondrous hair can look.

So perhaps if your hair is the kind you "just can't do a thing with," mayhap I have the answer for you. Could be that yours really isn't problem hair, it's just misunderstood. Perhaps it will behave and will comb into the (Continued on page 117)





Helen Neushaefer, color authority...stylist...searches for new colors at private exhibit of precious porcelains.

miracle ingredient **PLASTEEN** gives your nails
the lasting beauty of ovals of rare porcelain

From fabulously precious porcelains, came Helen Neushaefer's inspiration for her new nail polish. For she knew the ancient porcelain art owned a priceless secret . . . *how to make brilliant colors last*. Now, after years of searching to capture in nail polish this same precious quality, she has a secret of her own . . . PLASTEEN . . . a miracle ingredient to help shock-proof your nail-do against chipping and to add amazing new brilliance. You'll find enduring loveliness in any of her 12 breath-taking colors . . . and for only ten cents . . . at all chain store cosmetic counters.

Helen Neushaefer
NAIL POLISH

It lasts so long...it looks so beautiful



**The Secret of
PLASTEEN**

. . . is its miraculous power to "weld" color to the nail. But just as startling is the shining, jewel-like brilliance and the smoother flowing qualities Plasteen gives to Helen Neushaefer's Polish. And to hers exclusively!

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Company, Inc.
Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

GREGORY PECK

(Continued from page 47)

beautiful West Coast hick!"

Greg didn't mind barbs like that. He accepted the gruesome fact that he was a callow nonentity. But he didn't shrink from the stage-wise kids Cray introduced him to, either. He enjoyed them, took them in, analyzed them. All, like himself, were out to act. Some were in school, others in stock or cracking Broadway in bits. All were terribly important—to themselves—and wise beyond words.

But he had to eat and he had to work if he were to stay in New York and Greg was determined to do that—until he'd learned what he came to learn. He dragged out the letter his stepdad, Joe, had given him, addressed to a Manhattan real estate man. One day, Greg presented it. Mr. Gaskins, the realtor, was pleasant.

"You want to get into the real estate business?"

"No," Greg corrected him. "I just want to stick in New York until I can get started in the theater."

Mr. Gaskins looked puzzled. "That's not my line—"

"All I want," explained Greg, "is a job—any kind of a job."

"Oh, I see. Well," said Mr. Gaskins, trying to reconcile show business with his business, "I've got \$10,000 invested in a concession at the World's Fair. I'll give you a note to my partner. Maybe he can use you." That was the summer of 1939. Out on Flushing meadows the biggest world's fair of them all was opening. Greg took a train out and found himself confronting an energetic little Cockney Englishman on the Midway, beneath a huge sign that read, "The Meteor Speedway." It was a big wooden bowl about fifty feet wide. Inside, a car was fastened to an electric arm that roared around and around climbing up the side and slipping down again with the varying speed.

The little Englishman sized Greg up. "Sure," he said, after he'd read the note. "I can give you a job—taking tickets, \$18 a week. Barking—\$25. Which you want?"

"The \$25," said Greg.

"Can you bark?"

"Sure," lied Greg.

"All right," said the hard-headed Cockney, "let's hear you."

Greg's bluff was called. He thought on his feet. "Give me a few minutes to work up a routine," he said. "I'll be back." He slipped out the door. He hotfooted it up and down the Midway, his eyes and ears open, watching the barkers before the sideshows give their pitches and rinds, catching their acts and spiels. He came back and put on his first professional audition. He wound up and let go a spiel for the Meteor. The Englishman stopped him halfway through.

"Okay, you're hired. Get outside and go to work."

Twelve hours a day was a long grind and it took Greg an hour-and-a-half each way on the subway to reach the fairgrounds from the little furnished room he'd moved into way up on West 114th Street. He paid \$6 a week for the bare cubicle to sleep in, ate his meals at Riker's and other economy cafes early in the morning and late at night—too late, Greg reasoned. Heck, he just slept in New York with his odd hour job. He wasn't really living there. He wanted to get back from Flushing meadows and start going to town.

He'd barked for a couple of months when he ran into this guy on the subway whom he'd met at Cray's. A stage-ambitious character like himself, who also had to eat. He said he was working at Radio City, conducting tours, and dragging down \$50 a week. That was exactly double what Greg Peck was earning and the nice part was—you were right in the heart of town, you could work day or night, whenever you could make it, since you got paid by the tour—\$1.50 a circuit—if you could get on the team. On his next day off from the Meteor, he went over to Radio City and filled out an application. They called him up that night. "Start work tomorrow." And that put Greg Peck on the spot. He'd never been inside Radio

City himself, and here he was booked to guide tours!

He quit his barking job and hustled down to Rockefeller Center next morning. They sent him out on a tour to learn the spiel technique. That night he lugged home a pamphlet of vital Radio City statistics.

Greg crammed all night and the next day, in his trim uniform, he took his first tour—and he came through. The barking experience helped; he could fake any sort of a spiel by now and soon he learned his stuff. That gave him a handy meal ticket for the next couple of years, when he needed it.

He took as many tours as they'd let him have and as soon as he could handle it easily, he went over to the Neighborhood Playhouse. That was the drama school he'd decided on. Cray Denton went there and the famed Sanford Meissner taught acting. Tuition was \$500 a year and it might as well have been \$5000.

He stated his case bluntly to Mrs. Morgenthau, who sponsored the school. "I want to learn to act. I need to go to school. But I haven't any money. Can I get a scholarship?"

"We have a lot of applications," she replied. "But we're always interested in talent. If you'll sit and wait a few minutes, we'll give you an audition."

Greg sat all morning. That afternoon the voice teacher and Meissner tested him. He waited some more. Toward evening, Mrs. Morgenthau called him in. She regarded him severely.

"You know," she began, "I don't think you ought to go in for a stage career."

Greg's heart plummeted. "Why not?" he came back.

"Well," Mrs. Morgenthau shrugged, "you haven't much chance of success. There are thousands of young men in New York with just as much looks, just as much talent, as much ambition as you have. You have one chance in a thousand to make good. My advice to you is to go back to California and do something else."

acid test . . .

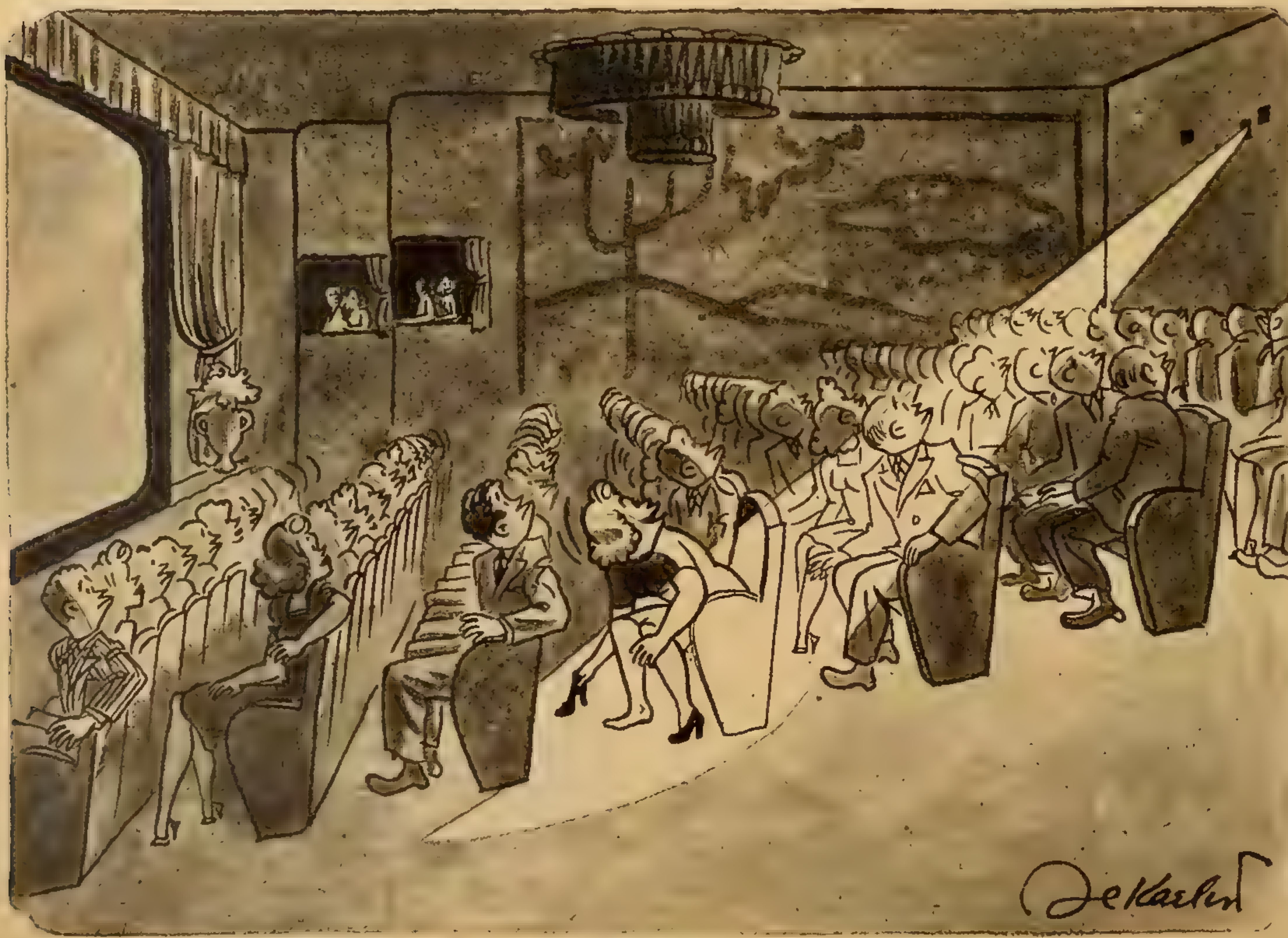
Greg's lip protruded stubbornly. "Thanks," he said. "Maybe you're right. But I'm here and I'm going to take a crack at it. I'm going to learn right."

To his surprise, Mrs. Morgenthau laughed. "Okay," she said, "you win. I'll confess—I always say that to everyone we've decided to enroll. If they take my advice and walk out, we don't want them. But if they stay in spite of it, then they have a chance."

So Greg won his scholarship and entered the Neighborhood Playhouse. But this posed a perpetual problem for Gregory Peck—how to eat and pay his rent. Greg moved all around town from one barely furnished room to another. He ate in automat and cellar restaurants and shopped at delicatessens. The more time he put in at school, the more his job income dropped. For a long time he conducted the Radio City tours at nights—6 to 10—but as the tourist season dropped off, the tours turns were scarcer and scarcer. Sometimes Greg could pick up only \$10 a week. He remembered his stepdad Joe's offer and more than once checks came on from San Francisco when the sheriff was breathing right down Greg's frayed collar. But he always found some way to make a quick check. Like modelling.

But there was one thing Greg Peck

MODERN SCREEN



"Thanks!"

steered clear of—pounding Broadway. He knew that a Broadway play was not for him then. That's where he was smart.

He made lots of contacts with Broadway-wise people, and some important ones, too. They liked him and could have done him good. Some even suggested introducing him around to the big producers, but Greg always declined with thanks.

He was one of those people who have to get where they get by pure merit. That's how he won the summer stock course at the Barter Theater, which Gregory Peck still looks back on as one of the swellest experience-packed times in his life.

The Barter was located down south near Abingdon, Virginia, but the project was organized and run by a New York office. Greg learned about the scholarship tryout just as his first year at the Neighborhood Playhouse came to a close. Each year the Barter outfit chose the best actress of the year. They gifted her with a ham, an acre of land in Virginia and a plaque. And they let her judge the contest to pick out a girl and a young man to attend the Barter Theater tuition free. That year Dorothy Stickney from "Life With Father" was the honored actress and judge.

The line stretched clear up the block from the Empire Theater where the tryouts were held. They lasted three days and 260 anxious young actors like Gregory Peck made their bids. Greg read a scene from Maxwell Anderson's play, "Gods of the Lightning," and won Dorothy Stickney's nod. Pretty soon he was on a truck, helping escort scenery south to old Virginia and the Barter Theater.

jacks of all trades . . .

The drama students, like Greg, ate the country food. All students bunked together in dormitories. They built the scenery, designed the costumes, took tickets, put on the play themselves. Greg was busy day and night, because while one play was playing, another was rehearsing.

Greg played in seven out of the twelve plays the Barter put on that summer—things like "Family Portrait," "Accent on Youth," "The Lees of Virginia," and even Shakespeare's "Richard III."

All this was wonderful experience for Gregory Peck. He started back to New York that fall confident he was at last qualified to call himself an actor.

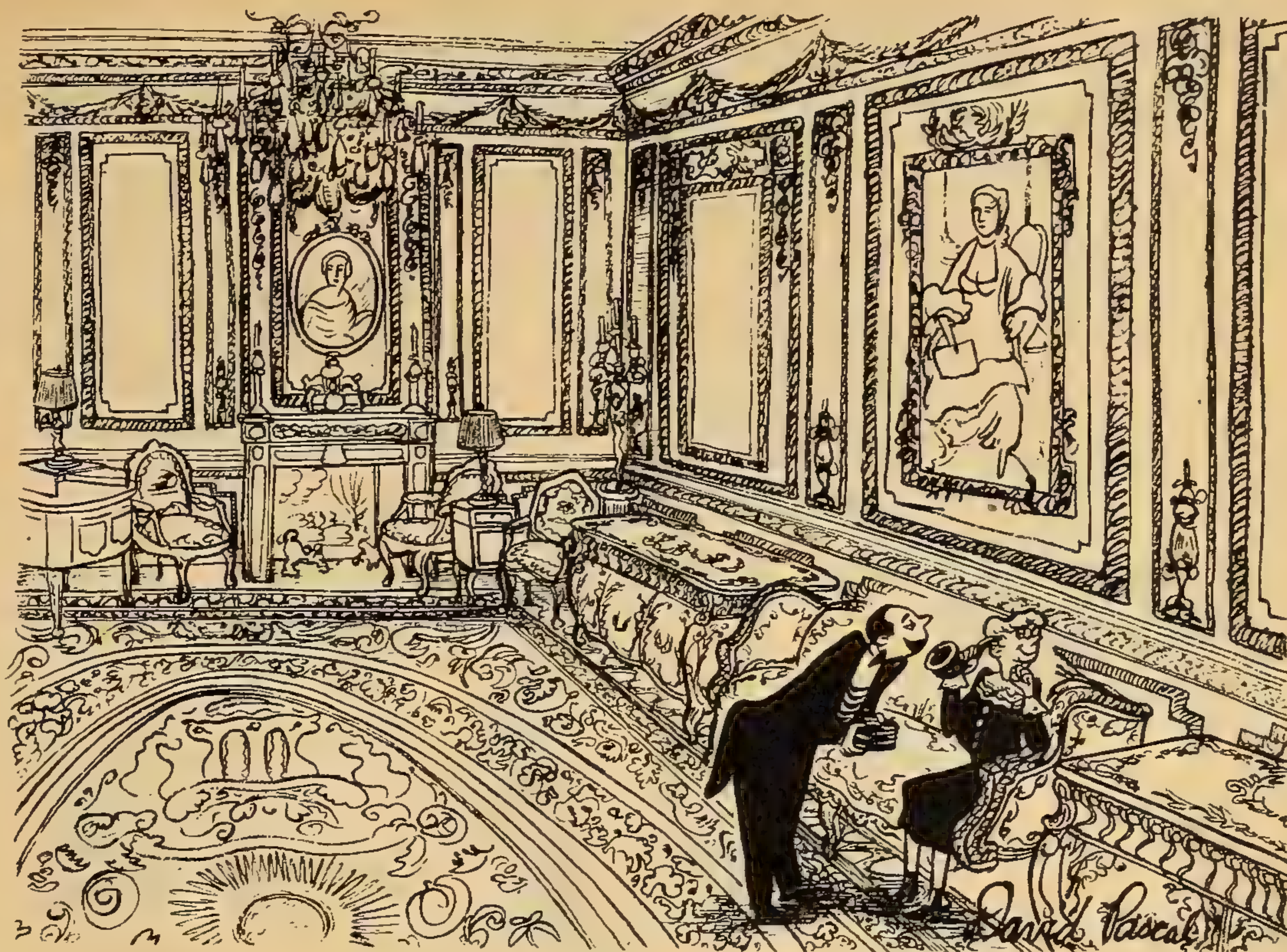
He returned that fall to the Neighborhood Playhouse School and buried himself again in his stage studies. Greg was no spring chicken—twenty-three—and maybe that's why he had the sense to take his work super seriously. It was no collegiate lark to him—he'd been through all of that at Cal. He wanted to learn.

Because he was perennially flat busted, Greg had to figure rackets to see the current Broadway hits and he got pretty smooth at slipping into a theater. His dodge was to wait until the first act broke and the crowd trailed out into the lobby to smoke. At the buzzer he joined them and drifted in, tossing a cigarette away or reading a program when the usher reached for his stub.

Greg Peck stuck with the Neighborhood Playhouse until he graduated in the spring. The school staged a big play to cap the year's work. It was rumored that Broadway producers, agents, and even Hollywood talent scouts "caught" the play, looking for new talent. Greg played a leading role and the next day came back to the Playhouse for the "death watch." That was the time when, if any offers were to come for anybody in the show, they'd come. The whole Playhouse class clustered around the switchboard in the outer office, and the minute it buzzed, dove for the receiver, like hungry wolves.

Not many calls came. When they did

MODERN SCREEN



"The new 'Harry the Hipster' records have arrived, M'am."

they were from somebody's mama or aunt. But the suspense was terrific. After all, it might, it could happen. For Greg it did.

"Peck," said the switchboard girl, "for you."

"This is Guthrie McClintic," the voice said. "Can you come up to my office right away?"

Every dope knew who Guthrie McClintic was. He was the great Katharine Cornell's husband; he produced all her plays.

"Y-yes, Sir!" said Greg.

He shot out the door like a rocket and although the Playhouse was on 50th Street and McClintic's office on 46th, Greg swears he got there before Guthrie hung up the telephone.

Mr. McClintic smiled at Greg's breathlessness. He was brief and to the point. "I saw you in your play last night," he said, "and you were all right."

"Thanks," was all Greg could pant.

"How'd you like to go on the road in 'The Doctor's Dilemma?'"

"You don't have to ask me that twice!" panted Greg.

"Wait a minute—it's just a small part—four lines in the third act."

Greg wasn't even listening. A chance at the Road with the great Cornell in a Bernard Shaw play! What a break!

"Fine," said McClintic. "Rehearsals start September 8th. We open in Philadelphia the 15th. Have a good summer."

He got a real live Broadway agent on the strength of that. Maynard Morris—who's still his agent—promptly fixed Greg up for a busy summer season in stock.

He started rehearsals for "The Doctor's Dilemma" in the fall of '41. McClintic handed Greg a pass to see the show on Broadway—the first time he'd walked in without ducking an usher—and afterwards took him backstage to meet the star. He was never so scared, so awed, so sure Miss Cornell was the most beautiful woman in the world. She received him in her dressing room and again he floated out on air. He thought she was the most wonderful woman in the world—until the day the troupe took the train to Philadelphia. Then his eyes wandered and lit on a blonde—and they've never wandered away since. The show group was waiting to get in

the train gate when Greg first saw Greta. He was pretending to read a book nonchalantly at that point. He wore glasses and looked very sober and intellectual. He also wore a suit he'd bought for \$27. He really wasn't absorbing a line he read. And Greta knew it.

She was Katharine Cornell's personal makeup and hair-dressing expert, a pert, flaxen blonde of Finnish extraction. She had a merry twinkle in her eye when Greg's slipped off the blurred pages and caught hers. She smiled. Greg cleared his throat and bent back to the book.

He kept up the act all the way to Philadelphia, and it was tough work because the pretty blonde sat right across the aisle. That night, when the play opened, she was backstage and so was Greg most of the time, nervous as a flock of witches. Because, besides playing a British art gallery manager in the third act, Greg was also assistant stage manager. The only one who had time or occasion to notice his sweaty shakes was Greta. She thought it was funny—but she liked it. And she was sympathetic.

He finally got up nerve enough to introduce himself and ask for a date in Pittsburgh. His first weekly paycheck—fifty bucks—was safe in his pocket and he felt recklessly prosperous. He walked up to Greta, being as debonair as possible. "I'm Gregory Peck."

"I know."

"You're Greta Rice."

"Yes, I am."

"I—uh—how about a drink and a dance at the William Penn after the show tonight?"

"I'd love it," said Greta, "how nice!"

Greg tripped through his work that night on another fleecy cloud. He felt not only courtly, gallant and grand but a little magnanimous, too. After all, outside of Cornell, he and Greta were about the only non-British members of the troupe. She was probably lonely, poor girl. A date would make her very happy.

After the show, Greg hustled into his \$27 suit, slicked his hair and showed up at the rendezvous by the stage door. "Hello," smiled Greta, "you know Mr. Fletcher, of course."

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Greg shook hands with Bramwell Fletcher, Cornell's leading man. "Well," he said, "let's go on over to the William Penn."

"Good idea," said Bram Fletcher. They started, and he walked along. They entered the hotel and he kept right by Greta's side. Greg thought he'd certainly say good night when they took a table in the supper room. But no—Bram sat right down, too. He even whirled Greta around for the first dance, while Greg burned.

He got Fletcher aside. "Say," Greg demanded, "what's going on here, anyway? I've got a date with Miss Rice."

"So have I."

"What!"

"Certainly. What are you doing here?"

"I've got the date!" stormed Greg.

"When did you make it?"

"Why, tonight."

"I made mine yesterday," said Bram. "Sorry, old chap." It was too true. Greg glowered but he couldn't shake Bram. They took turns dancing and split the check. They walked her home together and that was the payoff.

It was two a.m. by then and at Greta's hotel another guy was waiting around, hopping mad and ready to fight. He had a date that night with Greta, too!

Greg dated Greta regularly after that—and alone, too! So it wasn't much of a surprise to Greta when Greg blurted one night in San Francisco, "When we get back to New York, what do you say we get married?"

To his relief, she smiled, "Yes."

He couldn't afford an engagement ring. In fact, viewed logically, Gregory Peck had as much right to contemplate marriage at that point as a churchmouse.

Katharine Cornell was getting a new play together in San Francisco to follow "The Doctor's Dilemma." "Rose Burke" would play in the Bay City before heading East on tour. Greg inherited the job of assistant stage manager in that and the two-toned job of understudying Jean Pierre Aumont, in the lead, and Philip Merivale. It was Jean Pierre's first American appearance, and he had a thick French accent and a bad habit of taking cat naps before curtain time. The combination conspired later to give Greg one of the most awful evenings of his life.

"Rose Burke" played nine weeks in San Francisco. Pearl Harbor happened while Greg was there and the first blackout, but the threat of Jap bombs didn't scare Greg half as much as the awful prospect of taking over if Pierre didn't show up.

curtain going up! . . .

One night in Detroit, Greg, whose job was to see that all the cast was on hand well before curtain time, realized with horror that it was 8:15 and Jean Pierre Aumont was nowhere around the theater. The curtain went up at 8:30. Panicked, he raced out into the streets and over the half-block to Jean Pierre's hotel, to find him peacefully snoozing away in bed. Greg routed him out, helped him throw his clothes on and hustled him outside. Well, it had rained that day and then frozen. The sidewalks were like ice. Jean Pierre took a couple of strides and z-z-zip his feet flew out from under him, and he lit right on his face on the cement, out cold.

Greg's heart turned icier than the Detroit streets. He thought Jean Pierre was knocked out, possibly crippled. He was horrified, frankly, not for J. P.'s health, but because he knew an accident meant he'd have to play the tricky part, and he knew he'd murder it. "I'm fired," he gasped, "I'm through, I'm ruined!" Luckily, Jean Pierre tottered to his feet and Greg got him on stage in time, a little dizzy but there.

"Rose Burke" folded in Toronto with-

out a Broadway opening and Greg found himself back in New York, engaged to be married, broke and out of a job. But he was a member of the Cornell-McClintic team, more or less, by now, and when McClintic presented Jane Cowl in "Punch and Julia," Greg had the juvenile lead.

The billboards were all printed and even pasted up at the Henry Miller Theater on Broadway, but Greg's chance at the Big Street died again in Baltimore. "Punch and Julia" opened in Washington, got the worst reviews known to mortal man and hastily retreated to Baltimore. There they were even worse.

His agent landed him a job at Cape Cod, in the Dennis Playhouse (where he recently returned from Hollywood to star). Greg didn't star that summer, but he gathered a sockful of experience. After six weeks on the Cape, Greg moved over to Martha's Vineyard to help put on USO benefit shows, because by now Uncle Sam had turned thumbs down on Greg's shaky sacroiliac and made him a Four-F Charlie. His dramatic godparents, Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Cornell, came up to lend a hand and Greg actually sang a comic duet with the glamorous Kit. What was more thrilling to Greg, McClintic bought a play to produce while he was up at the Cape, "The Morning Star," which the British playwright, Emlyn Williams (the "Night Must Fall" genius) had played to a smash hit in London.

He'd tried to get Williams for the lead, and Franchot Tone and a half dozen other established stage names. But all were busy so the idea struck McClintic to try young Gregory Peck.

When he learned the good news was definite, Greg ran down to see Greta. "This is it," he told her happily. "My real chance. Nothing can stop me now. We'll get married right after the play opens." Greta nodded happily but the twinkle in her eyes was still wise. She'd heard Greg say that before.

Greg was in fast acting company and his part was all-important. It carried the whole play. "Morning Star" was due to open on Broadway in September. Again McClintic took the show down to Philadelphia first.

Greg worked like the devil, but he was dramatically muscle bound. He took Greta down to Philadelphia for the opening and for moral support.

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY



"Oooh, Slug! You're so romantic!"



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After opening night, they sat in their hotel room with a veteran actor named Nicholas Joy, waiting for the morning papers. It was another "death watch" for Greg Peck. At three o'clock in the morning, Nicholas Joy went down and came back with the newspaper reviews.

"You read 'em, Nick," pleaded Greg. "I just can't."

Nick had been through things like this a double dozen times. It was old stuff. He draped himself in an arm chair and rattled the critics' judgments off. Mercilessly his voice pronounced what Greg considered a drumming death sentence.

"Obviously out of his class" . . . Nick droned, "inexperienced . . . incompetent . . . can't speak his lines . . . awkward . . . stiff . . . inept . . . amateurish. . . ." Greg listened in stony silence, but he was thinking, "This is really the end."

Greta read his thoughts in his face.

"You can do better," she said.

"I can't. I can't," sighed Greg. "I've given it all I had."

Greta shook her head. She wasn't an actress, but she'd been around the stage a lot. "Look," she said, "isn't it a lot more important what happens in New York than what happens here?"

Greg nodded, "Of course, but—"

"You've got a week's run in Philadelphia. Can't you improve in a week?"

"I don't know. I suppose—"

"Come on," said Greta, "let's work."

They made a stage out of their hotel room that minute. Greg read his lines to Greta and she and Nick kibitzed. They worked all night and far into the morning before they flopped, exhausted, in bed for a nap before show time. Every day that week, fourteen hours a day, he rehearsed with Greta in the hotel room all day and played that night.

The following Monday night "The Morning Star" opened on Broadway. Greg Peck took a deep breath before he went on stage and gritted to Greta, "This is really it. After tonight, either I catch a train for California—or I go on from here."

He went on from there. The Broadway critics liked him. Not that the play was a world beater for Broadway. But he knew he had made a step forward with "Morning Star," even though it lasted only a month, and even though, at \$100 a week, he had only \$400 saved up.

So, even before the show closed, Greg had the marriage license. When "Morning Star" folded, he didn't let it upset him. He knew he could handle a star part now and also that his ups and downs might go on indefinitely. Greta was thinking the same thing.

One October Sunday, after the show closed, they went out to the Yankee Stadium with a couple of friends.

As the crowds started filing out in the ninth inning, Greg and his party rose. Greg turned to his friends, "How'd you like to witness a wedding?"

"A wedding—migosh, when?"

"Right now," said Greg.

"Yes—right now," smiled Greta.

Greg ducked into a phone booth at the stadium and called up a pretty Methodist church on Park Avenue which they'd spotted long before. He made a date with the preacher and corralled a cab.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck moved into their honeymoon castle. It was really just Greg Peck's fourth floor walkup room on East 40th but to Greg and Greta it was twice as heavenly as a suite at the Waldorf. It was their home.

Greg woke up without a job and busted as usual but he didn't have a worry in his gay head. He knew there'd be something; the worst was over. And it was. That winter he played the lead with Martha Scott in "The Willow and I." Again it was no hit, but Peck was a man to remember.

Then Maynard Morris, who had helped Greg along so much in his early stock and Broadway jobs, joined the big Leland Hayward agency. He put in some good licks around the studios about the terrific movie possibilities of Gregory Peck.

One day Leland Hayward was in his Hollywood office when the telephone rang. It was Samuel Goldwyn.

"This fellow Peck," began Sam.

"Who?" asked Hayward blankly.

"Gregory Peck, this young actor of yours—how much do you want for him?"

"Oh, why—uh—\$3,000 a week," stammered Hayward.

"Okay," agreed Sam, and hung up.

Leland Hayward grabbed his phone and called his New York office. "Who the heck," he asked, "is Gregory Peck?"

So while Greg hadn't made such a big noise along Broadway, the movie scouts certainly had their eyes on him.

Pretty soon Greg and Greta were on The Chief headed for Hollywood to meet the people—this time the Hollywood people. That was Leland Hayward's idea; for Greg to come out, look Hollywood over and prove for himself that he had a future there as well as on Broadway, because Greg Peck was still stubborn that way. He had set out to make a hit on the Broadway stage and he still hadn't made it. He was sorry about Hollywood.

But it was pretty hard to say "No" to the delayed honeymoon he and Greta deserved, especially with all expenses paid and a chance to see his Dad and Mother.

When he left Hollywood, Greg carried back a contract with RKO to make a picture a year for four years. The rest of the time he could chase his Broadway star. Greg had a contract to make "Days of Glory" for Casey Robinson, a movie producer whose style Greg admired. And he had a \$5000 bonus in his pocket for signing. For the first time in his life Greg had both money and leisure.

He got off the train in Phoenix, Arizona, checked in at Camelback Inn and spent heavenly days loafing in the sun with Greta, swimming and riding all over the desert. He hadn't had a vacation like that since he was a kid in San Diego.

So, being Gregory Peck, he just had to set up a hurdle for himself.

His Hollywood advisor, Leland Hayward, told Greg he was just plain crazy to sign up for the play "Sons and Soldiers." But Greg had time on his hands before his Hollywood debut, months away.

"What in the world do you want to do a play for?" Hayward puzzled, exasperated. "You've got everything to lose and nothing to gain! You've got one of the best new Hollywood contracts ever written. After you make a picture, maybe a play—sure—but right now it's not only useless—it's risky."

Greg wasn't listening.

"Suppose," argued Hayward, "the play's a flop. Suppose you're terrible and the critics murder you. Then, maybe Hollywood will change its mind about Peck!"

Greg said, "But I've never had a real hit on Broadway."

"So what?" Hayward threw up his hands.

"Neither has Clark Gable!"

Greg just grinned and shrugged.

He went into "Sons and Soldiers," an artistic Irwin Shaw play and Max Reinhardt's last production. These facts alone stacked the cards against it for popular success, but all Gregory Peck was gunning for were the critics. He missed again. But by following his star away from Hollywood, Greg Peck got his biggest break in pictures!

Because, if he hadn't played in "Sons and Soldiers" on Broadway, then Darryl Zanuck, on his way back from the war in Africa, certainly wouldn't have seen him in that play and spotted him as the perfect

Father Chisholm for "Keys of the Kingdom." And Greg was going to need just that kind of a break in Hollywood, because his first picture was a dud.

Gregory Peck hasn't seen himself in "Days of Glory" to this day. It was just one of those movie ideas gone wrong as far as he was concerned. If Greg had had time to fret about that flop he'd certainly have headed right back to Broadway. Luckily, though, Darryl Zanuck called him before he could get the train reservations.

"How about starring for me as Father Chisholm in 'Keys of the Kingdom?'"

Greg had just read the book. Typically Peck, he argued honestly, "I'd love to. But I'm not the type." The description stuck in his brain—"short, red-headed, freckle-faced Scotsman."

"You don't need to be a type," said Zanuck. "You're an actor, aren't you?"

"I try to be," said Greg.

"The Keys of the Kingdom" proved Greg was—for Hollywood's money and the world's, too. That added another contract, a starring one at Twentieth-Fox. "Spell-bound" tacked a Selznick contract to Gregory Peck's collection. Soon he won another at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with "Valley of Decision." If Greg needed any confirmation that he was the brightest new star in Hollywood, he has found it in "Duel in the Sun," "The Yearling," and "The Macomber Affair"—the most expensive prestige pictures Hollywood made last year.

And Greg has collected much more in Hollywood than contracts, four-figure salaries, critical raves, prestige and fame. He's collected a happy private life with Greta and the two boys, Jonathan and Stephen, born under the sunny California skies of his own nativity. He's collected a home of his own and a host of friends. But—being Gregory Peck—he's not entirely happy.

Because Gregory Peck will never be happy until he gets what he set out to get when he left college for New York, the success on the stage he dedicated his life to.

Maybe his dreams will come true next year when Thomas Wolfe's, "The Web and the Rock," is dramatized. Already Greg has his eye on playing that tempestuous genius. Already he's worrying about it.

"If I'm ever going to be a great actor," he told me, anxiously, "I've got to start working. I've got a lot to learn!"

I've a hunch Gregory Peck will never find his dream—on Broadway or anywhere else. Because, deep inside him he carries a secret standard. A standard that has made and will keep him great—"Not Yet."

June Haver . . .

soon to be seen in 20th Century-Fox's "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." June poses for MODERN SCREEN in the suit of the season—the wonderful figure-moulding swallowtail with a jacket that dips in back, and buttons that are replicas of old French coins.

On her shoulder—what we predict will be THE jewelry fashion of the year—a shining epaulette, with dangling chains like a general's. Watch for this epaulette—we're betting you'll be pinning one on your own shoulder in no time at all.

The Gladly Colleen suit is rayon gabardine, and comes in royal blue, aqua, oyster, terra cotta and very light shades of rose, grey and blue. Sizes 10 to 18. \$25.

To find out where you can buy this suit, turn to page 77)

Modern Screen

Fashions





Nifty little bolero suit that looks as if you've inherited money. Grey wool flannel—dreamy background for any accessory color you care to mate with it. Of course you can wear skirt separately! Sizes 10 to 18. By Henry Rosenfeld.

\$17.95



The suit with the boxy jacket—dashing with shiny buttons and cuffed sleeves. And you can use the jacket as a short extra coat! And it has a beautiful swing in back! All wool. Green, red, all pastels. Sizes 10 to 18. By McArthur.

\$27.00



Knockout date dress—you know how black and white stands out in a crowd. Notice the sleeves—swinging deep from the shoulders and making your waist look incredibly tiny. Smooth rayon crepe. Sizes 9 to 15. By Jonathan Logan.


\$12.95



Date dress that looks simple, then grows and grows on you. That hip draping is handled very cagily—and what it does for the figger! Wear with long pearls, please. Navy Romaine crepe. Sizes 10 to 18. By Winfield.

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WHO
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CAN'T
BE
WELL-DRESSED
ON A
BUDGET?



Office, school, even dates—where can't you wear this shirt-sleeved sweetie? One of those good-looking, good taste basics smart girls swear by. Rayon crepe, in all pastels. Sizes 9 to 15. By Jonathan Logan.

\$12.95

To find out where to buy these fashions, turn to page 77.

LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH ONE

Black Sweater!

Glentex scarf, worn military-fashion over one shoulder—\$2
Criterion Belt with loops to pull scarf through—\$3
Shell pin and earrings by Jordan—\$3 per set



Glentex scarf, knotted like a bolero—\$2
Criterion belt—\$3.50



Black wool sweater by Featherknit—\$4
Wool hood by Glentop—\$2
Striped scarf by Glentex—\$2



Gold braid collar by Ross—\$4
Gold kid belt by Criterion—\$2
Coro bracelets—\$3.50 each
Coro drop earrings—\$2



Two Glentex solid-color scarves, braided together into a collar—\$2 each

To find out where to buy sweater and accessories, turn to pages 77 & 78

Glentex plaid scarf, draped into a bustle—\$2
Three initials in gold by Jordan—\$1 for three



Timely's white collar
with bow (plus matching
cuffs)—\$2

There are a few basic pieces of clothing that you simply can't go wrong with—and a black sweater is one of the best. All by itself a black sweater is *right*—you can wear it very smartly with a skirt, a suit, or over slacks. Plus some well chosen glitter, you can even team it fashionably with an evening skirt. Besides all that, a black sweater is a super background for practically any and all accessories. These pages, based on one black sweater by Featherknit, prove that a good basic can be sporty, glamorous, sophisticated or demure.

Red

WEAR THE SKIRT WITH THE BRIGHT LINING



■ We're heartbroken—but heartbroken—that we can't show you this skirt in color. It's grey wool flannel (yummy!)—and the lining is bright scarlet (wow!) And it has five cute little scarlet flowers at the waist. It's the twirlingest, whirlingest skirt we've ever seen—with a pirouette power of ninety-four inches—(*that's* how wide the hem is). And when it twirls and whirls—you see red!

On top of all that—both the flannel and the cotton airplane cloth lining are water-proofed, which makes it just the thing for skating. And no matter what size or shape you are, there's a skirt to fit you—see list below. You can get it in grey or black flannel, or in wool plaid. And it's such a hit, there'll be a spring version later. How much? About **\$9**



Skirt by Summit Sportswear
 Sizes 7-14 (for you young 'uns)
 Sizes 9-15 (for juniors)
 Sizes 10-16 (for teeners)
 Sizes 10-18 (for misses)

To find out where to buy this skirt, see store list on page 78.

LD



Clean-cut as a skyline . . .
Doris Dodson's "City Wise". Smart
worn with or without trim,
weskit jacket. Rayon Butcher Linon
. . . it's a Brighton fabric. Black
or navy with white trim. Sizes 9 to 15.
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Write for the name of your local shop . . .
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LOVE LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Hello! . . . and it feels lovely to be the brand-new fashion editor of MODERN SCREEN.

We're more than excited to have the chance to talk about fashions to all you clothes-minded gals who read MS—because we know you're smart and lively and up-and-coming, and naturally you're interested in looking terrific.

So here's our new fashion policy, which begins with pages 69 to 78 of this very issue: We're planning to show you the best-looking, cutest, gayest and most useful clothes you can wear . . . (and here's the *big point*) . . . *at prices that won't cause you any pain at all.*

Needless to say, we know you have taste and you know fashion and that it's no trick at all for you to waltz into a store and pick out a dress or suit that makes you look out of this world. But we also know that very often the dress that makes your heart beat faster is the dress whose price tag makes your heart sink right down to your toes.

But we further know—and this is gospel—that any girl can look just plain wonderful, regardless of what she has to spend. *If she knows how.*

So from here on in, our Fashion Section is out to prove that a knockout wardrobe has nothing to do with knockout prices.

For example, we hope to show you lots of slick-looking day dresses under \$15. And we're out to snag suits that make you look like a success story at the most attractive prices we can manage—(the one June Haver wears on page 69 costs exactly \$25). Same goes for accessories. We're after the last word in gloves, scarves, belts and jewelry—at prices that will give you change from a five dollar bill.

How does that sound? Suit your fashion approach? Fit your budget? We hope so.

So, until next month . . .

Yours for looking like a million on whatever you have to spend . . .

Connie Bartel

modern screen fashions

BUYING GUIDE

BLUE SWALLOWTAIL SUIT (page 69)
By Gladly Colleen

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Yunker Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.

OR WRITE TO GLADDY COLLEEN, 1400 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

GREY FLANNEL BOLERO SUIT (page 70)
By Henry Rosenfeld

Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

OR WRITE TO HENRY ROSENFELD, 498 SEVENTH
AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SUIT WITH THE BOXY JACKET (page 70)
By McArthur Ltd.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Greensboro, N. C.—Meyer's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins

OR WRITE TO MCARTHUR LTD. SPORTSWEAR CO.,
1372 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

BLACK AND WHITE PRINT DRESS (page 70)
By Jonathan Logan

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Dept. Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

OR WRITE TO JONATHAN LOGAN INC., 1375 BROAD-
WAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

NAVY CREPE DRESS WITH HIP DRAPING (page
70)
By Winfield

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Bros.

OR WRITE TO WINFIELD DRESS CO., 498 SEVENTH
AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

BUTTON BASIC WITH SHIRTSLEEVES (page 71)
By Jonathan Logan

Boston, Mass.—Peter Flynn
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healy
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier

OR WRITE TO JONATHAN LOGAN, 1375 BROADWAY,
N. Y. 18, N. Y.

BLACK SWEATER (page 72)
By Featherknit

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frederick Loeser
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Snellenberg's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

OR WRITE TO BROOKLYN KNITWEAR, 1372 BROAD-
WAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

ACCESSORIES SHOWN WITH BLACK SWEATER
Picture #1 (page 72)
Wool hood by Glentop

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson

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Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #1 (page 72)
Striped scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #2 (page 72)
Scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—J. Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #2 (page 72)
Belt by Criterion

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The Broadway Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.

OR WRITE TO SLOTE & KLEIN, INC., 16 EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #3 (page 72)
Gold braid collar by Ross

Boston, Mass.—R. H. Stern Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—Livingston Bros.

OR WRITE TO ROSS MFG. CO., 34 WEST 33RD ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #3 (page 72)
Gold kid belt by Criterion

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

OR WRITE TO SLOTE & KLEIN, INC., 16 EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #3 (page 72)
Gold bracelets and earrings by Coro

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley Carew & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Ernst Kern Co.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.

OR WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN CO., 377 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #4 (page 72)
Shell pin and earrings by Jordan

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxson Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.

OR WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN CO., 377 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

ACCESSORIES SHOWN WITH BLACK SWEATER

Picture #4 (page 72)
Scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—J. Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #4 (page 72)
Belt by Criterion

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
OR WRITE TO SLOTE & KLEIN, INC., 16 EAST 34TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #5 (page 72)
Scarves by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #6 (page 73)
White collar by Timely

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxson Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Dallas, Texas—Titcher-Goettinger Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.

OR WRITE TO TIMELY ACCESSORIES INC., 15 WEST 37TH ST., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #7 (page 73)
Plaid scarf by Glentex

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.

OR WRITE TO GLENSDER TEXTILE CORP., 417 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

Picture #7 (page 72)
Initials by Jordan

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxson Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.

OR WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN CO., 377 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., N. Y.

THE SKIRT WITH THE BRIGHT RED LINING (page 74)
By Summit Sportswear

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.

OR WRITE TO SUMMIT SPORTSWEAR CO., 1384 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

LITTLE MISS BREATHLESS

(Continued from page 49)

politely, as Mrs. Taylor gave instructions that they were to be home by midnight.

Then he helped Elizabeth into the white broadtail jacket, and they left.

Mrs. Taylor went to the Colony in an old black coat she'd traveled with. After all, you're only *that* young once.

Miss E. Taylor and escort made a stunning entrance at the Starlight Roof, walked composedly to their table, sat down very hard on their chairs, and tried to look blasé. No go. After a minute or so, they gave it up, and peered around like mere children. They even grinned.

Once Fred looked down at her. "How old are you, anyway?" he said.

"Guess." She tossed the cloud of black hair back the way she imagined Hedy Lamarr would do it, and looked mysterious. "Sixteen?"

At that point, she was feeling at least 25, so the triumph hardly even excited her. Her clear, 14-year-old eyes danced. "A woman should never tell her age."

After Fred brought her home she threw herself across her mother's bed, and sighed happily. "Such a wonderful vacation!" Wednesday night, she and Fred were going to this place on Long Island, to a ball, and then they were going to stay at this girl's house, and go yachting on Thursday.

same old grind . . .

Back home in California, life isn't nearly so worldly. For one thing, Elizabeth goes to school, which is ghastly unsophisticated.

When she's not in a picture, she goes to the studio school. Fourteen M-G-M kids are enrolled there, including Jane Powell and Dean Stockwell and Butch Jenkins. "And Margaret, only she doesn't come," says Elizabeth.

"Margaret" is Miss O'Brien, who's tutored in her dressing room.

Elizabeth loves her teachers, and hates school. All very normal. She detests homework and despises tests and wishes vacations would go on and on.

Aside from school, California is delightful. The Taylors are looking for a place now where Elizabeth and her brother Howard can have a real rumpus house, since they have lots of healthy young friends.

Mrs. Taylor loves them all dearly, but the wear and tear on the furniture is ridiculous. Elizabeth and Howard approach her sometimes with that party look, and her heart sinks. "Let them want a barbecue," she prays. "Let them want to roll eggs on the lawn. Just so it isn't a dance."

"Mother," they say, "we'd like to have a few of the kids over for some dancing—"

And she has to say, "But I'm still having the floor fixed from the last time, darlings. You left nineteen holes, just like a golf course."

Even before dancing, comes Elizabeth's love for animals. The Taylors have three horses—King Charles, Prince Charming and Sweetheart. They have three dogs named Spot, Twinkle and Monty. They have three cats named Jeepers, Creepers and Cuddles. They have a bird, a cockatoo, it is, named Chiquita Juanita Pepita Pedro Taylor. They stuck the Pedro in because they weren't sure of the sex.

And of course there's Nibbles, the chipmunk.

The menagerie was almost joined by a soft-shell crab, too. It was when Elizabeth was up at her uncle's place in Fairfield, near Westport, Connecticut, during the early part of her vacation.

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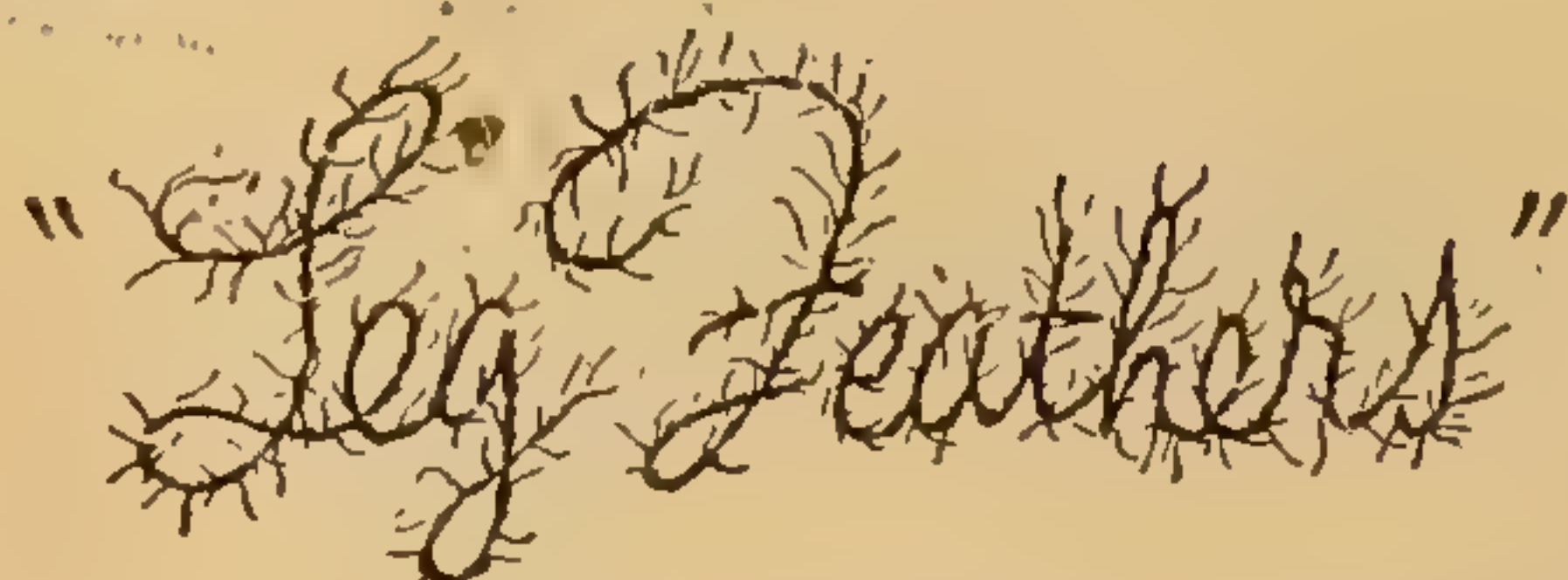
Backstage with BETTY GARRETT,
star of "CALL ME MISTER".

Here, too, Peter Pan's Merry-Go-Round
bra wins enthusiastic applause!



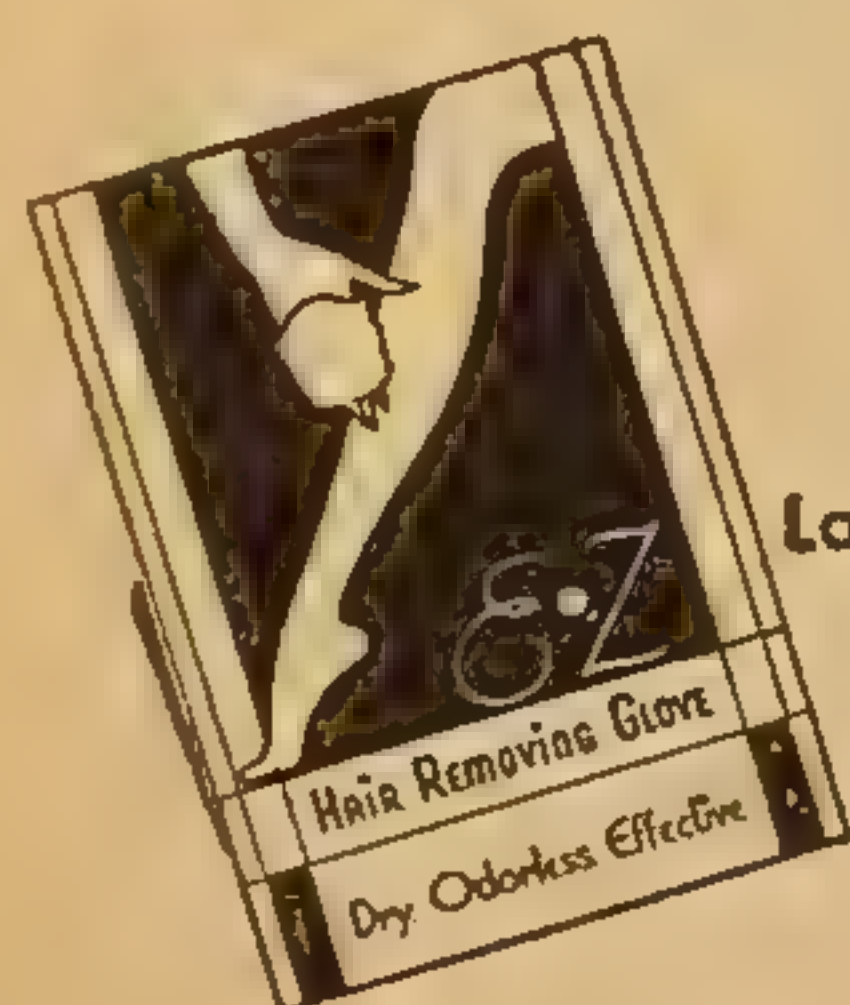
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**E-Z HAIR REMOVING
GLOVE**

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A HELEN NEUSHAEFER PRODUCT

She and Uncle Jack and a girl named Joy went crabbing, and they got a whole lot of fine husky hard-shelled specimens for dinner. And then Elizabeth caught this poor scared little soft-shelled character who was obviously in the wrong place or the wrong month or the wrong season.

She picked him up, and he didn't bite or anything. "Oh, you poor little thing," she crooned. "You cute, poor little thing."

And then when they got home, by mistake, he was cooked, along with all the others. Mrs. Taylor was delighted, since she had already begun to conjure up a trip back with, item: One crab.

Elizabeth refused to come to the table though. They all coaxed her, but she wouldn't come. She just stood there staring at them, and muttering, "You're just a bunch of cannibals, that's all!"

There was the time Elizabeth went to a party given by Atwater Kent. It was a fabulous party, with animals rented from a circus, and clowns, and other circus performers, and Elizabeth fell in love with a tiny lion cub.

He was so sweet, and so gentle. "May I hold him?" she asked Mr. Kent, and Mr. Kent gave him to her, and he nuzzled on her shoulder, and chewed at her dress, and stole her heart completely.

Mr. Kent, watching, said, "You can have him, Elizabeth. I'll buy him for you."

And Elizabeth, her heart pounding, said goodbye, and went tearing home to ask her mother.

Her mother said no.

Her face fell. "But Mother, he's so cute."

Mrs. Taylor pointed out that he wouldn't stay so cute, and what in the world kind of household pet would a lion make?

wanted: spot remover . . .

So Elizabeth gave up. Later, when Mrs. Taylor took Elizabeth's party dress to the cleaner's, the man couldn't figure out what the stain on the shoulder was, and asked.

"Lion drool," said Mrs. Taylor sweetly.

The man shook his head. Such a pretty woman, and she looked quite normal. "Maybe you better come back next week, lady," he told her. "Next week we got a specialty. Lion stains removed free."

She couldn't convince him, either.

It pleased Elizabeth and Howard enormously. Elizabeth and Howard are good friends, which is fairly odd, because most guys his age think most sisters her age are swift pains in the neck. They've always been good friends, too, partly due to the fact, Howard claims, that he's had to save Liz's darn old neck so many times.

The first rescue job he ever did on her took place at the Taylors' country place in Kent, England, when Elizabeth was three.

Howard was six, and he and she both had whooping cough. They couldn't play with other kids, naturally, and they were out sunning by a pond.

The pond had been getting too full of water, and an irrigation ditch had been dug next to it, to drain some of the water off. The ditch was about three feet deep.

Howard and Elizabeth decided to explore for tadpoles. Elizabeth plopped herself down by the side of the pond. "I bet I find one first."

"Why, you're just a baby," said Howard. His eyes searching the muddy water, he stretched his hand across the narrow ditch. The slope on the other side was very slippery, he discovered.

"Don't put your hand there; it's slippery," he said importantly.

Elizabeth of course got up and waddled over and attempted to put her hand there. She went into the ditch, head first, and got stuck completely in the thick, grey mud. All Howard could see was two small feet waving frantically in the air.

He planted his fat six-year-old legs solidly in the earth, and grabbed at her.

ankles. After that, he hollered. Loud, too. "Mother," he screamed. "Mother, Mother, Mother—"

Mrs. Taylor came tearing down from the house, got a load of the hysterical Howard, and the pitch-black Elizabeth, and told herself to be calm.

After a while, she got them both home, and gave Elizabeth a hot bath and put her in bed, and called the doctor.

When the doctor came, he said Elizabeth had a fever, but she'd be all right. At least no complications were going to develop with the whooping cough. "If Howard hadn't acted so quickly," he said, "the baby would have suffocated."

Howard was unimpressed by his own heroism. All he knew was that he'd warned Elizabeth, and she'd ignored him, and he kept talking about it in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I told her not to put her hands there," he kept saying. "I told her, Mother, I told her."

And there was the time she was on her way home from school, thinking dreamily of the best way to talk an ice cream sundae out of her mother that afternoon, and she passed a gas station when a car was backing out of a driveway.

no men, no makeup . . .

Howard gave her a shove that almost knocked her over the state line and when she turned around to slam him back playfully, she noticed the car. "Oh," she said, in a small voice.

"Oh, what?" said Howard bitterly. "I'm going to make Mother raise my allowance. For being a bodyguard in my spare time."

Actually, he likes her. He likes her and all her girl friends, and she and her girl friends like him and all his boy friends, and the whole crowd chases around together, swimming and riding and fishing.

Elizabeth plays the piano poorly, and Howard does much better, which she will admit behind his back. To his face, she will make scathing remarks such as, "Excuse me, Mr. Paderewski."

"That's quite all right," Howard says smugly. "We can't all be talented. When I think of the sort of people they have in the movies now—tsk, tsk."

Lovely boy, Howard. Elizabeth's best girl-friend is Anne Westmore, Wally's daughter. Anne has brown hair and blue eyes and is pretty, and she and Elizabeth have long daily conferences.

Elizabeth thinks twenty-five is a splendid age for marriage, which is a perfectly safe thought for her to hold. She also thinks she will be able to combine a career with marriage (when she's twenty-five, that is).

"No man is going to boss me," she tells Anne.

And Anne grins. "You'd better wait and find out if one wants to."

Also, Elizabeth is given to sweeping statements. "I," she says, "will never wear any makeup except maybe a little lipstick."

And Anne, who is Mr. Westmore's daughter, smiles wisely.

Elizabeth's absent-minded to the point where she sat on her mother's best hat and almost demoralized that bonnet, and her favorite actors are Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper.

"For real acting, that is," she says. "But I guess my favorite person in the movies is Van Johnson."

Anne, asking about her New York trip, discovered the principal thing that had impressed Elizabeth was that so many women walked around with false braids on their heads.

"All that hair," she said, "and none of it their own. I guess they think they can fool people."

But they couldn't fool her. No sir, not Taylor. Smart as a chipmunk, that kid.



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Just wait until you see yourself in this divine figure-hugging jersey beauty! The alluring drapery of the skirt is accented by a tiny waist, zip-closed all the way up to the lovely neckline. Styled for spring in your choice of colorful printed jersey or crisp white polka dots on rich rayon crepe. Sizes 12 to 20. Check color, size and fabric on coupon below.

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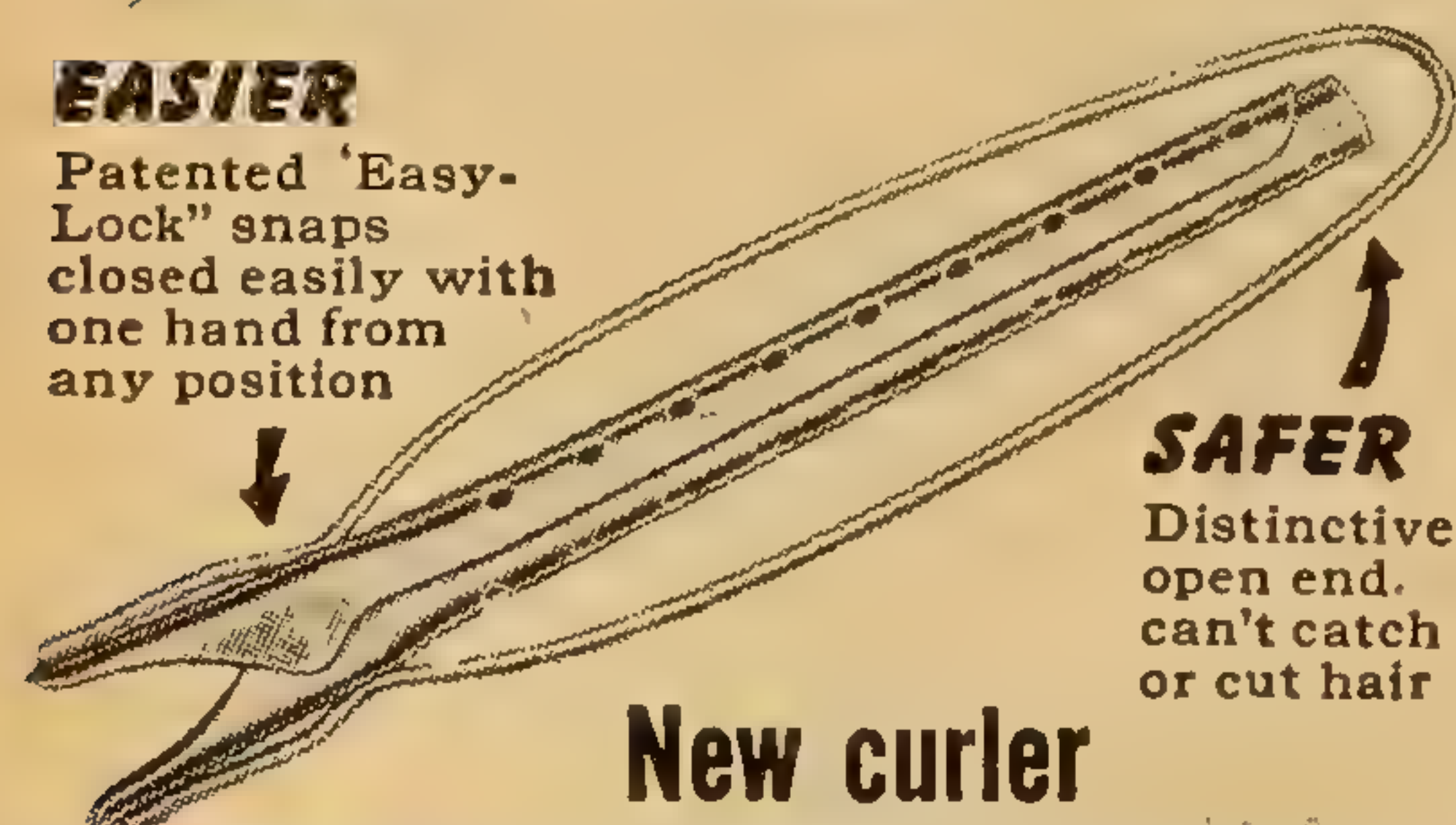
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CURLER

by the makers of the famous GAYLA
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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR



■ We'd heard so much about Gene Autry's personal interest in the GA Friendship Club, we were beginning to envision him as the guy who personally licks the stamps on every out-going copy of "Autry's Aces" and tucks all paid-up members into bed at night. So when Gene's Rodeo hit town, we hiked up to Madison Square Garden (in a taxi, that is) to see how a busy singer-actor-cowboy keeps up with the activities of 2,000 special fans. In Gene's huge, barn-like dressing room (the four walls literally lined with his 150-odd colorful Western outfits), we found Catherine Nuessle and Pearl Wieder, two GAFers from Buffalo, waiting for Gene. We discovered that all Autry club members were invited to his quarters, below the Garden arena, and they'd been dropping in in droves from all over the Eastern seaboard. We'd just missed the Boston bunch, headed by Berenice Olson (who took the pic below), Beverly Kimball and Gladys Green. The previous Sunday had been Gene's birthday and Mrs. Helen Brown supplied a birthday cake. It had been open house all day and, since it was Sunday, he took the whole gang to CBS for rehearsals and broadcast. The wonder of it is that Gene remembers the name and face of every Autry-ite, and usually the circumstances of their previous meetings.

Gene came in shortly, wearing a blue business suit, offset by a white ten-gallon hat and fancy riding boots. While he lunched on New York hot dogs and coffee, we went into a long discussion of the value of fan clubs. Gene is well up on the activities of his GAFC and is genuinely appreciative of each member. He is always eager to meet and talk to every one, or to explain patiently for the umpteenth time just how Champion and Champion, Jr., were trained for their amazing performances in the Rodeo.

Later in the week, Bonnie Baker, Canadian chapter head, came down from Toronto and brought members Jane McQueen, Betty O'Neill, Bernice and Audrey Sellers with her. They dropped in at MSFCA quarters one afternoon and we chatted wildly about the club. We also admired their various wallet-sized collections of autographed Autrys. For our part, we dragged out an advance copy of the November MS and showed off our "Flying Cowboy" story on Gene. A fair exchange, the gals thought.

—AND IN CHICAGO . . .

While Gene was taking New York by storm, Chicago fans were attending the first national convention of the Roy Rogers Club. Roy, (Continued on page 118)



In Chicago, Roy Rogers hosted RRFC convention delegates (and their youngsters!).



In N. Y., it was "open house" for GAFers in Gene's Madison Sq. Garden quarters.

Heaven
Protects
the
Working
Girl

...but
who
protects
the guy
she's
WORKING
to get?

SHE CROSSES UP MENJOU... KISSES DRAKE... AND CONNIVES WITH BENDIX!

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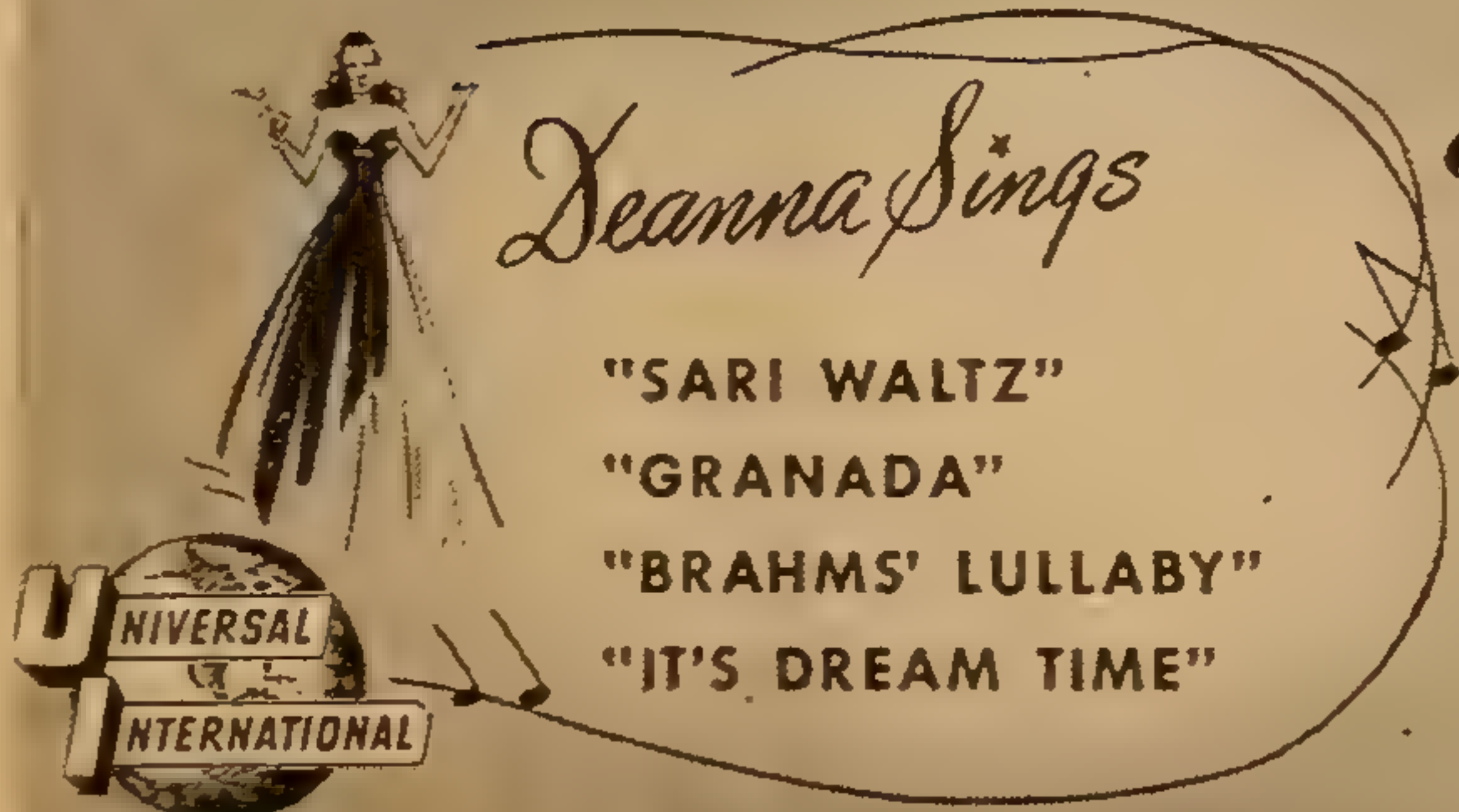
I'll be Yours

with Adolphe **MENJOU**

Walter Catlett • Franklin Pangborn • William Brooks

Produced by FELIX JACKSON • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Associate Producer: HOWARD CHRISTIE • Adapted by FELIX JACKSON



From the Screenplay "The Good Fairy" by Preston Sturges • Based on a comedy by Ferenc Molnar • Translated and Adapted by Jane Hinton • Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.

FIBBER'S HUMOR IS HOME-

SPUN AND MOLLY'S NAME IS PLAIN, BUT

THE MCGEE POPULARITY—FABULOUS!

Tain't so funny when the McGees had to live in a trailer until their new home was completed!



This isn't 79 Wistful Vista, but is the real home the McGees have just sold for a smaller one.



You know 'em as Fibber McGee and Molly, but they're really Jim and Marion Jordan, with daughter Kathryn.

ed sullivan's radio award

■ Twelve years ago, on a tour of personal appearances in vaudeville with a big Broadway variety revue, I was booked into the tremendous Detroit Fox Theater, managed by Dave Idzal. "If I might make a suggestion," said Mr. Idzal, "I'd like to add an act to your show, which the theater will pay for—think it might help you do business out here."

What kind of an act did Mr. Idzal have in mind? "Well," he said, "it's a little radio team that's starting to catch on in the midwest, a little on the 'corny' side as humor goes, but people seem to like them a lot." With the utmost patience, I explained to Dave that what I had was a smart, sophisticated

revue that you might find in a big Broadway night club, and that a corny little midwest radio team hardly would fit into the Sullivan "Dawn Patrol" pattern. Besides, I had Artie Auerbach for comedy.

"Maybe so," said Mr. Idzal, unruffled, "but I follow radio very closely, and this little team is going to go places. This is a chance for you to get in on the ground floor."

"What's the name of the radio team?" I asked, politely. "You've never heard of them," he said, "Fibber McGee and Molly." The Broadway columnist backed away from the Detroit Fox Theater manager in some alarm. "Fibber McGee and Molly! !" No act could have a

name as silly as that. No, no, a thousand times no, that sort of thing just wasn't being done in big time vaudeville, direct from Broadway. "It's up to you," quietly observed Mr. Idzal, "But I still think you're making a mistake, because people out this way like Fibber McGee and Molly, and they're going places."

I'm not exaggerating this story. It happened just as I've related it here. Of all the blunders I've made, this easily is one of the most notable, in my personal collection. It takes rank with my prediction about "Tobacco Road," when that hill-billy shocker opened in New York. After the show opened, I sat with Producer Jack Kirkland (Continued on page 86)



It's the
fiery
Adela Rogers
St. Johns
story of the
flaming
forties

*I'm Ziggy Brennan
there's a girl
like me in every
town!*

That Brennan Girl

JAMES DUNN • **MONA FREEMAN**
(Academy Award Winner)

WILLIAM MARSHALL • **JUNE DUPREZ**

with FRANK JENKS • ROSALIND IVAN • FAY HELM • JEAN STEVENS
Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns • Screen Play by Doris Anderson • Musical Score by
George Antheil • Producer-Director ALFRED SANTELL • A REPUBLIC PICTURE



JAMES DUNN
in his first role since "A
Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

(Continued from page 84)

in The Tavern, on West 48th Street. "What do you think?" he asked. "It will last about a week, Jack," I consoled him. "It's too dirty, too rough on the ears." The last time I heard about "Tobacco Road," it had played not less than nine years.

Had I known Dave Idzal better, at that time, I wouldn't have refused to add the unknown Fibber and Molly to my Detroit Fox unit. Idzal is a short, husky little genius of show business. He knows what's cooking in night clubs, in radio, in television, in circuses, in summer stock theaters. His test of all performers is as simple as the yardstick he applied to unknown Fibber McGee and Molly: Does the public like them?

It was just that quality about Fibber and Molly that accounts for the national popularity they've enjoyed in the past 12 years. The little team from Peoria, Illinois, had a particularly homespun American crackerbox type of comedy that reached deep into the heart of America. It was written by Don Quinn, a discouraged cartoonist, and it was interpreted by Jim and Marion Jordan, the real tags of Fibber and Molly.

If Irving Berlin or Ethel Merman ever want any additional choruses of "There's no business like show business," the Jor-

dans could supply some ideas. Ideas based on their own struggles. Fibber could go back to 1917, when he landed his first professional job as top tenor with a broken down vaudeville act billed as "A Night With the Poets." Despite that pleasant and beguiling billing, Jordan found that "A Night With the Poets" was a series of sleeper jumps, cheap hotels and poor food. In August, 1918, he was back in Peoria to marry Marion, before shoving off on a troop train heading for Camp Forrest, Georgia. From there he shipped out to France, and Marion supported herself by returning to her piano teaching chores.

Rehabilitation in 1919 for Pvt. Jim Jordan was just as tough as the GIs are finding it today. In succession, he became a machinist's helper, a salesman of washing machines and vacuum cleaners, a day laborer and then an insurance salesman. They needed insurance—daughter Kathryn arrived in 1920. But the show business yen was still very much alive, to the extent that shortly after, they borrowed \$1,000 for a vaudeville tour that lasted four months in tank towns. This act clicked, and served as a springboard into small time vaudeville. In 1923, a son was born.

Marion Jordan went back to Peoria to raise the children; Jim wandered on to

Chicago, in search of bookings in vaudeville. Shortly after, a flop, back he went to Peoria, where he got a job as a clerk in a dry goods store, \$10 a week. They added to that by playing club dates—Elks, Lions, Moose, K. of C.

They were conducting a Gallup poll all their own, and when radio beckoned, in 1927, Jim and Marion Jordan were better than green hands. And when, four years later, they met Don Quinn, in 1931, and started their first NBC serial, "Smackout," they had a background of experience that could only have been acquired in the gloomy, dreary precincts of show business.

There was another element involved, the element of public acceptance. The Chicago radio stations had access to a listening audience that accurately cross-sectioned American taste. If a performer clicked over the Chicago stations, it meant that his or her type of material would be acceptable to a majority of Americans. When Dave Idzal said, of Fibber and Molly, "The public out here seems to like them," he was issuing a blank check, negotiable on demand.

So this month, the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque of excellence goes to Fibber McGee and Molly, the Peoria, Illinois, products who have become an American institution.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 13)

Gets In Your Eyes" was their favorite tune to dance to—but has this gone far enough?

The busiest guy in the whole room was Bill Holden dressed up as a waiter—and as soon as anyone spilled anything, there was Bill to wipe it up. His only complaint was—NO TIPS! Bill's wife, Brenda Marshall, looked beautiful in a spangled gown. She said she wasn't "anything in particular." Unusual to meet a lady without a suppressed desire, but I guess Brenda is just plain happy being a contented wife and mother.

As cute as peanuts was June Allyson who came as a Shriner with a little Turkish fez, the size of a teacup, on her head.

Kay Kayser was Casey Jones, and sitting with Kay and his lovely Georgia was Greer Garson, looking perfectly beautiful as a Western dance hall queen. She told me she was afraid to sneeze because the top of her dress was glued to her. Richard Ney, who, I must say, is Hollywood's most devoted husband, was also Western—a cowboy.

Diana Lynn came with her ex-fiancé, Henry Willson, but Diana whispered to me, "Doesn't mean a thing." She was lovely as a ballet girl of the late '90's and unless my eyes deceived me, Henry's "suppressed desire" was that same little ballet girl!

When it was time for me to go home and get a little of my own suppressed desire—a little sleep—they were still pouring in for the cameramen's highly successful party.

FEUDIN' WITH FRANKIE? Well, whom do you think I'm having one of "them" famous so-called "Parsons feuds" with? Frankie Sinatra, no less—although, for the life of me, I can't get as mad as I'm cracked up to be.

There's something about a young man who loses his temper as explosively as Frank must have when he sent me a telegram burning up the Western Union wires, that hands me a

few chuckles.

The spark that brought on this blast was an item, printed in my daily column, saying that Sinatra had been difficult on the M-G-M lot, pouting particularly because he had been refused the rights to a song he sings in "It Happened In Brooklyn" and adding that the Voice could stand a bit of talking to. Yipes!

By return carrier Pidgeon, I received the following eye-popper—and I mean eye-popper, which I herewith reprint in the vital points:

Bearing no greeting, not even a raspberry, it goes: SUGGEST YOU READ THIS TELEGRAM WITH YOUR ARTICLE OF NOVEMBER 14th IN YOUR OTHER HAND. I'LL BEGIN BY SAYING THAT IF YOU CARE TO MAKE A BET I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE YOUR MONEY THAT M-G-M AND FRANK SINATRA DO NOT PART COMPANY, PERMANENTLY OR OTHERWISE.

SECONDLY, FRANKIE HAS NOT BEEN A VERY DIFFICULT BOY ON THE LOT. FRANKIE HAS ONLY BEEN HEARD FROM WHEN IT CONCERNS THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE PICTURE, WHICH YOU WILL FIND HAPPENS IN MOST PICTURES WHERE YOU USE HUMAN BEINGS YOUR ARTICLE CLAIMS MY POUT WAS CAUSED BY SOMETHING ABOUT A SONG. REGARDLESS OF WHERE YOU GOT THIS INFORMATION, FROM SOME GOSSIP MONGER OR OTHERWISE, YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT IF I POUTED AT ALL IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR A MUCH BIGGER REASON THAN A BROKEN DOWN SONG AS AN ADDED THOUGHT, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST STALWART DEFENDERS OF THE PHRASE "NOBODY IS INDISPENSABLE," SO APPARENTLY YOUR LINE ABOUT MY BEING IRREPLACEABLE WAS ALL WET.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, IN THE FUTURE I'LL APPRECIATE YOUR NOT WASTING YOUR BREATH ON ANY LECTURES BE-

CAUSE WHEN I FEEL I NEED ONE I'LL SEEK ADVICE FROM SOMEONE WHO EITHER WRITES OR TELLS THE TRUTH. YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO PRINT THIS IF YOU SO DESIRE AND CLEAR UP A GREAT INJUSTICE! FRANK SINATRA (it was signed).

Well, the irate Frankie can never say now I wasn't fair enough to give his side. But, after that bombshell, mine is this:

I obtained my information that Frankie was being difficult on the M-G-M lot straight from headquarters—the M-G-M lot. As for my right to "lecture"—I've been covering the Hollywood scene for many years and I reserve the right to call the shots as I see them.

When young actors have gotten out of line from time to time, I have said so and many of those who have been criticized have later thanked me—the bigger they are, the better they take a friendly tip, I have found out. Recently, when Clark Gable was going 'round and 'round with M-G-M, I said I thought he should think it over. And when I ran into him at a party during the midst of my campaign, he chuckled and said, "Louella, you and Louis B. Mayer are going to get me in 'The Hucksters' yet. I wasn't satisfied with the first version of the script—but I've thought it over and decided the way to settle our problems is to talk them over—not walk away from them." So, as you know, Clark is now back in "The Hucksters" and he and M-G-M are just like THAT again.

If I were the only newspaper person under fire from Frankie's wrath, I might start wondering. But other writers and publications have commented on what is unmistakably a very high-handed attitude coming from The Voice. So I'm takin' it easy—coasting along. At least, I'm distinctive. I'm probably the only fan of Sinatra's voice in the world having a feud with the Swooner. Marie, put my bobby sox away for awhile.

YOU'LL BE GASPING FOR BREATH AT THE END OF

"THE CHASE"

Seymour Nebenzal
presents
ROBERT
CUMMINGS

in
**"THE
CHASE"**

with
MICHELE
MORGAN
STEVE
COCHRAN

and
PETER
LORRE

Screenplay by
PHILIP YORDAN
Directed by
ARTHUR RIPLEY
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



END OF A DREAM

(Continued from page 33)

the screen. And all this on the premiere eve of "The Razor's Edge," Tyrone Power's first picture since the war, and the greatest performance of his life.

I thought, "What a home town reward for an ex-Marine! What a homecoming for Hollywood's good-will ambassador to South America! What a shame!"

I knew Ty would tell me the truth. I've known him a long, long time. That's why I wanted to see him at once. That's why I'll stake my reputation on what he told me.

But even I was surprised at what I saw in his face. There was no bitterness there, no resentment, no anger at the outrageous rumors. He repeated:

"I'm free, Hedda. And I'm not in love with anybody!"

I said what was on my mind, "Ty, you've grown up."

He grinned and his eyes twinkled wisely. "I'm thirty-two. Wouldn't you say it was about time?"

I nodded. Already my mind was reeling back to the Ty Power I'd known in Hollywood for the past ten years. And especially to the time, eight years ago, when Ty had hopped off from Hollywood on another flying South American movie good-will tour.

That time he came back to Hollywood facing a honeymoon. This time Ty is back facing a divorce. Neither time was anyone in Hollywood surprised.

You can't keep secrets in Hollywood. And Ty's not good at masking his feelings. He's too straightforward, sensitive and sincere. Everybody knew, eight years ago when he hopped off from Hollywood, that Annabella Charpentier Murat had him hook, line and sinker. But the fact that he'd fallen hard enough for matrimony was a surprise. Somehow worldly, sophisticated, French Annabella, and fresh, American, naive Ty just didn't match up as a team.

I remember the first time I ever saw Ty on the screen. I went to a preview of "Girls' Dormitory" and it was a pretty important preview to Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck had imported the saucy French actress, Simone Simon, and was going to make her an American star, or else. "Girls' Dormitory" was her first picture, and like anyone else, I was all agog.

I didn't stay that way long. The picture was sorry and you couldn't understand what Simone was saying. I fidgeted in my seat until the last few feet.

in walked youth . . .

Then a door opened and—like a gust of fresh air—in blew a breezy American boy, with black, flashing eyes and the USA written all over his handsome young map.

All he said was, "Well—here I am!" And there he was—for sure. Everybody knew it: You could hear the whispers run all up and down aisles, "Who is he?"

I knew who he was. I'd seen him as a kid. But I sat through that dull picture twice—just to see him again. When I left, I was telling myself and anyone who'd listen,

"There's your new America's Boy Friend!"

I'm not bragging. I was no lady Columbus. It wasn't my secret. Darryl Zanuck knew it as well as I did, and so did everyone else with half an eye to personality. Walter Winchell cracked in his column the very next day: "Who's Hollywood's biggest star of next year? That's easy—Tyrone Power!" Okay, America.

Ty's popularity zoomed higher than Buddy Rogers' ever did. He was America's boy friend in hit picture after picture. But in his private life it was different. A foreigner took him over right away. Sonja Henie landed, and soon had the situation well in hand. Maybe Ty was too American—he was a sucker for an accent.

I won't go into the first Hollywood romance of Ty's except to say it was a "publicity" affair from the start. And, although they liked each other, it was the same thing in the middle and at the end.

We all had Ty Power practically married to Janet Gaynor right after that. Janet had just made her amazing comeback in "A Star Is Born" and Ty was riding his road to fame high, wide and handsome when they discovered each other. Janet was petite, thoroughly American, sweet and a charming knockout (as she is still today) and she was fancy free after her divorce. It looked like an ideal match. For Janet, experienced and mature, with a wise knowledge of Hollywood values, was just the girl for Ty to team with. Remember, Ty Power's success was swift and heady. He was fairly bursting with life and a longing to capture all the things of life he didn't know about. Maybe that was the trouble. He'd known girls like Janet all his life. He'd never seen one like Annabella before.

I remember when Tyrone left for his desert location on "Suez." Janet Gaynor was the last girl he saw. It was her last date with Ty, too, although she didn't know it. Janet didn't know what had happened on a Twentieth Century-Fox sound stage a few weeks before, either. It was a test stage where the fatal collision occurred. Ty was on his way in for a makeup test; Annabella was on her way out from the test that put her with Ty in "Suez." They bumped, "met cute" as the Hollywood script writers say, apologized to each other and a makeup girl came to the rescue with introductions. And Ty fell like a ton of bricks.

I'm not saying Annabella married Tyrone Power to kick along her career. I don't believe that. But I wonder if she was ever as deeply in love with him as he was with her. Annabella is French—she's practical. She's not one to let her feelings

go to her head, like a glass of champagne. She loves with her brain as well as her heart. She'd been married twice before. She was still wed to Jean Murat, a French actor, when Ty saw moonbeams around her blond head. She had a daughter. Ty was in his early twenties and Annabella—well, Annabella was older. Already, Annabella had had a career in French films. She had been around on the Continent. She knew the score.

two worlds . . .

All this and the complications to marriage meant nothing to Tyrone then. Annabella completely charmed him—and that she has—charm. I remember interviewing her when she first came to Hollywood. Her English was broken enough to be irresistibly cute. She was *distinguée*, sophisticated, smart, attractive. She was and is, blessed with all the feminine charms that are supposed to be natural to Frenchwomen. She represented a new, thrilling world to Ty, and Ty was eager for new worlds.

So Annabella travelled back to France to get her divorce and bring her daughter to Hollywood. Ty hopped off on his first good-will air tour of South America. No Hollywood star ever had a more triumphant one. Latin America loved his boyish, American personality and Ty loved Latin America. The exotic thrill of that experience only fed his love for exciting, foreign Annabella. She sailed to Rio de Janeiro to meet him, they flew together back to Hollywood and the wedding bells tinkled. Charles Boyer, a Frenchman, gave Annabella away and his wife, Pat Pater-son, an Englishwoman, was maid of honor at the ceremony. On Ty's side, it was All-American. Patia, his mother, and his sister, Ann, were there and Don Ameche stood up with him. They spent their hurry-up honeymoon at the Grand Canyon, but their real honeymoon came next year when they went to Europe.

I'm not saying Tyrone didn't love every bit of it, the titled foreigners Annabella introduced him to, the smart European circles he travelled in, the sights he saw, the thrill of having a smooth, sophisticated wife to show him around. Ty was happy as long as the honeymoon lasted and longer. They came back and did a play together in Eastern summer stock, they made plans for a movie together, but it didn't come through. Ty's career went on brilliantly—but Annabella's dropped away.

That wasn't the trouble in Paradise, though. You can't blame a divergence of careers for their separation, despite Ty's gallant "conflicting careers" announcement in New York. They didn't grow apart because Tyrone Power became one of the greatest of Hollywood stars and Annabella didn't. That's a trite but true enough reason for many a Hollywood split-up, but not for Tyrone Power's.

The truth was that deep inside, Tyrone and Annabella were as different as night and day—as different as an ingenuous, wholesome American young man and a sophisticated, mature French woman can be. After the honeymoon wore off, there was no real companionship to bind them together. There were no children of their own, only Annabella's daughter by another man. No mutual career. No mutual country, friends, hobbies or interests. Not real ones.

Tyrone Power is really a very plain, sincere, and sentimental man underneath. Glamor has gilded him but he's a Mid-

A FIVE DOLLAR VALENTINE

Red satin hearts with white lacy ruffles around the edge are awfully pretty, but we kinda thought the valentine you'd rather receive from MODERN SCREEN would be a crisp, yellow check for five dollars. How to become our valentine is simple as eating ice cream. All you've got to do to win this easy-earned money is to write us a true anecdote about the time you met a movie star. Of course we don't mean a commonplace asking for an autograph; we prefer unusual items which—to show you what we mean—you'd enjoy reading in this magazine. To see what we like, why not read the two "I Saw It Happens" in this issue? Then write your own brief account neatly and mail it off to our "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we decide to publish it, there'll be five dollars winging its way to you!

Ellie, the dissatisfied eye-ful...



NOW ELLIE HAD...



ARTICULATE ANKLES...



NIFTY KNEES...



AND A TERRIFIC TORSO!



YET ELLIE, OF ALL PEOPLE, WAS STILL DISSATISFIED WITH HERSELF! AND HERE'S WHY!



TRY AS SHE WOULD, ELLIE COULDN'T MAKE HER HANDS GIVE OUT GLAMOUR LIKE THE REST OF HER! THEY'D GET DRIED OUT, CHAPPED AND ROUGH...



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west kid from Cincinnati, Ohio, just like the nice boy you know next door grown up. Basically, Ty has always clung to old friends, old associations, old memories. Bill Gallagher, his remote cousin, has been close as a brother to Ty for eleven years. Tommy Noonan, an old Cincinnati schoolmate, has been his stand-in almost as long. Henry King, who started Ty to fame in "Lloyd's of London," is still his best Hollywood adviser and guide.

I've known Ty for a long time and I knew his father before him. I know what kind of stuff Ty's made of. I know his feeling for his own origin and his character. Let me tell you a story:

One day, not long after Ty had made his hit in "Lloyd's of London," I met his mother, Patia, on the street in Hollywood. We hadn't seen each other for a good twenty years, not since the days when our husbands, De Wolfe Hopper and Tyrone Power, Senior, were in Hollywood, mixing silent movie parts with stage plays. We gossiped about the good old days and I happened to mention a Tyrone Power play, "The Servant in the House."

"How did you happen to remember that one?" exclaimed Patia.

I explained: It was well etched on my memory because of a tiff I'd had with my late husband. He was a soft touch by nature and finally he'd promised to lend no more money to anyone without huddling with me first. But one day he came in and confessed he'd met an old pal of his, Tyrone Power, and lent him \$500 to help finance "The Servant in the House" company. That broken promise made me mad, but what made me madder was that that day was my birthday—and my husband had forgotten it! I laughed out this story to Patia, and thought no more about it.

A few weeks later, she called up, invited me to lunch and handed me a check for \$500, signed by her son, Tyrone, Junior. I was speechless (and that's something!). I couldn't believe it. I had never run across any such exhibition of sentimental honor in all my years in show business. Ty no more owed me that money than you did. What's more, he couldn't afford to pay it then. But that's the kind of a guy he is.

Ty came to a party at my house not long after he came back from the South Pacific. My son, Bill, was there, too. Bill was in underwater demolition during the war. Ty spotted him, greeted him, to Bill's surprise, with, "Why didn't you look me up on Guam?"

Bill was baffled, "Were you there?"

"Sure," said Ty, "I heard your boat was coming in, so I stayed over there three hours hoping you'd look me up." And Bill didn't even know Ty knew he was on a boat! That again is typical Ty Power. He's genuine. He's no snob.

too slick . . .

I wouldn't say Annabella was, either. But her sophisticated tastes were not Ty's. The big white mansion on Saltair Drive in Brentwood they bought from Grace Moore and remodelled to Annabella's formal tastes, never had the kind of warmth and informality I know Ty Power would have liked it to have. Annabella held herself largely aloof from Hollywood and from many of Ty's old friends. Gradually but inevitably she narrowed the Powers' social circle down to the people she liked—a few of Hollywood's cosmopolitan upper crust.

Ty can handle himself in any circle, but the tight little, right little group is not his style. And there was another important difference. Annabella could never share Ty's outdoor life. Most American girls can adapt themselves to their husbands' leisure interests. Carole Lombard did when she married Clark Gable, al-

though Carole could be just as sophisticated as Annabella. But it was beyond Mrs. Power's native abilities to swim along with him, play tennis, sail and fly—as Ty loved to do. She could no more have camped in the mountains on a hunting expedition or wet her feet fishing than fly.

He had lots of time to think all this over during the war. Over three years of it. Flying over lonely Pacific wastes, there isn't much else to do but think. The war changed a lot of men from the USA, made them face up to realities and ask themselves the question—"Am I really happy?" Tyrone didn't know for sure when he came back. Except for scattered leaves, he had gone his way and Annabella hers all those three years. She worked on many a GI benefit show, sold bonds, worked in the Red Cross, appeared in a New York show.

But the old life wasn't what Ty Power wanted to come back to. It was as simple as that. There were no other girls to push Annabella out of his heart; there aren't any girls in the South Pacific. I heard Annabella's name coupled with this and that escort in Ty's absence, but if there's another man in the case, it's news to me.

Certainly no separation could have been more amicable. The night after Tyrone gave the papers the news in New York he was out with Annabella to El Morocco

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While sitting in a Boston restaurant, I looked up and saw several men approaching a nearby table. One of them was easily recognizable as Bing Crosby. A little, white-haired old lady, seated opposite me, looked up and gasped, "Why, it's Father O'Malley!" Bing turned, his blue eyes twinkling, doffed his hat, and winked wickedly at the delighted little lady.

Ann Waldron
Taunton, Massachusetts

in Manhattan. He's still living in the Saltair mansion—Annabella's mansion now—where Annabella's mother lives. He'll stay there until Annabella finishes the Broadway play she's starting. He had only the nicest things to say to me about his wife. There are no hard feelings there.

But both Ty and Annabella must have known the truth when he flew into San Francisco Bay and she met him. For a time all seemed peaceful and quiet in Hollywood and Ty made outward attempts at least to pick up his old life. But the growing restlessness within him was fanned by two events since his return.

One was the tragedy that froze Ty's first attempt to relax and be gay in the old Hollywood way. The party was at his house and it was festive. And the fun and festivity led directly to the shocking accidental death of Primula Niven, the lovely wife of one of Ty's best friends, David Niven. That jarred Ty far more than people know. I saw him right afterward and he looked like a stricken man.

The other revelation to Ty's soul was his job in "The Razor's Edge." When Tyrone Power went into "The Razor's Edge," it was more than any mere starring part in a comeback movie. He was asking himself the same question that troubled Larry, Somerset Maugham's spiritual young hero: "What are the realities of my life?" Ty

played the young man who seeks the ultimate truth against a background of sophistication for the greatest performance of his life. It was no accident. That questing Larry was Tyrone Power, himself. Just as it's a million other ex-soldiers in these United States trying to find the answers, the true answers of the better life they dreamed about.

no smoke, no fire . . .

So it ended, this time in New York with the words everyone expected to hear, heralding a new, a free and a forward looking Tyrone Power. I asked him when the divorce would be and where. He said, "That doesn't matter. It's all over now and what the courts do can't possibly make any difference." I know that Ty gave up most of the wealth and possessions his fame has brought him through the years. He did it gladly. But when you do that you want your freedom pretty bad.

Which brings up the subject of Ty Power and Gene Tierney. Are they in love? Will they get married? Sometimes I can hardly believe my eyes when I read the nonsense in the newspapers. Think how Ty Power must have felt when he read what I read right after he'd announced honestly that he and Annabella had decided to part. One headline screamed, "Film Love Real Thing Now For Gene and Ty." It began:

"A screen romance begun before the grinding cameras of a Hollywood movie set has swept sultry-eyed Gene Tierney and handsome Ty Power into a real life love tangle that had this jaded film capital agog today," it bleated. It went on to say that only the fact that both Ty and Gene were still married to somebody else kept them from flying to each other's arms. Well—!

The day that was printed I was talking to Ty—and I want to tell you how this very nice guy reacted to all of that vicious hooey. First off, he told me honestly, "Sure I like Gene. I've worked with her in two pictures and she's a grand little actress, a swell and brave girl. I'd do anything in the world to help her. But I'm not in love with her. I'm not in love with anybody. This sort of stuff," he muttered wonderingly, "is so darned ridiculous!"

You can take it from me and Tyrone Power that he won't marry Gene Tierney. He won't marry anybody for a long time. He hasn't a romantic thought today in his head. It's filled only with thoughts of his new freedom and a desperate desire to get away from Hollywood and think things out for himself and for the future.

He'll get that chance soon when he goes to Mexico to make "Captain From Castile" with Henry King, the director who discovered him years ago. He'll be away from Hollywood for months and when he comes back, I know that straight thinking Ty, who's as honest with himself as he is with everyone else, will have the answers to his future, private and professional.

So the wheel turns full circle for Ty. Seven years, they say, is a full chapter in a man's life. Every seven years he changes, and so does his life.

It was just seven years ago that Tyrone Power and Annabella were married. That chapter is closed, and for keeps. There will be no reconciliation. Ty told me so. He is starting out on the path of his new life and his new dreams, and for him there's a rainbow at the end.

It's a new chapter Ty Power looks forward to eagerly. Call his broken home a war casualty if you like. Maybe so. Or call it just Tyrone Power coming of age. It doesn't matter. All that is behind him and he isn't looking back.

So I say—and I know the world will join me—good luck and Power to you, Ty!



On Valentine's Day, as on all days of
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 a greeting card will speak your
 innermost thoughts.



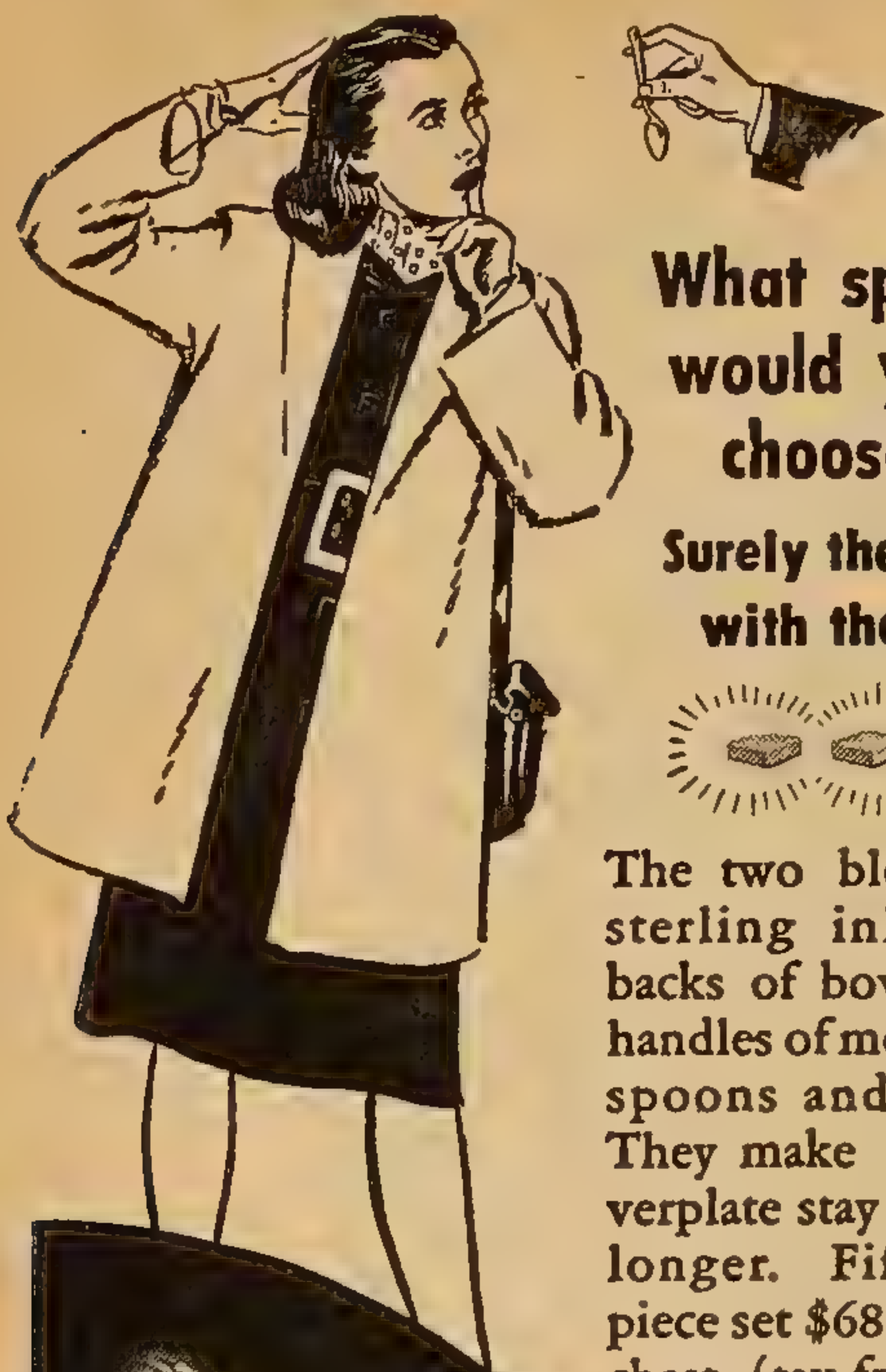
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**WHETHER YOU'RE NOBODY'S BABY OR ANYBODY'S GAL, CHANCES ARE
YOU'VE GOT A MAN-PROBLEM. AND THAT'S OUR SPECIALTY—MAK-
ING MOLEHILLS OUT OF MOUNTAINS.**

by Jean Kinkead

■ Who hasn't got a man-problem, and is there anything more bewildering or
insomnia-making? Take poor Kate. She's frantic 'cause she has no man at all.
Then there's Janie who's losing sleep 'cause she has too many beaux. And look
at Bets, she has a perfectly adorable fella and she still isn't satisfied. What's to
be done? Fortunately, there's a solution for all of 'em, so if you're a Kate or a
Janie or a Bets in need of some quick first aid, keep reading.

She's Nobody's Baby: Look, how do these things happen? Kate's a cute-looking
gal, and she knows a lot about jazz and basketball, and she can whip up a
Sunday night supper that simply kills the people. Yet the guys just don't know
she's There. She lacks that indefinable business that makes 'em stop, look and
whistle. What can she do about it? Oh, lots of things. First she should double-
check on her grooming. (Cleanliness rates higher than cuteness, didja know?)
Are her teeth scrubbed clean? Is her hair polished and her skin a-glow? Are
her sweaters and skirts band-box fresh? Then she might give her personality a
once-over. Is she so shy that people think she's a snob or a dope? Or so loud
that you need ear muffs when she's around? Is she smart-alecky and always
belittlin'? Is she so catty that no one can trust her? Is she so opinionless that
talking to her is like talking to yourself? Let her acknowledge her defects to
herself and then go about patching them up. After that she starts promoting
herself. In a nice lady-like way she should let people know what a dream girl
she's become. She should set her cap for a boy in the band or one on the
basketball team. Why couldn't she drop a note in study hall to the cute guy
who plays such beautiful piano telling him he's bettern' Eddie Heywood or Mel
Henke. (Yum—have you heard him?) Couldn't she walk up to the shy lanky
center on the basketball team and tell him what a gorgeous game he played

co-ed

Saturday night? Mentioning specific plays?
How're the lads to know a gal knows any-
thing about stuff like that if she doesn't speak
up? After she's enchanted them with her in-
terest in them, she could Sunday-night-supper
them. (Not both the same night, natch.) Sort
of the left hook to the jaw once she's got them
groggy. Betcha it wouldn't be long before Kate

was somebody's baby. Moral: If you're without a swain, it's probably because
you've been making passes at all the wrong men. Find a boy with interests like
your own and watch things buzz!

She's Anybody's Gal: Janie was so anxious to be popular that she wasn't
very discriminating. She'd date anyone from the class rowdy to the town's bad
boy. Now she's older and wiser and mad for a sweet, sweet lad in her class,
but he can't see Janie for her shady reputation. Is there any way she can start
all over again? Sure there is, if she has patience and a good strong will. She
can stop going out with the wrong kind of boys and begin going places where
she'll meet the right kind. How about the extra-curricular clubs at school that
she's let slide all these years; and young people's groups at church? How about
revising her clothes and makeup and too-bright line of chatter so that people
will have a chance to see what she's really like? Why doesn't she take one of
the gals who's both popular and respected in her (Continued on page 94)



Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. goes to a theatre première

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

Charming young Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. is greatly admired in New York society for the camellia perfection of her skin.

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2½ oz. bottle 25¢



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confidence. Explain to her how foolish she's been and ask for her moral support. That girl will tell others, and after a while the boys will hear, and well—Janie'll be all set. Moral: The world judges us by the company we keep, so when it comes to friends let's look for quality rather than quantity.

She's All Bill's: Bets doesn't quite know how it happened, but they'd hung out a fancy moon that night, and Bill had on a new sports coat with shoulders like this, and when he said, “Let's go steady,” she had apparently said “Yes.” For a month it was heaven. They were Romeo and Juliet. Ingrid and Cary. But now the whole thing is hanging a little heavy, and how is she going to get out of it? If

she has any character, she'll do it the hard way. No buck-passing. No little white lies. She will swallow all her pride and tell Bill that she made a mistake. Not about him. Nope—him she likes. But about herself and her fickle eye-fickle eye. She'll tell him frankly that she's just not ready for the pipe and slippers routine yet. If she makes it clear that she's the flibberty-gibbet, the whack who doesn't know her own mind—and that he's divine, in fact out-of-this-universe, there'll be no hard feelings. He'll keep coming around, even though she's Tom-Dick-and-Harrying it again. Moral: Don't decide to go steady on the spur of the moment, and when and if you do, give some thought to the cut of his soul as well as his jacket.

WE'RE PROUD OF YOU, JUNE

(Continued from page 39)

it to the front office—”

Which they did. And that was the prelude to three days she'll never forget. “The most emotional three days I ever spent,” sighs June.

In fact, the emotion started ahead of time—when she told the family. Dorothy, married and expecting a baby, couldn't go, but June took it for granted that everyone else would. It was their home town too.

Mother was pleased. Evvie went out of her mind. Not only did she have lots of friends back in Rock Island, she had a special beau whose name nobody believes because it's Don Whan. “For me it's the perfect setup,” said Evvie. “June'll do all the work and I'll have all the fun—”

Grandma's voice broke in and it sounded plaintive. “When I used to take Junie to benefits in Rock Island, I always dreamed of going back with her when she made good—”

“And now you're going—”

“Am I?”

Something in her face sent June leaping to her side. “Well, you didn't think we'd leave you behind, did you?”

“Well, you never asked me—”

“Well, I thought it was understood. You know they'd turn me out if I showed up without Alice.”

the beautiful people . . .

So they all shed a couple of tears and got that out of their system. Those were the first tears. They weren't the last. . .

June likes to live it all over again in her mind. The idea is to start at the beginning and take it, step by beautiful step, to the end. But before she gets very far, the whole thing's a swirling kaleidoscope of laughter and thrills and lumps in the throat and people. Especially people. Lovely warmhearted people, her friends and townsfolk, smiling at her.

She always starts with Chicago. And Harriet Jeanes again. This time Harriet telephotoed a picture of June ahead, so there she was in the Argus, leopard skin coat and all, before she even arrived. The reason they weren't flying all the way was by request of Rock Island—

“After all,” said Rock Island, “the airport's in Moline, and you weren't born in Moline. Our pet's the Rock Island Rocket. Would you ride the Rocket from Chicago to here—?”

She wouldn't have missed it. From a train you can see landmarks—the same landmarks she'd seen going the other way five years ago. Five years ago she'd been June Stovenour, leaving Rock Island with Ted Fiorito and his band, having made a little name for herself singing at benefits and on local station WHBF. Helen

Gannon, Dorothy's best friend—they'd worked as phone operators together—had sent her a corsage of baby roses: “May this be the first of many steps up on your road to success—”

June, aged 15, had put the card away with her treasures. “If I ever get discouraged, Mother, this will remind me that my friends are hoping for the best.”

Now she was June Haver, going home, eyes glued to the landscape. Every tree looked good to her. At Bureau an advance man came on with the schedule, said the Rock Island High School band would be out to meet them. She and Evvie made bets about what the band would play, and settled for the Cheer Song. Suddenly her eyes bugged out—

“Mother, I think I'm taking this too calmly—” She'd been hopping around like a Mexican jumping bean. “All your life you read about people being met by brass bands. How can it be happening to me—?”

Her hand went to her throat, partly because it felt sore, partly to keep the pulse from thumping. How excited can you get—?

old friends . . .

The crowd at Moline where they stopped for a few minutes. Then Rock Island, and the band playing the Cheer Song. The huge bouquet of red roses from Mr. Grove and his daughter Marjorie. Mayor Melvin McKay—later described by June as the “sweetest little mayor in the world who does plumbing on the side”—presenting her with the key to the city and being kissed in return. Best of all, so many familiar faces. Wherever she looked, faces of people she knew. Hi, Chuck Harrison!—Dorothy used to go out with Chuck—now he was holding the portable mike.

“I'm so happy to be here—” No speeches, June, she'd told herself. You can't make speeches anyway. Just tell them what's in your heart, and they'll understand. “It's so wonderful to see you all.”

Riding through town perched on back of a car. The cops on their motorcycles ahead. “Even when generals come to town, we never gave 'em eight motorcycle cops—” It was like Christmas. WELCOME, JUNE HAVER on every lamp-post, photos in the shop windows, people waving from the doors—she'd bought candy from this one, ties for her dad from the other—

“Hello, Nancy Plantz!” She almost fell off the car—

“How did you remember—?” Nancy called back.

How could she forget! They'd been like her own family—Mother and Dad Plantz, Sonny and little Nancy. But especially Helen. No sisters could have been closer

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than she and Helen—they'd double-dated, lived at each other's houses—it was the kind of friendship only small town girls can have—

"Where's Helen?"

"At college, but she's coming down to see you—"

... The Fort Armstrong Hotel where she'd sung so often. The flower-filled suite with its new drapes. "The place doesn't look the same," a friend had written, "but they'll be very nonchalant about it. Take the cue from them. Admire, but don't be overwhelmed—"

Claus and Smitty, the cutest bodyguards, parked outside the door. Sergeant Claus Miller and Glenn Smith, but she'd gone to school with Claus's sister, so you couldn't have any great formality. Bodyguarding was new to them, but they did it as to the manner born.

Wires and calls and relatives coming in and "Where's Evvie?" It got to be a gag. The minute they hit town, they couldn't find Evvie. She'd bob up at intervals—with Don Whan who'd come in from Northwestern—but the next time you turned to look, she was gone again. . .

... 7:30 at the Fort Theater across from the hotel, where they were doing a Grauman and casting her feet in cement. June in a white strapless evening gown and long white gloves, orchids from the Chamber of Commerce fastened to her ermine stole. Laughing as she clung to the mayor and stuck both feet in the cement—

"I knew if I held on to this job long enough, something nice would happen— That was the mayor kidding with the audience.

"Better than plumbing, huh, Mayor?" they kidded back.

Chuck Harrison holding the mike for her. "When I was a little girl," said June, "I loved Rock Island. Now that I'm grown, I hope Rock Island likes me—"

... Over to the Capitol Theater in Davenport by way of the Centennial Bridge. Arching the entrance to the bridge, a huge floodlighted banner—WE'RE PROUD OF YOU, JUNE.

You don't know what something like that does to you. She and Evvie had helped to dedicate the bridge. Evvie'd twirled in the parade. June had sung "God Bless America" with Freddy Martin's band, which happened to be in town. Now look—

"Even sitting down, I feel weak in the knees, Mother—"

... The big moments made your spine tingle, but the little private moments when you met old friends face to face, turned your heart over—

It was ten before they got through at the Capitol, and they hadn't eaten. June wanted a great big steak, so they went to the Hollywood Supper Club, which was new since she'd left and whose name tickled her. Imagine having your first Rock Island dinner at a place called the Hollywood Supper Club.

who's hungry? . . .

As they waited to be served, the boys started coming up to Claus and Smitty. Boys she used to date. Boys who used to come to the house for cokes and cookies. So shy and cute. "Would it be all right if we asked June for a dance—?"

"She has to eat," said Claus.

"I'm not hungry," said June. "I'm too excited to eat. I'd rather dance—"

It was dreamy and sweet and even a little sad, like dancing with your past, except your past isn't really sad at 21. And it had a topper. A call from Bob Goodell, leader of the school band she used to sing with. He was playing the organ in a little nightclub down the street— "I know you're awfully busy, June, but we'd sure appreciate it if you could stop by for a minute and say hello—"

Of course she could. But when he asked her to sing, she had to say no, her throat had been sore since they got off the plane.

"You do something for me instead. Play my favorite song. Only I bet you don't remember it, Bob."

He didn't answer—just smiled and started playing "Embraceable You." June thought it was a lovely way to end the evening.

haver day . . .

Next day was Hallowe'en all over the country, and June Haver Day by proclamation in Rock Island. The way Mayor McKay read it out, it even sounded legal. . .

But that came later. Thrill No. 1 was Lucia Thompson Clarke, who lived in Cedar Rapids now with her husband and two little boys, so June hadn't expected to see her. But in the midst of breakfast with the press, all of a sudden there stood Lucia, and the reunion was slightly damp, even though public. "Excuse us," said June, "but for five years we went everywhere together. I'd emcee the program, and she'd play the piano, and she'd get three dollars and I'd get five—"

That morning they went to the Harvest Festival together, and to their alma mater, station WHBF, where Miss Polly interviewed them for an informal broadcast in their same old Studio A—

"Remember the party they threw when you left, June?"

"Remember the watch they gave me?" Ben Potter, owner of the station, drew them out to the lobby. "Remember this girl?"

Pictures of June—skinny legs, awful-looking bob, and all you could say for the clothes was, they covered her. She eyed her younger self appraisingly. "If they could turn that into glamor, there's hope for everyone—"

... Back at the hotel. Dressing for the Chamber of Commerce luncheon. Elsie Rogers coming in. For years Elsie'd planned all the banquets at the Fort Hotel. "You never thought we'd be fixing one up for you, did you, June?"

"I should say not—"

She cupped her palms round June's ear. "Don't tell anyone, but it's the best we ever had here—"

For June it was the crowning event of her trip. Not because she was guest of honor at the flower-decked table. But because all these people had thought enough of her to come. Dr. Barding, who'd brought her into the world. Earl Hansen, superintendent of schools. Looking out, she saw teachers who'd taught her, parents of boys and girls she'd played with. Seemed as if the whole dear town had turned out.

... Mr. Hansen telling about her at school. "—These aren't things I had to look up. I knew June—I remember—"

Mr. Claude Lee, a high-up man at Paramount who was passing through town and had kindly agreed to speak. "I never met June Haver till today. But from what they tell me, here's a striking example of how Hollywood can be maligned. Her friends seem to think she's pretty much the same as when she left—"

Mayor McKay proclaiming June Haver Day. Little Barbara Ann Pruden, a scout from June's old troop, presenting a bouquet of yellow roses and dyed green chrysanthemums—the girl scout colors—and a miniature girl scout pin.

June sitting there feeling shyer and humbler by the minute. How would she ever be able to thank these people? Where would she find the words?

As she rose, a face way at the other end of the room smiled at her—Helen Gannon's face—and she found the words. Told about the corsage from Helen five

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years ago. About all the wires and flowers, the good will and good wishes when she left. "Only out of kindness to one of your Rock Island girls. Well, now that I'm back, I'm still your Rock Island girl—who sang at so many banquets in this very room—I still can't believe it's me at the big table—" Tears stinging her lids, blocking her throat—"I'll never forget you—" Brimming over—"I'm sorry, I can't go on—"

Dead silence for a moment—"we were all sniffing," said Mother afterwards, "even that supposedly hardboiled newspaper crew—" Then applause and babble and the usual relief after tension, and people asking for autographs, and somebody saying, "We're on a time-table schedule," and June putting her foot down. "I don't care what the schedule is. I want to sign every autograph anybody wants—"

Kids filing past the big table. So many she knew. "Don't give me that Miss Haver stuff, Don, I can't take it—" "Oh Peg, you don't want my autograph, I'm Junie Stovenour, we used to go halves on all-day suckers, remember—?"

After that, it was really a whirl, like a movie montage. To the firehouse, where they made her honorary chief. To the corner drugstore, where she used to have

chocolate sodas, and they photographed her having a chocolate soda. Next day there was a sign in the window. "Kilroy was here. So was June Haver—" Two personal calls she had to make, no matter what. The Plantzes—and little Ann Potter, Ben's daughter, down with rheumatic fever. She had a little kitten in bed with her, so June sent her some flowers in a kitten bowl. . . .

. . . Franklin Junior High, and that was really going home. From the first minute. Because who should be at the door but the same old janitor who used to open her locker whenever she lost her key, and she was forever losing her key. Beaming at her—"Do you have your key with you tonight, Miss Haver—?"

Nancy Plantz introducing her. Mrs. Lindquist, the principal: "We wanted to give you what nobody else could give you, and you're the first girl it's ever been awarded to. But you used to be our cheerleader, so in a way that makes it legal—" Of course it was the school letter—

June telling them about her own days at Franklin. Interrupting herself to call to people she knew. "Hello, Mrs. Louisberg, remember the time I was "Sunbonnet Sue?" Looking for faces she missed. "Is

Miss Zeroth, my old home room teacher here?" And Miss Zeroth calling back from way up in the balcony—

. . . Last stop, the Elks Ball. Mayor McKay was an Elk, and June used to sing at all their parties. By now they were calling her and the Mayor the double act of Rock Island, or Romeo and Juliet. Suddenly, from behind her—"Want a ride on my bike?" She whirled. Another face, and another picture from the past. Dick Gutzweiler riding her round on the handlebars of his bike. She'd had such a mania for riding on handlebars. "How about it?" he smiled. "Little too dressed up for a ride. And a little too tired," she confessed.

. . . Frances Willard School, where she'd taken the fifth and sixth grades. June found herself dreading it. Just before leaving Hollywood, word had come of the death of its principal, Miss Gertrude Hickman, whom June had dearly loved. She wished that somehow they could have skipped Frances Willard—

Which goes to show that cowardice doesn't pay. Miss Hickman's brother gave her a hand-painted plate from his sister's collection. "She loved you too, June. When you marry, I wish you'd put a piece of wedding cake on this plate. In that way, she'll be with you—"

. . . Home for a nap before dressing for the game. She was nearly asleep and thought she was dreaming when suddenly there stood Helen Plantz in the doorway, and just said Hi!

She'd had trouble getting to see June. So she wandered out and, luckily, Mother—about to drive off with a relative, caught sight of her—. "Helen! How wonderful! Have you seen June?"

"No, they wouldn't let me—"

Well, Mother fixed that, but she sent Helen in alone, which did more to rejuvenate June than twenty naps.

Before the game, the two coaches gave her a football, autographed by all the players. After the game, she felt like any Rock Islander. Rock Island lost. . . .

But she'll remember Ralph Slentz longer than she will the score. Ralph's the boy she sat next to in study hall at Franklin High, and copied algebra problems from. She caught sight of him on the sidelines as they went driving round the field. "Hi, Ralph! Come on over and see me—"

He seemed shy at first, but got over it quickly. There was so much to reminisce about, so many questions to ask and answer—

"Remember our dates on the Rock Island-Davenport ferry—?"

"Oh Ralph, that's the only thing that went wrong in the whole three days. I'd so looked forward to just one trip on the ferry—"

"Why didn't they take you?"

"It's out of commission—"

"They should've told me," grinned Ralph. "I'd've fixed it for you—"

They left by the Rocket next morning.

. . . At home there was a beautiful letter from Lloyd Keepers of the Chamber of Commerce. "We all want you to know that, aside from the publicity—and every town likes it—it was wonderful having you back, and we all loved you and we hope you'll come again. If you want the fanfare, we'll give it to you. If you want to slip in quietly and see your friends, you can do that. Claus and Smitty will take care of you—"

Next time without the fanfare. Such an experience can't be repeated.

But you can live it all over again in your mind. Start at the beginning and take it step by step, and each time you remember something new.

Which is fine with June. She can always start all over again at Chicago. That way, it'll never end.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Did you know that every MODERN SCREEN reader is actually a member of our editorial board? Here's what we mean: You read each of the stories and features in this issue carefully, give us your candid opinions via the Questionnaire below, and we pass along *your decisions* to our editorial staff. Results: 1. You lend us a guiding hand in making future story assignments. 2. You may be one of the lucky 500 who'll receive a three months FREE subscription (March, April, May issues) to MODERN SCREEN!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

Bless Their Little Pointed Heads!
(June Allyson) ☐

Wanted: One Guardian Angel!
(Glenn Ford) ☐

About Keenan, Van and Evie
(Johnson-Wynn) ☐

Unsentimental Gentleman
(Bing Crosby) ☐

None But the Lonely Heart (Cary
Grant) by Billy Rose ☐

We're Proud of You, June
(June Haver) ☐

Be My Valentine! (B. Mitchum,
E. Williams, Y. de Carlo) ☐

Gregory Peck Life Story
(Conclusion) ☐

Little Miss Breathless (Elizabeth
Taylor) ☐

End of a Dream (Tyrone Power)
by Hedda Hopper ☐

The Flying Filthy Five (Tyrone
Power-Cesar Romero) by Cesar
Romero ☐

This Is Lana! (Lana Turner) ☐

"Sure, I'll Talk about Guy" (Madi-
son) by Henry Willson ☐

Man Hunt! (James Mason) ☐

It Shouldn't Happen To a Duck!
(Kathryn Grayson) ☐

Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

Which one of the following four female newcomers would you like to read about in a future issue (Check One): Viveca Lindfors (Warner's new Swedish discovery) ☐; Dorothy Malone (Cole Porter's cousin in "Night and Day") ☐; Martha Vickers (Lauren Bacall's sister in "Big Sleep") ☐; Janis Paige (Joan Leslie's girl friend in "Two Guys From Milwaukee") ☐; Would not be interested in *any* of these. ☐

Which one of the following four male newcomers would you like to read about in a coming issue? (Check One): Steve Cochran (Fighter in "Kid From Brooklyn") ☐; Kirk Douglas (Stanwyck's husband in "Martha Ivers") ☐; Douglas Dick (Robert Young's son in "Searching Wind") ☐; Dean Stockwell (Tom Drake as a boy in "Green Years") ☐; Would not be interested in *any* of these. ☐

My name is.

My address is. City. Zone. State.

I am years old.

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Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride* Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren't told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess*.

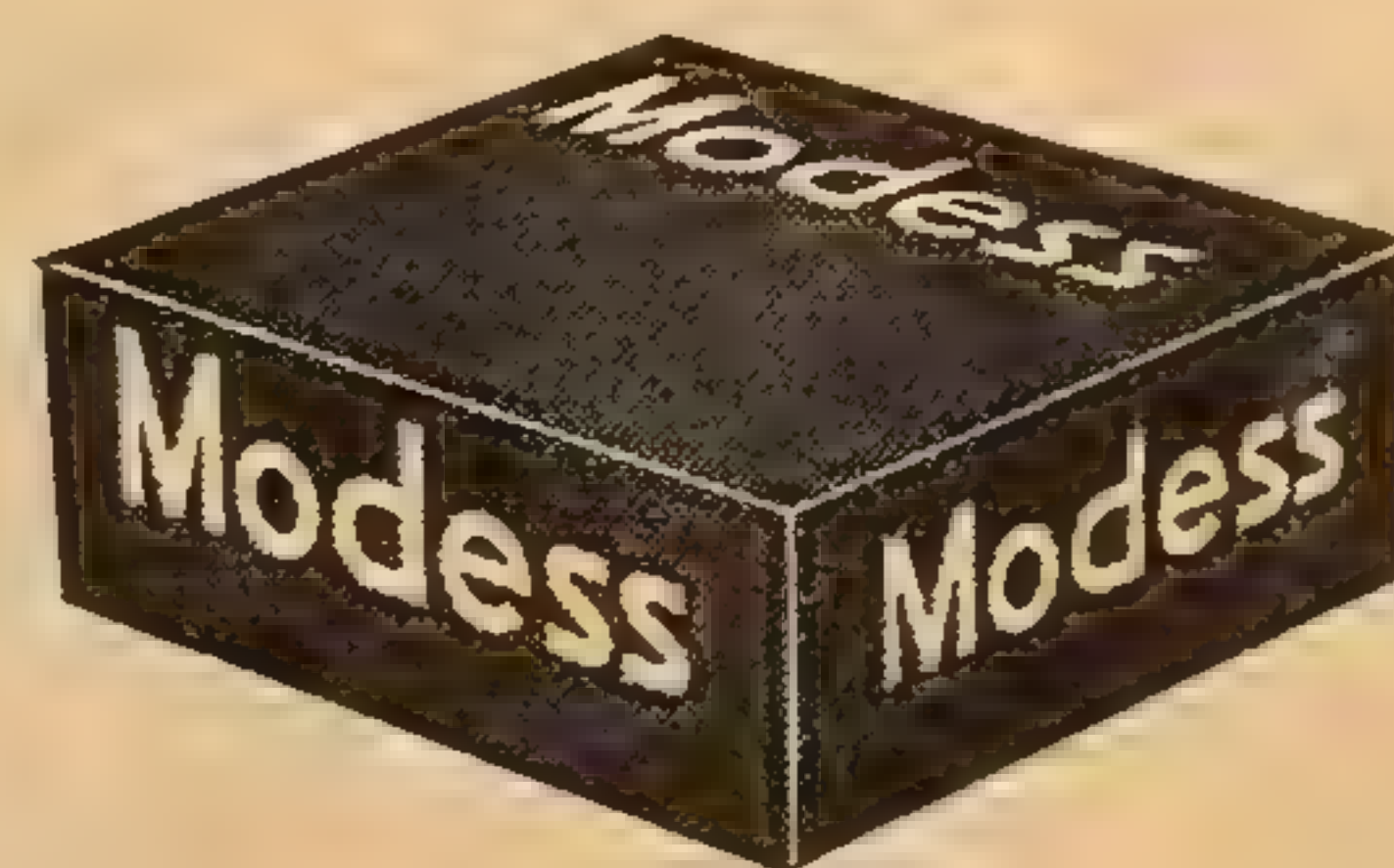
The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges*!

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton helps create an "absorption control." This acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Every *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is *silhouette-proof*!

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. *Free-Stride* Modess is on sale everywhere.



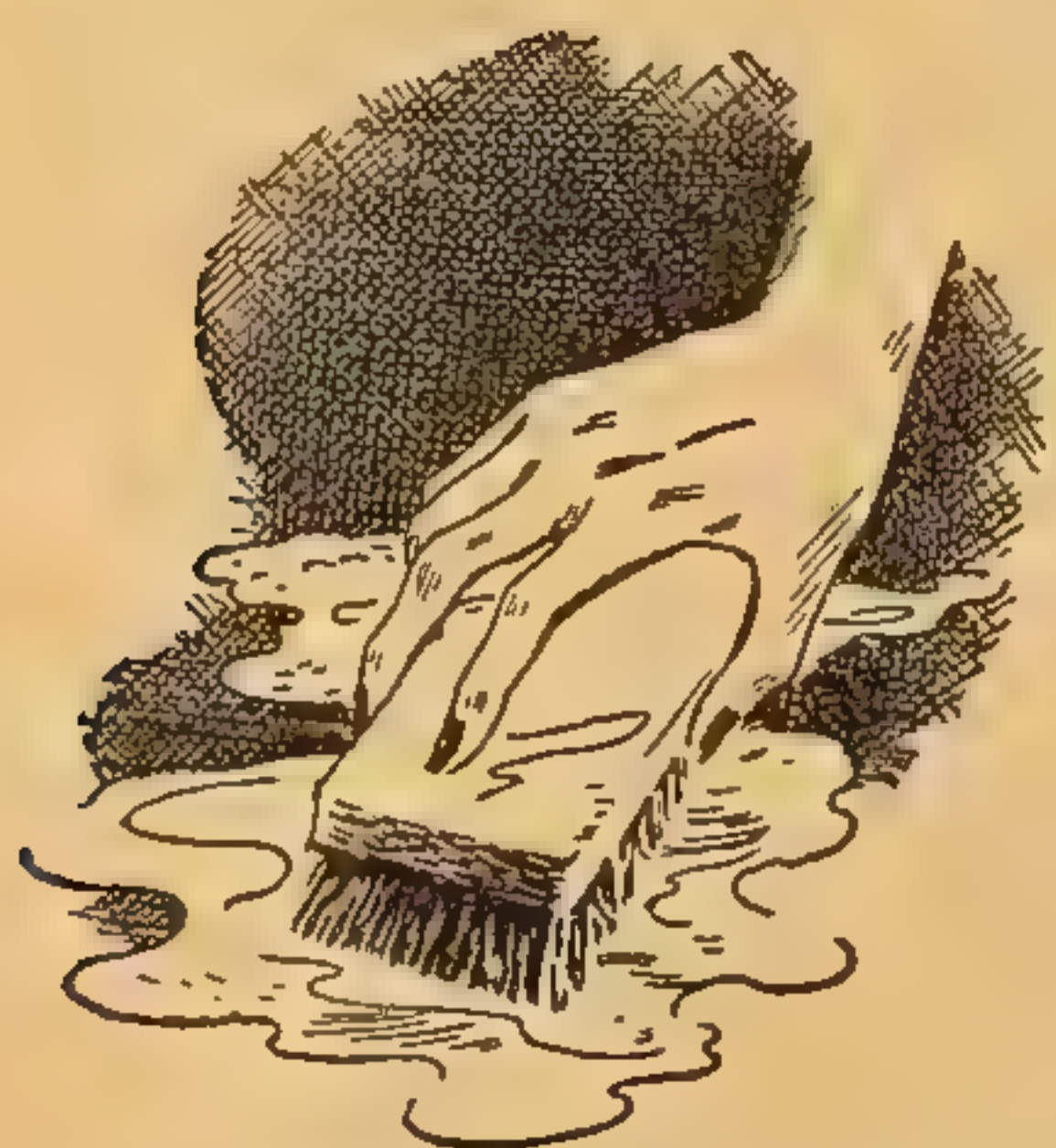
Walk with comfort!

Move with freedom!

Try the new Free-Stride Modess!

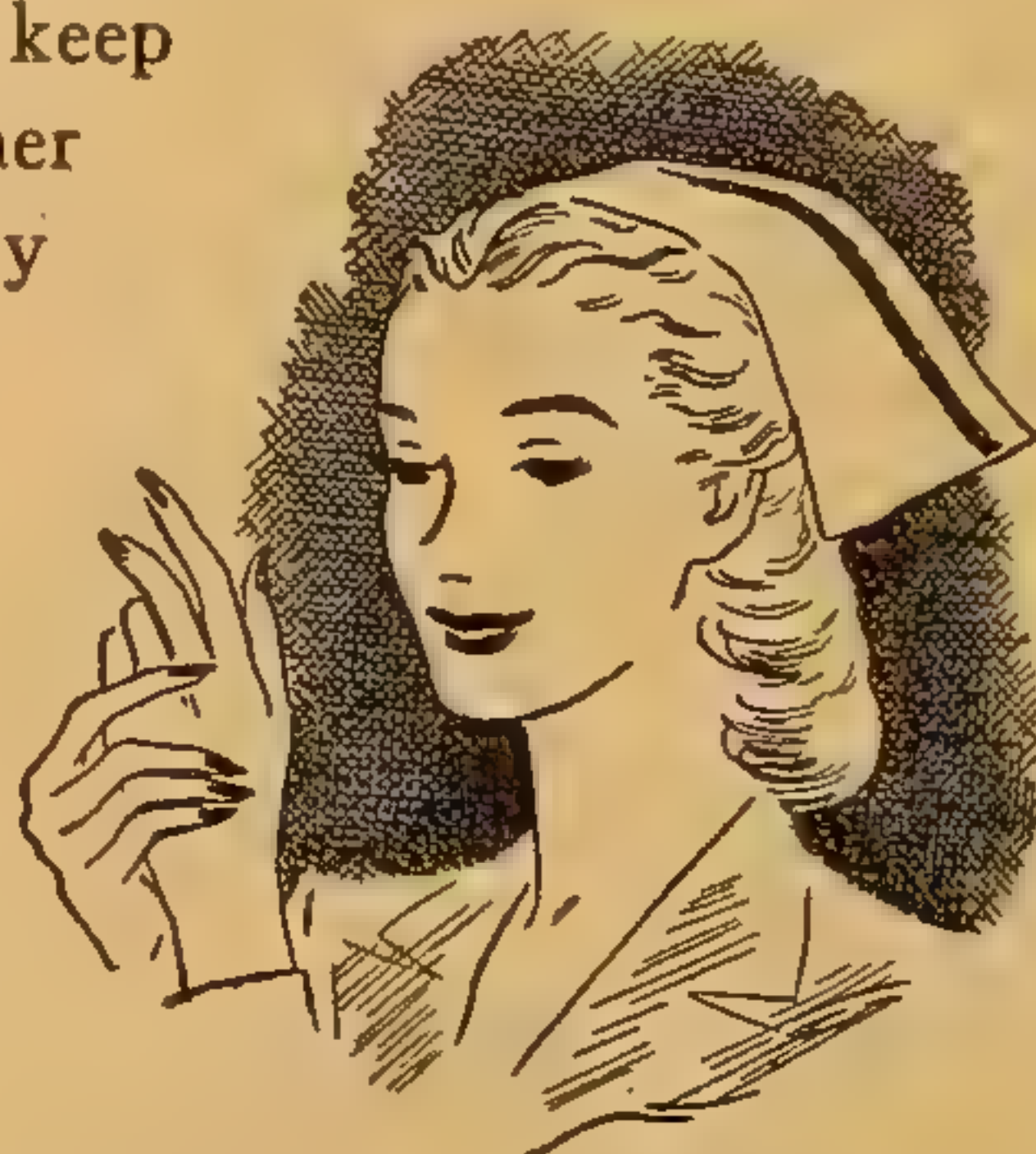


... symbol of noble birth
her *Fair and Fragile Hand*



Don't let housework be unfair to your hands

Yes... housework *can* leave your hands rough, red, and dry as dust. But... don't blame the housework... blame *yourself* for not taking care of your hands. Pacquins helps keep your hands looking smoother and whiter in spite of daily hard housework.



Doctors and nurses use Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands in hot soapy water from thirty to forty times a day. Pacquins was first made especially for them. If Pacquins can help their roughly treated hands... imagine how much it can do for *your* hands!

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HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth, fragrant... *not* sticky, *not* greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.



BLESS THEIR LITTLE POINTED HEADS!

(Continued from page 31)

"Is it a pain?" He inquired, still calm, still interested. I tried to explain to him how it was. "It's not really a pain. It's more of a feeling that to-day's the day I keel over with thrombosis." He didn't laugh at me or pamper me. He just asked me if I'd seen a doctor about it, and I said, "A doctor! I have seen at the very least thirty-five doctors." "Then look, hon," he said, "now why don't you try this. Instead of ruining your life with constant worry about keeling over with this or that, make up your mind to enjoy yourself to the fullest while you have your health, then—when and if you do keel—go about doing something to get yourself well." It made sense to me. Richard changed my whole outlook on life, bless his little pointed head. (If one more person says to me, "But his head isn't pointed," I'll screech. I know it isn't, but I just like the sound of bless his little pointed head.)

a friend in need . . .

My idea of a friend is someone who loves you when you look awful, who bears with you when you're in a black mood, who lets you have things your way now and then. But a really good friend isn't a sucker or a yes-man. A good friend tells you off when you need to be told and isn't too everlastingly pussy-footishly subtle about it. Take my husband Richard. Now *he* is a good friend. . . . I usually wash my own hair, and then I put it up and I look like a peeled onion. I'm not awfully beautiful to begin with, and I do need my hair to sort of doll up my face. Well, anyway, you know what Richard says to me when I have my hair up and couldn't look worse and am very much depressed with myself? "Stinky," he says, "you're cute and I love you." It does things for a woman's morale. And he *does* give me my way, too. This fall we went East for a little vacation. We dreamed about it for months, and in my dreams we'd always be staying at the Waldorf, and in Richard's we were at the Sherry-Netherlands. But we went to the Waldorf. He's the most unselfish, the most adorable man in the whole world. And Allyson's got him. Gee.

He's strict with me, though, and he tells me off, too. Which is good. I'm so grateful that he bothers to. Last Christmas, Jane Wilkie—Modern Screen's cute Hollywood editor—gave me a cocker spaniel. A lovely, soft-eyed champagne-colored fellow by the name of Heathcliff. He was absolutely irresistible. That animal was out of this world. But he wasn't the least bit smart. In fact we don't think he had any IQ at all. I tried to keep it from Richard that he was such an utter dope, but it was pretty obvious, what with his inability to grasp even the rudiments of house-breaking and not even coming when you called him. He chewed slippers and knocked over lamps and did all the things that are so cute on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post, and so infuriating when they happen to you. One day Richard said, "We're getting rid of that dog." Heathcliff put his head on his paws and did those Charles Boyer eyes at us. I couldn't bear it. "Richard dear," I said. "Please let me keep him. He's so beautiful, and I love him so." Richard said he'd give him one more chance. He gave me one month to train him. And I failed. I was busy with other things and that whole month I didn't train Heathcliff at all. So at the end of the month, we gave him

"How much was it?" Richard asked me casually, after admiring it at length. "Why, I honestly don't know," I told him, still twirling in front of him. He put down his newspaper. "You mean to say you don't know what it cost?" He didn't raise his voice, but he didn't need to. There was such a quality in it. Of disgust and unbelief. Of disillusionment in me. I stood still. "No, I don't, Richard," I said, and suddenly I wanted to cry my eyes out because I'd disappointed him so. "You'd better take it off," he said then, "and in the morning take it back to the store." My heart broke for my beautiful dress, but more than that, for Richard's loss of faith in me. Afterwards he talked to me about false pride, about my sense of values, and the next day I took the dress back and discovered that it cost six hundred dollars!

MODERN SCREEN



"Are you going to read all night again, or are you coming to bed?"

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Permanent Wave

YOU EVER HAD AT ANY PRICE!



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Aluminum Curlers
FOR EASIER HOME USE

The soft, lovely permanent that *he* finds enchanting . . . is yours so *easily* with Chic. Chic Aluminum Curlers are so easy to wind and lock . . . never break off or become soggy . . . can be used over and over. And what a beautiful

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at home!**

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for each kit to handle postage and mailing.

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Miss America
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of Los Angeles

Miss America uses Fitch Shampoo. Your hair can be like Miss America's . . . velvety soft . . . sparkling with radiant highlights! Do as Miss America does . . . use Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo. Made from mild coconut and pure vegetable oils, this efficient shampoo does not "dry" the hair. Delightfully fragrant, it "suds-up" into a rich, billowy lather that completely removes all scalp odor. Fitch's Saponified Coconut Oil Shampoo contains its own patented rinsing agent, so only an ordinary water rinse is needed. No dull film remains. At drug or toilet goods counters . . . or have professional applications at beauty shops.



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SMOOTH FINISH
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HAIR PINS
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beauty of lovely nails . . .
Hollywood's own daily nail-
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"Richard," I told him when I got home, "Can you imagine it. Six hundred dollars! Sweetheart, I'm so glad you made me take it back." He whistled softly under his breath. And then he said, "Six hundred dollars is a heck of a lot of money to spend without knowing what it's for."

Most good friends have their heated bat-
tles, but so far we've honestly never had
what you could call a real fight. Oh, I
get absolutely purple at him when he wins
my whole allowance from me at back-
gammon, then lures me on to play some
more, but as for screeching at each other
and getting all in a big stew, it just
doesn't seem to happen. What really could
we argue about? He doesn't run my career
or even advise me on it, and I have no
finger in his. That way there's no chance
to say, if things go wrong, "Well you said
to take that part," or "That was your idea."
We've never had any in-law trouble.
Richard's dad, who died last year, was the
darlingest man in the world, and Richard
is crazy about my mom. Not to mention
vice versa. When she visited us last Spring
her parting shot was, "Don't you ever do
anything to hurt that husband of yours.
He's one man in a million." I said, "Gee,
mom, I'm not such a bad kid myself," to
which she replied, "You're all right, Junie,
but he's something pretty fine."

Jane Wilkie and I had our little spats,
but we always managed to patch them up.
I remember when I first came to Holly-
wood, she was one of the first writers to
interview me. I was awfully thrilled. And
then the story came out, and she hadn't
made me sound like me at all. She had me
sounding like her. "Hey, look," I said,
"This is *your* line, I don't say that. And
all this business—why the whole thing's
like your autobiography." We were both
getting a speck huffy about it when it
suddenly struck us funny. Later we de-
cided that actually we are alike in a lot
of ways. We're both kind of slap-happy
and sentimental. We're both pretty high-
strung. Fortunately, our nerves act up at
different times. Jane was my bridesmaid,
and a week or so before the wedding she
moved in with me to help me keep cool and
to take care of last minute details. I was
like a flibberty-gibbet, and she was a rock
of strength. The eve of the wedding, *her*
nerves snapped, whereas a deadly calm
came over me. *She* took the sleeping medi-
cine she'd brought to knock me out. I put
the nail polish on *her* palsied fingers, gave
her stuff for *her* nervous stomach. In her
state of nerves, she forgot to bring either
the rice or my going-away bag to the
reception. Don't know why, but I still
love that gal. She doesn't believe this, but
I know I'm responsible for her marriage.
Last year I gave her a set of dishes for
Christmas. "These will be for your house,"
I told her, and she said, "All I need now
is The Man." "First dishes," I said, oracle-
like, "then a man." Practically the very
next day she met her dream boy, and now
she's Mrs. Botwinnick. She was married
from our house on October 27th, and I'll
never be the same. Now I know that it's
two billion times more nerve-wracking to
marry someone off than to get married
yourself. Jane's wedding was at half-past
nine at night, which gave us all day in
which to lose our minds. At one I went
over to her house, and we jittered pleas-
antly all afternoon. Casey and Pat didn't
help at all, although obviously they were
trying to give last minute suggestions.
They kept getting under our feet and trip-
ping us, and feuding with Jane's beautiful
Irish setter, Corky. At six, Jane's mom fed
us a magnificent chicken dinner, and after
that the flowers for our hair came, and we
fussed with them and fussed with them.
Just try to fashion a chic little hat some
time with ten thumbs on your hands. In
the end we got slightly wild and tore the

flowers apart, emerging with two small flower gadgets instead of the divine daisy hats we'd visualized. It was a beautiful wedding in spite of us, and Jane and Bob looked so earnest and so happy. When it was over we went to our house for the reception, and wait till I tell you the frightful thing I did. Me, the gal who never forgets a face. Never muffs a line. I had completely forgotten to pick up Jane's wedding cake, and there was just a great void on the table where it should have been. Have you ever, ever heard anything more awful? Jane whispered in my ear, "Getting back at me for the rice, hunh?" which got us both giggling, and I made amends by bringing the cake to a luncheon someone gave for Janie later.

Jane and I met after we were both fairly prosperous so that, although we share secrets and giggles, we don't borrow each other's clothes or money. I went through all that with Jeanie Phreaner Copeland when we roomed together for two lean years in New York. She was an art student and I was in the chorus of various shows, and the first time I saw her in the American Women's Club, I liked her. She looked smiling and warm and not all sharp edges and high polish like a lot of the career gals who lived there. A boy who knew us both introduced us, and we roomed together for two years.

We couldn't have lived a less plush existence or a more wonderful one. It was so heavenly having Jeanie for a room-mate, because eighteen is such an enchanted age and you shouldn't have to share it with just anyone. There was the whole wide city to have fun in. The Museum of Modern Art and peanut-gallery seats at "Hamlet" and "Life with Father;" Fifth Avenue bus rides and exciting afternoons poking around Washington Square and fifteen cent Automat suppers. But there was one thing that she did for me that changed my whole life. I didn't know it then, and I don't suppose I ever even said thank you. I'm not too good on the sloppy talk, but hey, Jeanie, thanks chum, for making me wait for Richard.

Y'see, back in those days I had a very heavy beau. Jeanie went up to Wood's Hole, Mass., one summer, and in her absence I got engaged. I wrote her about it, and she wrote back that she wished me all sorts of bliss and couldn't I come up the next weekend. I went, and when I came back to town I broke my engagement. By the subtlest possible means she had made me see that he wasn't for me. She never once said, "I don't like him," or "You'll never be happy with him." She just painted a glowing picture of our sophisticated, fast-paced marriage and while it was an exciting picture, it wasn't in the least what I wanted, and that foxy grandpa knew that it wasn't. But for Jeanie, I'd have married the man, and there'd have been no Hollywood and no Richard. No Richard. I can't even think about that.

There was a cameraman on the set of "Two Girls and a Sailor." One day he saw me looking sort of wistful while they shot candid after candid of Glo De Haven. "I know I'm ugly," I was thinking, "but if they'd just take me once. Even if they never developed it." And this lad came up to me and said very quietly, "Whatcha bet I'll be doing you in kodachrome one of these days?" "Chum," I said, and I felt all soft inside.

There are all you fans who take the trouble to write and say you like me.

There are such nice people, and gosh I'm so lucky to have run across so many of them. And to be married to the dearest, to the sweetest, the most pointed of head. Which is just about where you came in, isn't it?

His LOVE cooling?

VERA-ELLEN says: "Maybe you're discouraging love with roughened hands. Hands can be excitingly smooth and soft with Jergens Lotion care. I use Jergens." It's so easy and lovely.



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MAN HUNT!

(Continued from page 47)

What he looked like was my dream man. I remembered hastily that this was business, and thrust the picture into my bag. "Operative 66 starting work," I said, and went out, feeling very cheerful. It didn't last long.

The Elizabeth docked at noon, pier 90, Fiftieth Street and the Hudson River. A mob-sized crowd milled around in the street outside the pier building, flourishing autograph books and shrieking to each other. I stood by the dock and looked up a hundred miles or so at the enormous grey hulk looming above me. The smoke stacks were freshly painted orange and black, and the super-structure was glossy white like spun sugar on a wedding cake. It was the biggest boat I had ever seen. There were, I knew, over two thousand passengers aboard, and I was supposed to find one dark haired guy who would probably not be carrying a riding crop for identification purposes. There must, I thought, be easier ways of making a living. Still, that picture. . . .

I went into the building, up the stairs and over to the press desk by the gangway. A pleasant, blond young man asked what he could do for me.

"I'm looking for James Mason."

He grinned. "Who isn't?"

"But this is business. I'm from MODERN SCREEN. Can you tell me his stateroom?"

He consulted a neat red diagram. "Mr. and Mrs. Mason are in M73 and M75. They aren't," he added thoughtfully, "coming out for some time."

"I can wait."

I waited. Four hours. By that time most of the passengers had gone ashore. But not Mr. James Mason. I parted with a fast five bucks expense money to the steward who took care of M73 and M75.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mason," he said, "have been waiting for the crowd to disperse."

"They should live so long. That crowd's going to have Mason's autograph if they have to tear his hair out to do it."

The steward smiled gently. "I doubt it, miss. Mr. Mason is not one to be bullied. And he keeps himself to himself."

That was great. So helpful.

"Anything special happen on the trip across?" I asked. "Any excitement in Mason's suite?"

"Nothing happened, miss. They're very nice, very pleasant. Of course the cats were a bit seasick at first, you know."

"Cats? Cats on a boat?"

"Yes, miss, four cats. Three Persians, one Siamese. Very good cats, they were, but I don't think they cared for the sea."

"How about the Masons? Were they seasick?"

"No, miss. But then, they didn't eat much. I only served two meals to Mr. and Mrs. Mason the whole voyage."

"Did anyone try to bother them on the way over? Ask for autographs?"

"Well, you see, miss, his name wasn't on the passenger list. People did ask me now and again what room James Mason was in, but I pretended I didn't know."

"You mean they didn't go out of their suite at all?"

"No, miss."

That was just dandy. That gave me a lot of clues.

"He's kind, you know, Mr. Mason is," the steward was saying hesitantly. "My wife, now, she fair idolizes him on the screen. I wouldn't half be in wrong if I'd come home without a picture of him. So he gave me this one, autographed."

He showed it to me proudly. It wasn't

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like the one I had, but it was just as good. Good, heck, it was terrific. Then I pulled myself together and said briskly, "It's almost six o'clock. They can't stay on the boat all night, can they?"

The steward's blue eyes surveyed me serenely. "Oh, they've gone now, miss. I told you, he's a very clever man, Mr. Mason."

I went to the nearest telephone and called Al Delacorte. I didn't bother with alibis. I didn't have any.

"I lost him," I said. "In fact, let's face it, I never found him. He's off the boat and by now he may be anywhere from the Battery to Bronx Park."

"He isn't," Al said. "Or rather, he is, but I know where. The Plaza."

"Thanks. Going right up," I screeched. You know the Plaza. Pleasant and courteous and unhurried. That's the way they were when I asked them about James. They gave me wide, innocent glances, and denied that they'd ever heard of him.

I got hold of a bell hop—more expensive money—and found out that Mason had gone to a rehearsal of the Theater Guild of the Air. He was to do "Bill of Divorcement" Sunday night for them. So I went and hung around outside the theater.

In about half an hour, the mob suddenly tensed.

The stage door opened. There was an "A-a-h!" from the kids. I caught a glimpse of a downturned hat, an upturned coat collar. Also a copper-haired girl. Mr. and Mrs. Mason? I didn't have a chance to find out.

I decided to call in some expert assistance. I telephoned MODERN SCREEN'S Beverly Linet, of the Information Desk.

"Beverly," I said, "could you help me track down James Mason? He's the world's most elusive man."

"You mean he's here in town?"

"So the rumor goes," I said grimly.

"But how wonderful! I'm dying to see him. He wrote me such a sweet letter about those chocolate bars."

"He—what?"

"Wrote me a letter. Do you want an interview with him? Where's he staying?"

"At the Plaza."

"Fine. I'll call you tonight."

She called. She said, "Virginia, you're to have tea with Mason at the Plaza tomorrow afternoon. Okay?"

"Okay," I said weakly, and hung up.

The next day at five I appeared at the Plaza. I still had a sneaking suspicion that this was too good to be true.

But I was told to go right up to 1714. The elevator went both too slow and too fast. Now that I'd found the man, I was terrified.

I knocked on the door and there was the copper-haired girl I'd glimpsed the day before. She smiled at me and said, "Do come in. I'm Pamela Mason."

Then I was inside and everything was suddenly warm and friendly and all right. My dream man rose from his seat at the desk and shook hands. The impact of that personality is really something. What you get on the screen is only a watered down version. Face to face, it's hypnotic.

We sat down and before I had a chance to start being afraid again, or wonder what to ask them, they had started asking me questions.

They wanted to know what plays they should go to.

"I'd like to see a typical Broadway musical," James announced. "Lots of music and color and rhythm—something really hot, you know."

I suggested "Annie, Get Your Gun." We went on to a discussion of other plays. James knew about most of them.

He finds New York almost too exciting, but he likes it.

Pamela wanted to do some shopping,

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...



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but said ruefully that she hadn't had time yet. They had gone from the boat directly out to the house they had rented in Connecticut, because of the cats.

"They wouldn't let us keep them here in the hotel," he said. "And the cats don't like being away from us. You always hear that cats are attached to places, not to people, but it isn't true of ours. They're happy as long as they're with us."

"How about on the boat?" I asked.

He gave me the quick smile. "They were a bit melancholy the first two or three days," he admitted.

"Seasick?"

"Only slightly. About one little 'sick' per cat. After that they adjusted."

"You did have rather a stormy crossing."

"Yes, I think we'll wait a bit before we go to Bermuda. I've had enough of the sea for a while, haven't you, Pam?"

Pamela definitely agreed.

James wore a gray suit that had obviously been tailored by a genius—not that he needed it—and a dark blue tie.

"How do you manage to buy such clothes in postwar England?" I asked.

"Being a cinema actor helps, because after all, you can't appear in a picture in a barrel, now can you?"

We talked about some of his pictures then. He was pleased with "The Seventh Veil" but was unhappy over his performance in "The Man in Grey."

"Stewart Granger was magnificent, but I was so bad I can't understand why people went to see it."

"I do think, though," Pamela remarked, "that it's rather unfair to release those awfully old ones now. Jimmy has changed and developed so much since his pictures of say, five years ago."

I asked about the one, "I Met a Murderer," which James and Pamela had collaborated on some years ago.

"It was good, I think," James said. "But

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The airport lunchroom was almost deserted when I dashed in to get a sandwich before plane time. When the only other customer finished his hamburger and rose to pay his check, I was startled to recognize him as Cary Grant. Then the glass door swung shut behind him and the waitress, in a happy daze, asked me if I had recognized him. But her face changed when she went to clear away his dishes and saw two pennies lying beside the plate. I glanced at the door, and there was Cary, watching with a wicked grin. And I knew the reason why when the girl lifted the plate and found a half dollar underneath!

Jim Ellyson

San Francisco, California

the collaboration almost killed us both."

Now Pam and Johnny Monaghan had collaborated on the new Mason picture, "The Upturned Glass."

"Are you as brutal in that as you are in your others?" I asked James.

"Oh, I'm not brutal at all. Very well behaved. Of course," he added thoughtfully, "I do murder my wife."

Whoever dreamed that up about the English not having a sense of humor? I decided it would be all right to bring up the subject of all the trouble I had reaching him.

"Were you deliberately being unapproachable or did it just happen?"

He was honestly surprised. "I'm not unapproachable. I gave an interview to the press when the Elizabeth docked. I signed dozens of autographs."

"But when I tried to reach you I couldn't. They said you were out of town. Oh—" I did a double take—"you were weren't you? In Connecticut."

"Yes, most of the time. We did stay in town last night. We thought it might be fun to go downstairs to the Persian Room and hear Hildegard, but when we called they told us they had no tables."

This time I did a triple take. "Did you tell them who you were? James Mason, the English star?"

"Well, no, I couldn't say that, could I?"

This was the guy who had been called difficult and conceited and various other uncomplimentary things, yet he had just told me a few moments before that he was quaking with nervousness over his coming radio appearance on the Theater Guild of the Air. He was being as charming to me as if I were Queen Elizabeth. In fact, he was without doubt one of the most attractive men I ever met or saw or heard. Suddenly I remembered that what Albert wanted to know was *why* he was so attractive. I went into a phone booth and called Al.

"Look," I said, "you can say the sun is a planet so many miles and a half from the earth and that its surface temperature is so many thousands of degrees Centigrade or whatever it is, but does that explain how it feels when you sit in the sunshine on a nice Spring day?"

Al said, "Virginia, do you feel all right?"

I told him I felt fine. "I'm just saying you can't explain James Mason either," I said and hung up.

Probably I'll get fired. Mason was worth it.



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ABOUT VAN, EVIE AND KEENAN

(Continued from page 37)

my wife. That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard, and I'll tell you why, Ed. Actually, there was nothing sudden about Evie and me splitting up. You can trace it as far back as March of 1945, about the time my motorcycle crashed into a car and tossed me into the Santa Monica Hospital with a fractured jaw, concussion of the brain, a wrenched back and miscellaneous bruises. That happened just before I was to go into the Navy, and the first wire I got was from Navy Commander Gene Markey: 'Dear Keenan, Sort of a shoddy way to escape Navy duty, old boy.'

"If it hadn't been for that accident, I think Evie and I would have split up then. You see, Ed, I'm not an easy guy to get along with. Actually I'm not selfish, in the true meaning of the word, but undoubtedly I am thoughtless, and whether you call it selfishness or thoughtlessness, the net effect is that a wife resents it. Particularly so, because Evie is brilliant, and accustomed to lead rather than follow. I liked to go whizzing around Beverly Hills on my motorcycle, and after the accident ended that phase, I became just as intense about my repertory theater at Laguna. So it was a series of little frictions of temperament that started building up to a big one."

leave of absence . . .

Keenan Wynn dug into his shirred eggs and speared up a forkful.

"It was Evie's loyalty that averted a split-up at that time," he continued. "I was in the hospital, all beaten up, and she wouldn't walk out on me. Then I got out of the hospital, and again she stood by, instead of quitting, because as a result of the accident and the crack on my head, I suddenly decided that I'd drink all of the bonded liquor west of the Rockies."

"You found out that was mathematically impossible?" I asked. "Uh, huh," he smiled. "I've been on the 'wagon' for the past ten months, and I'm staying there."

At what point did Van Johnson enter the picture?

"As one of my closest pals, Van was in the picture ALL the time," explained young Wynn. "All of us were together all the time. And it was wonderful, because while I was being thoughtless, and concentrating on my repertory theater idea, Van was available to take Evie around. He likes to do the sort of things which she likes—hunt up odd restaurants, putter around in the garden—all of the things which I dislike intensely. So for anyone to suggest that Van has been a false friend is idiotic."

What about the Hollywood insistence that Van and Eve would get married?

"I really don't know," said Wynn. "Personally, I don't think so. I think, however, that at the end of a year, you'll find Evie and me re-married. What's going on now with the two of us, is a period of re-adjustment—I guess you might call it a legalized Sabbatical holiday."

Had Mrs. Wynn exerted the influence on Keenan Wynn's career that popularly has been ascribed?

"Definitely," said Wynn. "But to explain her influence, Ed, I've got to go back to the night in 1938 when we first met. I was playing in Garson Kanin's 'Hitch Your Wagon,' at the 48th Street Theater, and sharing a dressing room with Jimmy Backus. Jimmy told me that he was expecting a visitor after the night show, so I got dressed in a hurry. I'll never forget it, because my Dad was taking me out and I was togged out in white tie and tails, hot stuff. At that moment, in came the loveliest looking creature I'd ever seen, and



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Jimmy introduced her as Eve Abbott. Holy smokes, she was really a knockout. You just jumped to the conclusion that anybody as gorgeous as this one couldn't be quite bright in the head, but suddenly she said to me: 'You probably aren't aware of it, but you are really quite good. Why don't you take the stage seriously?'

"Well," remembered Keenan, "we got into the darndest coffee-klatch. For fifteen minutes we had a big discussion on the theater, and she was as smart as a whip. 'What about you and me carrying on this conversation in the immediate future?' I proposed, and she told me to call her. I did. I think I got more solid and skilful theater advice from Evie than from anyone else I'd ever met. She insisted on an improvement in my diction—I was passing through that phase when young actors want to talk very Long Islandish, slurring words and giving the 'a's' the Boston treatment. She was a perfectionist, loved the theater deeply and she communicated it to me. It had been latent—after all, I'm of the third generation of the theater—going back to my grandfather, Frank Keenan, but Evie set it on fire. It was a cinch that we'd get married—and we did."

fire meets fire . . .

Well, then, with this background of mutual interest and co-operation, at what point did the two start tugging apart?

"Probably, it was happening imperceptibly," said Keenan Wynn, "but I first became aware of what was happening when I was in the hospital. I had a lot of time to think. By the time I came out of the hospital, I'd decided that from then on, I'd do the things I wanted to do. There was the rub—Evie's accustomed to authority, accustomed to making decisions, and when you have two in the same family, there's bound to be a clash of wills and temperaments. And that, I guess, is what happened."

What is this burning ambition on the part of Keenan Wynn that is spurring him on?

"It's twofold," he grinned. "I'd like to become a movie director, with a clause in my contract that would permit me to go back to Broadway once a year and act. That's the reason I love my M-G-M setup. It's the one studio where, if you're steamed up about the business, they'll let you direct a screen test. At night, you'll find me in one of the projection rooms running old Metro pictures, learning the technique that made great directors click. That's my whole life; I'm daffy about any phase of acting."

How has his famous Pop, Ed Wynn, reacted to Keenan's movie success?

"I think he's relieved," smiled the third generation. "You see, years ago, when I started on the stage, naturally I was lucky to get one-line parts. At night, when I'd come home, Dad would adjust his eyeglasses, and say kindly to me: 'Well, Keenan, shall I cue you?' I always dreaded it, because the same thing always happened. He'd take the one page of script and he'd say: 'Another one-line part?' Then he'd look at me accusingly. 'Frank Craven's son has quite a big part in this play, Son.' By this time, my stomach would be doing nip-ups, and then he'd ask me to read my broken-down line. I'd read it, and Dad would say: 'Is THAT the way you'll do it on the stage, before an audience?' I'd say 'Yes.' He'd shake his head: 'When you make your entrance, attract some attention, Son. Perhaps you could fill your mouth with beans. Then, as you come through the doorway, pull a fake collision with the doorjamb and blow the beans out of your mouth. That is always good for quite a big laugh, and the audience will remember you.'

"I can't do that, Dad," I'd protest. "The director wouldn't like it, and besides my line is quite sad. I have to say: 'Madam,

your husband has just died in an auto crash.' Dad would look at me, sadly, and he'd say: 'Son, you just don't belong on the stage. Isn't your name listed in the program? It says Keenan Wynn, son of Ed Wynn. Well, believe me, audiences expect you to make them laugh.' I'd try to argue with him, try to explain that his instinct for comedy was one thing, my effort to develop technique was another thing. 'But young Owen Davis isn't reading one-line speeches, he'd say. 'And mind you, he's not the son of a performer; his father is only a playwright.'"

Keenan Wynn chuckled at the recollection: "Probably you couldn't blame Dad. I was in more flops! One night, so help me, the show folded after the second act. It was the third night, and nobody was in the audience, so after two acts, the producer told us we could go home."

Then, I asked, it wasn't a bed of roses to be the son of a famous father?

a rose by any name . . .

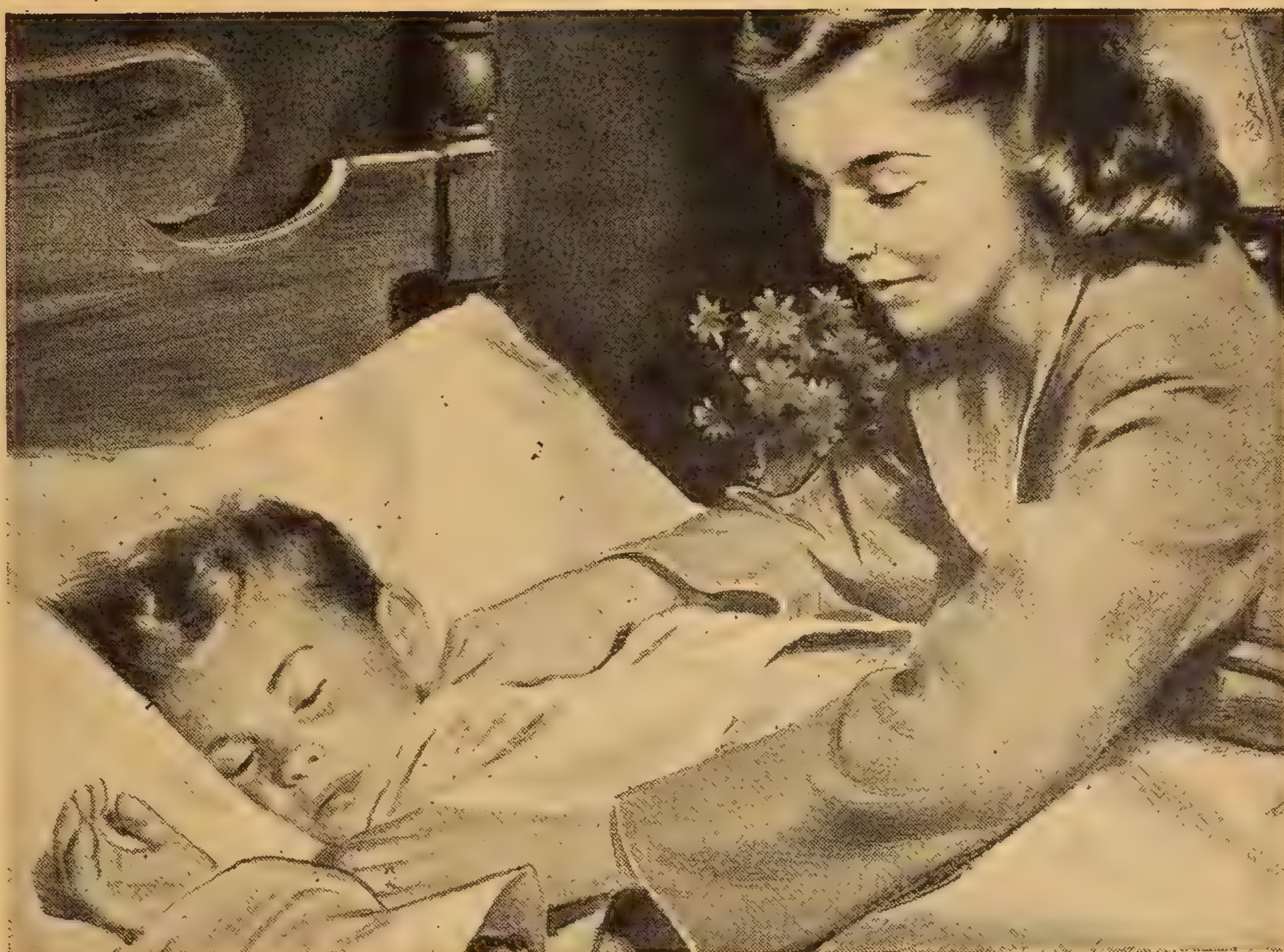
"I should say not," he said. "Right off the bat, your name puts you behind the 8-ball. Inevitably, they compare you to your father. If you're any good, they are shocked. If you stink, they let you know that famous fathers always have jerk offspring. And if you finally get work, they say: 'But why are you taking the bread out of the mouths of actors who need it?' A stage 'name' is wonderful, but only for the one who created it. It's a real handicap to the children. I think, probably, that it was the realization of this, as a kid, that turned me to flying and speedboating. I think, subconsciously, I wanted to excel at something that my father hadn't beaten me to—I wanted to be an individual, in my own right. Actually, I must have been quite an impossible young jerk, but I took the cure one day, in an airplane hangar. As I came into the hangar, one of the mechanics called up to a flier: 'Hey, Charlie, this is Ed Wynn's kid.' I waited smugly for the flier to express adequate astonishment, but he floored me: 'Yeah, what does that make me, an Elk?' From that point on, I was aware that probably there were a lot of people equally unimpressed. It was a good thing to learn—that guy and I became fast friends."

Was Keenan Wynn satisfied with his career, to date? "I'm making progress," he said, "but I figure it's going to take 10 years more. By the time I'm 40, I ought to reach the position that I'm aiming for. What I'm working for is change of pace. The three 'drunks' I've done in the movies have been different types of drunks, and that's what gives me a kick, to know that I'm doing things in different ways. For the same reason, that's why I got such a tremendous rap out of Anne Baxter's performance in 'The Razor's Edge.' She is a wonderful little actress. In that hospital scene, she actually cried three times, and each time, she expressed a different meaning. Those are the things which indicate a performer's capacity, and understanding."

Was every youngster in Hollywood as intent on his goal, and as conscientious in improving himself as Keenan Wynn?

"Sure," he assured me. "Van Johnson, for one. Out of 30 years, I'd say that Van has devoted 22 years to making a success. When other kids spent their money for candy, Van spent his for dancing lessons, and things like that. He worked through the mountain borscht circuit, he played bits in vaudeville and in night clubs, danced in roadway choruses—all he thinks of is how to improve himself. Gene Kelly is another with tremendous ambition and will-power. I don't know what Gene wants to be eventually, but whatever it is, he'll achieve it. There's no stopping that sort of determination. As a matter of fact," smiled Keenan, "I feel that way myself."

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

sweet and hot



BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ You may all stand up now and take off your hats, because this is Salute to Louis Armstrong Month. Louis is celebrating his 30th anniversary as a musician, and he's just made "New Orleans," the picture in which he has his biggest part to date (it'll have its world premiere in New Orleans, Mardi Gras week) and he's giving his first Carnegie Hall concert in February, and later this year he's going to Europe.

After all these years, he's still one of the greatest musicians and one of the greatest people I've ever known. His records got me started as a jazz fan in high school and I still get a thrill out of every new disc he makes.

As for the best records of the month, how about King Cole's sentimental "That's the Beginning of the End" for your popular choice and Stan Kenton's sensational album for your hot jazz. Both, coincidentally, on Capitol records.

BEST POPULAR

CARNIVAL IN RIO—Desi Arnaz (Victor)—Lucille Ball sings on this, but that information is in very small type on the label. Which just goes to show (as my lawyer always told me) that it pays to read small type. The way it all happened was that Lucille was in the studio when her husband, Desi Arnaz, was making the record. He was singing in Spanish, but there was a little interlude, an extra vocal passage, that called for some fast double talk, and in stepped Lucille. If you listen very carefully, you'll hear her singing eight bars in a voice that sounds like Donald Duck. If you listen even more carefully, you'll hear that she's singing "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers." So it isn't edifying; it's fun. GUILTY—Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury), Artie Shaw (Musicraft)—The Margaret Whiting version of "Guilty" is probably done with a lot of special feeling. "Guilty" was composed by her late father, Dick Whiting, who wrote "My Ideal" and "Poor Butterfly."

The Artie Shaw rendition has Mel Torme and the Meltones singing the vocal. And speaking of Artie, did you know he was being referred to as Young Manville With a Horn? Incidentally, it's a dirty lie that Kathleen Winsor is Artie's fifth wife. She's not; she's his sixth. Lana Turner was his third. Betty Kern (Jerome Kern's daughter) was his fourth. And Ava Gardner was his fifth. All I know about the first two is that one of them was a nurse. I've only met Artie with his fourth and fifth wives, and he seemed very happy both (Continued on next page)



A rose between two horns is singer Billie Holiday, making music with "Satchmo" Armstrong and Barney Bigard on the set of "New Orleans." Picture's a jazz saga.

times. I hope this one lasts.

WILDER, ALEC—Frank Sinatra Conducts (Columbia Album)—This is all music written and arranged by Alec Wilder, who has done tunes and arrangements for Benny Goodman, Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. (His best-known popular song was "I'll Be Around.") Frankie got interested in Wilder when he heard some transcriptions of a couple of the pieces that are in this album. He was playing the Paramount at the time, and he met Wilder after that, and the album was the result. Frank really conducted—it's no publicity gag—and even though he'd never led an orchestra before, he proved himself a good enough musician to turn in some constructive work. Except for swing passages in the last two of the six 12-inch sides, it's all classical, with the Columbia String Orchestra and woodwinds. The Frankie angles are played up, with a big picture
(Continued on page 114)

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CARNIVAL IN RIO—Desi Arnaz (Victor)
GUILTY—Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury), Artie Shaw (Musicraft)
HE'S JUST MY KIND—Peggy Lee (Capitol)
SEPTEMBER SONG—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Dardanelle Trio (Victor), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo)
SONATA—Perry Como (Victor), Larry Green (Victor)
THAT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE END—King Cole (Capitol), Perry Como (Victor)
THERE IS NO BREEZE—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Alvino Rey (Capitol)
WHEN YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME—Bing Crosby (Decca), Bob Chester (Sonora)
WILDER, ALEC—Frank Sinatra Conducts (Columbia Album)
YEARS AND YEARS AGO—Les Brown (Columbia), Phil Brito (Musicraft)

BEST HOT JAZZ

ALBERT AMMONS—Swanee River Boogie (Mercury)
DIZZY GILLESPIE-COLEMAN HAWKINS—52nd St. Jazz Album (Victor)
EDMOND HALL—Ellis Island (Continental)
LIONEL HAMPTON—Tempo's Birthday (Decca)
J. C. HEARD—Bouncing for Barney (Continental)
WOODY HERMAN—Ebony Concerto (Columbia Masterwork)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—You Made Me Love You (Decca)
BILLIE HOLIDAY—Good Morning, Heartache (Decca)
STAN KENTON—Artistry in Rhythm Album (Capitol)
OSCAR PETTIFORD—Somethin' For You (Manor)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA—Mi Vida; Another Night Like This: Dick Haymes (Decca)
DEAD RECKONING—Either It's Love Or It Isn't: Frankie Carle (Columbia), Larry Green (Victor), Lily Ann Carol (National)
IF I'M LUCKY—One More Kiss: Harry James (Columbia)
KERN, JEROME—Album of Songs: Bing Crosby (Decca)
LYNN, DIANA—Piano Album (Capitol)
MARGIE—Title Song: Eddie Cantor (Decca)
Ray Anthony (Sonora), Tony Pastor (Cosmo)
SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—For You, For Me, For Evermore: Benny Goodman (Columbia); Aren't You Kind Of Glad We Did?: Gene Krupa (Columbia)
SMASH-UP—Life Can Be Beautiful: Harry James (Columbia)
THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—A Gal In Calico: Bing Crosby (Decca), Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury), Louis Prima (Majestic); Oh But I Do: Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia), Skinnay Ennis (Signature), Frances Langford (Mercury), Gordon Mac Rae (Musicraft); Through a Thousand Dreams: Dinah Shore (Columbia)

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Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: Zip-A-Dee Doo-Dah; Sooner or Later. Both from "Song of the South." With vocals. RCA Victor 20-1976, 60¢.

Perry Como: That's the Beginning of the End; Sonata. 20-2033, 60¢.

Tex Beneke with the Miller Orchestra: Uncle Remus Said (from Walt Disney's "Song of the South"); Anybody's Love Song. Both with vocals. RCA Victor 20-2017; 60¢.

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Photograph courtesy Margarine Mfrs. Assn.



Chinese Pepper Steak is a six-lane highway to any man's heart! It's really yummy and there's nothing to cooking it. Use less expensive cuts of beef, but do simmer it gently until tender.

Photograph courtesy Ore.-Wash.-Calif. Pear Bureau



Beauty and the feast—some lovely, red-cheeked ripe pears and an assortment of fine cheeses make a very tempting dessert. It's so easy to serve you'll have plenty of time for primping!

**"Feed the brute!" is ancient but
still sound advice to a gal who is trying to
impress her very favorite man! • By NANCY WOOD**

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART



Mr. Williams of RKO is not above hooking home-fries right out of the pan! Mrs. Williams, also of RKO, permits it because he's her Valentine!

■ It's getting near St. Valentine's Day so we ought to say something about *Love*. Newlyweds Bill and Barbara (Hale) Williams have the leading roles in our little one-reeler entitled "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth." The plot is this: Barbara, as decorative as she is useful in the kitchen, is a really wonderful little cook. She adores trying new recipes and takes special delight in a perfectly flavored sauce. What perfectly flavored sauce doesn't call for at least a sniff of one of the onion family? Meanwhile, she discovers that her otherwise happily omnivorous Bill is allergic to onions! But love is stronger than onions, so Barbara now omits that tear-jerking bulb and our plot ends happily.

That just shows you—you've got to cater to men! Here are some recipes for the kind of dish they particularly like:

VEAL PAPRIKA

2 lbs. veal, cubed (breast of veal most frequently used)	1 fresh tomato or 1 tsp. tomato powder
Garlic salt	1 tablespoon cornstarch
Pepper	1 tablespoon paprika
1 large onion, finely minced	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
3 tablespoons fortified margarine or butter	$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups meat stock*
	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry red wine
	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream

Rub cubes of veal with garlic salt and sprinkle with pepper. Saute veal cubes and minced onion in margarine in heavy pot or frying pan over low heat until a delicate brown. Add finely chopped tomato or powdered tomato flakes. Mix cornstarch and paprika; add cold water slowly and mix smooth. Add stock to starch mixture and stir. Add this liquid to meat with the sherry or dry wine. Turn heat low, cover tightly and cook 1 hour, or until very tender. Just before serving, add sour cream and stir over low heat until cream is bubbly and nearly melted. Serve at once with riced potatoes. Serves 6.

* Or use hot water and 2 bouillon cubes.

CHICKEN MUSHROOM SALAD

- 2 6-ounce cans broiled-in-butter mushrooms
- ¼ cup French dressing
- 1 8-ounce package elbow macaroni
- 2 cups diced, cooked chicken
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup chopped chives or 1 tablespoon finely minced onion
- ¼ cup chopped green olives
- 1 teaspoon salt

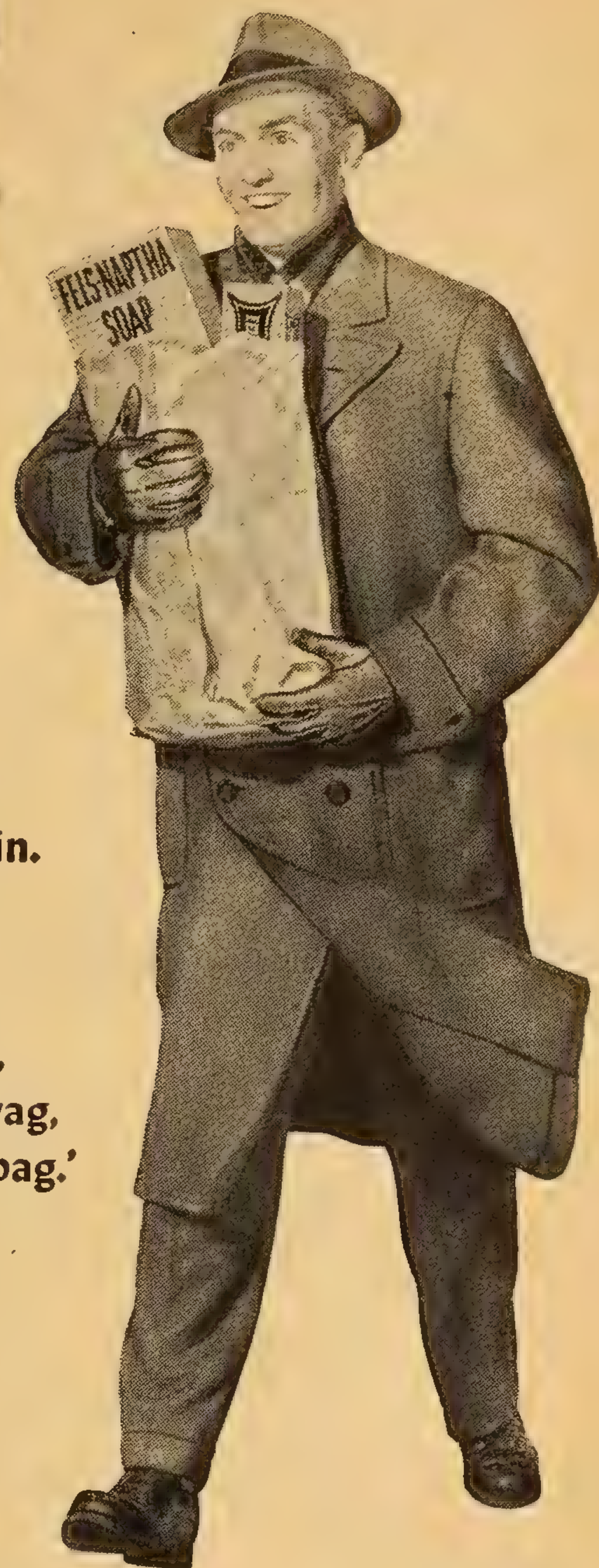
Drain and quarter mushrooms and place in a bowl. Sprinkle with French dressing. Meanwhile cook elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, rinse with cold water and drain thoroughly. Place in bowl with mushrooms and toss lightly. Allow to chill in refrigerator. Add chicken. Blend together mayonnaise, chives, olives and salt. Combine with salad. Garnish with water cress. Serves 8.

CHINESE PEPPER STEAK

- 1 lb. chuck or round steak
- Flour, salt, pepper
- 2 green peppers
- 2 large onions
- 4 stalks celery, optional
- ¼ cup fortified margarine
- ½ teaspoon celery seed
- ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 1 cup boiling water

Cut beef (or other lean meat) in strips. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Cut peppers, onions and celery (if used) into strips. Melt margarine in heavy frying pan and brown meat. Take meat from pan and keep hot while vegetables are sauteed in same pan over low heat for 8 to 10 minutes. (Add a little more margarine if needed.) Return meat to pan. Make a mixture of spices, sugar, salt, lemon juice and boiling water and pour over all. Cover and simmer until meat is tender and well cooked. Serve with mashed potatoes or rice. Serves 4 to 6.

The Good Provider



Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

★ ★ ★

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's back from hunting,
He landed 'baby' modern swag,
He has Fels-Naptha 'in the bag.'

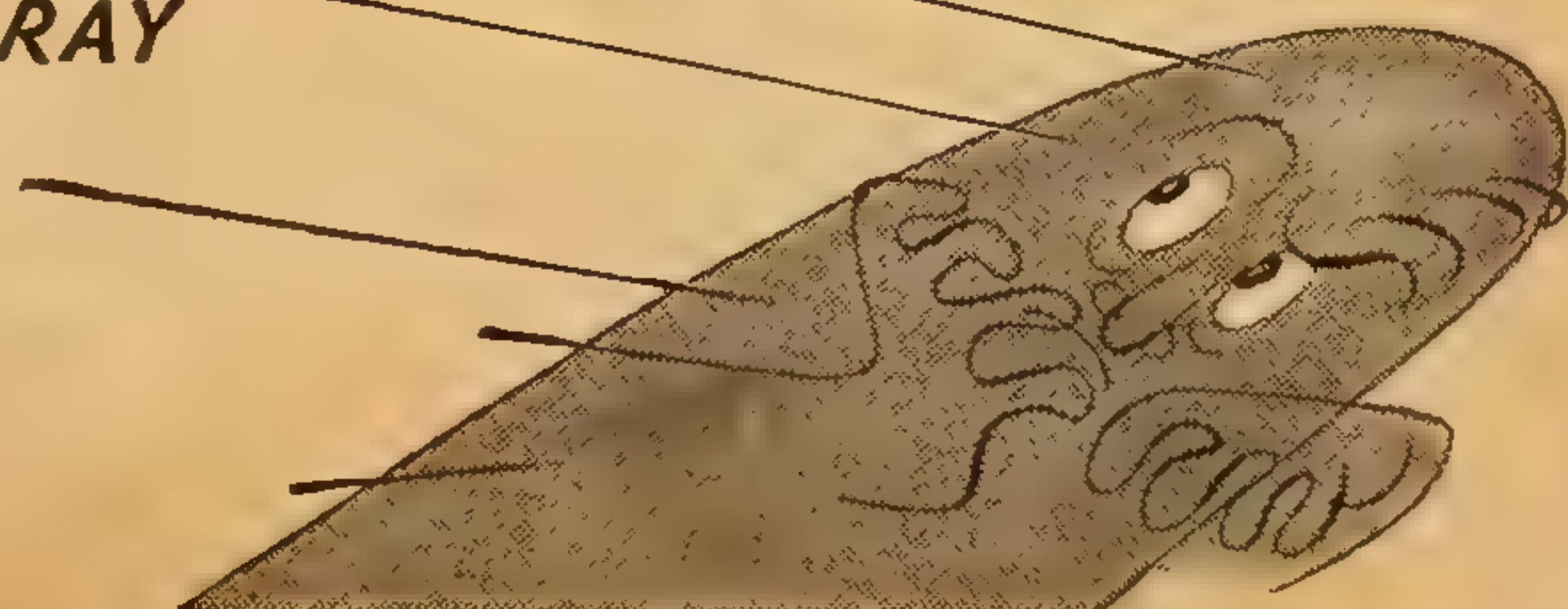
Even if a man can't
manage mink these days,
he might do a fair job
just keeping 'the little
woman' in Fels-Naptha.
To a housekeeper
faced with a big wash
this grand laundry soap is almost priceless.

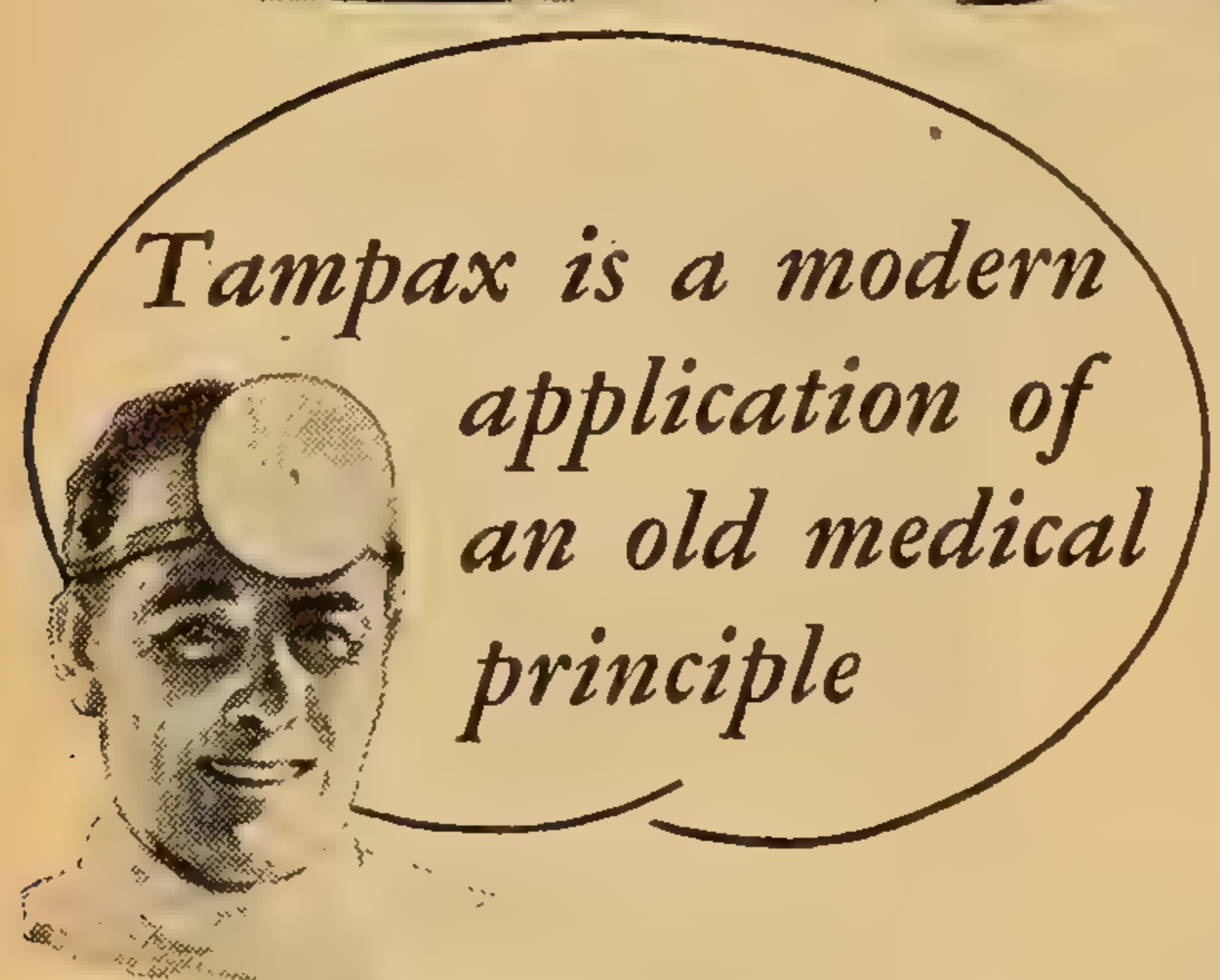
There's magic in the simple word *naptha*—when
it's blended with good mild soap, the Fels way.
Magic that makes dirt do a disappearing act—
that makes your washing machine
a 'quick change' performer.

When buying laundry soap means hunting instead of
shopping—Fels-Naptha is the prize 'catch.'

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"





Not a novelty, nothing tricky, Tampax is a simple and natural method for obtaining sanitary protection each month without resorting to the usual belt-and-pin arrangement supporting bulky outside pads. . . . It is just the well-known principle of *internal absorption* put to new use for the convenience of normal women at those "trying times" of the month.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton throughout. It is so daintily inserted with patented one-use applicator, that your fingers need not touch the Tampax. . . . When it's properly in place you cannot *feel* its presence and other people cannot *detect* its presence, because Tampax causes no bulges, no wrinkles, no ridges to "show through."

Tampax is quick to change and easily disposable. It *cannot* cause odor or chafing. . . . Buy Tampax at your drug or notion counter and enjoy peace of mind while using it. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply will slip easily into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 111)
of him on the album's front cover.

BEST HOT JAZZ

DIZZY GILLESPIE-COLEMAN HAWKINS—52nd St. Jazz Album (Victor)—Here are four sides with an octette led by Coleman Hawkins. Charlie Shavers is on trumpet, Mary Osborne on guitar, and Pete Brown on alto sax. The other four sides have an all-star group led by Dizzy Gillespie, with Don Byas on tenor sax.

EDMOND HALL—Ellis Island (Continental); LIONEL HAMPTON—Tempo's Birthday (Decca); J. C. HEARD—Bouncing For Barney (Continental)—These three numbers are grouped together for sentimental reasons. "Ellis Island" was named for Ellis Larkins, who wrote it, and who played on it. "Tempo's Birthday"

was named for Lionel Hampton's dog. And "Bouncing For Barney" was named for Barney Josephson of Cafe Society Downtown.

WOODY HERMAN—Ebony Concerto (Columbia Masterwork)—There's been a lot of talk about this three-movement concerto. It's on two sides of a twelve-inch record, and it was written especially for Woody's band. It's very unusual music.

STAN KENTON—Artistry in Rhythm Album (Capitol)—Here's the Artistry man, and in this album you get "Artistry in Bolero," "Artistry in Percussion," and "Artistry in Bass." One of the highlights is June Christy on "Willow, Weep For Me," but the whole album is sensational. Stan shares the credit for this album with Pete Rugolo, who wrote five out of the eight arrangements. Rugolo came out of the army last year, and he's an extremely talented, but shy young man.

UNSENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 43)

by a single soul. Even at home in Hollywood, where he has ambled the eight miles from his home in Holmby Hills to Paramount Studios, natives do not place him until their cars have passed him five hundred yards. Someone says, "Wasn't that Bing Crosby we just passed?"

"Couldn't have been," comes the flat reply.

This is a common occurrence, even though Bing carries with him a distinctive trademark, a golf club, which he swings rhythmically as he walks. He is, of course, mobbed by fans at any planned occasions, such as broadcasts or recordings. But unlike Sinatra, who is a man of habitual routine and therefore easily located by fans, Bing consistently refuses to observe any set schedule for his daily life.

he's just bing . . .

A restless man, his friends find him difficult to describe.

"He's—well, he's just Bing. That's all," said one man. "There isn't any one else like him."

"He changes roles every day," says Johnny Burke, the lyricist. "On Monday he might be all wrapped up in a golf game, and talks of nothing else. On Tuesday, he'll be making a recording for his broadcast and as far as he's concerned, that's the only thing going on in the world. The next day he devotes to plans for his ranch, and after that, his horses."

He is endowed with a phenomenal memory which never fails to amaze his co-workers. Having read a script once or twice for approval, he ignores it from that time on until the picture starts shooting. Each morning he reads his lines for the day, and without further reference to the script, proceeds to emote for nine hours.

Considering that he is snowed under by activities and has a multitude of irons in the fire, plus the fact that he is seldom alone, people wonder where he finds time to think. It is obvious that he *does* think, as he is an astute conversationalist on a variety of subjects. His mind works rapidly and Bing refuses to clog it with details. Where the average Hollywood business man spends hours in conference, Crosby makes his decisions simply. He may be teeing off at Lakeside Country Club and will look up at his companion.

"Would you like to do a picture?"

If the answer is yes or no, Bing merely nods and proceeds to swing. As far as he's concerned, that's the answer and all there is to it.

His conversation on a golf course, or anywhere else, is the same; a bland chatter filled with beautiful rhetoric and thoroughly seasoned with his own unique slang. When he has displaced a divot, he picks up the clump of turf, throws it to the caddy and says, "Here—file that!"

His singular command of the language has always been one of his fortes. Men who played in the old Paul Whiteman band can remember being stumped by his vocabulary, and Kate Crosby still has letters from her son written twenty years ago with the same easy flow of words.

His conversation is humorous and always marked by its casualness. A naturally amusing man, born with an Irish sense of humor, his ability to ad lib is in a class by itself. Such as the quip used on this season's air show when his voice lost the meter and slid past the orchestra. Without batting an eye, Bing said into the microphone, "Was anybody hurt?" and picked up nonchalantly where he had left off. He handles any situation with complete poise, such as the air show which occurred on his birthday last year. Bob Hope, who was not scheduled to appear on the program, walked on stage in the middle of the show, bearing a huge birthday cake flaming with 900 candles.

"You shouldn't have put my correct age on that thing, Robert," quipped Bing. "You'll burn the place down."

easy does it . . .

Seeing Crosby show signs of uneasiness is as unlikely as roses blooming at Christmas. Studio audiences at his radio programs remark time and again that everyone on the show seems nervous except Crosby. Some mistake his habit of tapping his foot in time to music as a sign of nervousness, probably because of the singular manner in which he does it. While most people tap their heel or toe up and down, Crosby does it from side to side, crab-wise, but this is merely an idiosyncrasy and not a matter of nerves. Al Rinker, one of the old Rhythm Boys, has seen Crosby nervous only once. That was just after Bing had left the trio and was contracted to star in an air show for the first time. He was so upset that he caught a cold and after giving proper notice to his sponsor, disappeared for three days. Johnny Mercer remembers that on one of the opening Kraft shows of a new season, he saw Bing's hands shake and has never forgotten it.

At the time the Crosby home in Toluca

Lake burned to the ground, Bing was lunching at the Brown Derby. Contacted by telephone, he rushed home and found Dixie and the boys, plus a roomful of friends, gathered in the neighboring home of Bill Goodwin. As Bing came into the room, somebody said, "Hi, Bing. What's new?" The humor of it struck Bing so forcibly that they had to pound him on the back to keep him from choking to death. His own first remark was typical.

"Did you save my tuxedo?" he said. Anyone who knows Bing knows that his tuxedo is the least treasured of any of his possessions. Clothes to him are merely something to keep him warm. Friends often figure that Crosby must actually work at some of his combinations. The truth is that he opens a closet door and grabs for the nearest thing. His wardrobe closet is hung with myriad sweaters of all colors and shapes, rare old slacks used for golf or evening, levis by the dozens and, strangely enough, dozens of well-tailored suits. For each movie that he makes, Bing is outfitted with a wardrobe, and these suits are taken home and hung in his closet, sometimes to be forgotten and never worn. He has occasionally appeared in a suit with matching coat and trousers, which is every bit as unintentional as his unique sports outfits. Less frequently, he is obsessed with a suit and wears it constantly with no thought of changing for days at a time. Some of his more outlandish costumes are the result of the fact that Bing is partially color blind.

old-rimer . . .

Crosby never wears a watch because timepieces annoy him, but is unfailingly and miraculously prompt for appointments. A sixth sense of perfect timing guides him through his daily routine, and companions are constantly bewildered when he will say, "Guess we're going to be a little late," and steps on the accelerator. He always arrives on the dot, and has little patience with others who are tardy. If he has an appointment with someone for five o'clock, he arrives when the minute hand is straight up. If the associate has not arrived in ten minutes, Bing leaves. He is not angry, and never refers to the occasion, but figures that if someone is that late, they don't intend to arrive at all. He possibly also feels that his time is too costly to spend in idleness.

Despite his crowded calendar, Crosby seems to find time for everything and everyone important to him. He never visits Spokane without stopping off at his alma mater, Gonzaga University, and talking with the students. A fluent correspondent, Crosby writes scores of people, and always in longhand. He writes even business letters in longhand, then gives them to his secretary to be typed. He takes time out, and always has, to help anyone whom he considers talented along the way to success, including writers, actors, arrangers, singers—anyone in show business who is floundering for want of a helping hand. Performers enjoy working with him because his poise is infectious and they know that if they fluff, Crosby will instinctively cover up for them with one of his best ad libs.

He finds time for his home and his sons, and is one of Hollywood's best hosts. The food is always the finest to be had, and the atmosphere is totally informal. Bing often sings for guests in his home, but never as a soloist. He is particularly fond of harmony and more often than not will get together a group to sing some of the old fashioned songs, always taking the bass part himself.

His sons are an integral part of his life. All of them chips off the old block, they have their own repertoire of songs and jokes. Bing has no particular plans



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REALLY SURE
OF YOUR
PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT
AGAINST **FRESH**

SEE FOR YOURSELF
WHY MORE AND
MORE WOMEN ARE
SWITCHING TO
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CREAM DEODORANT
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MOST EFFECTIVE
AND SO **SAFE**

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Lovely to Know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

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And Safe . . . because *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it truly safe for skin and fabrics. No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.

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Production.



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Get a 10c or
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now from
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drug store.



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- 2-Does not leave a mask-like appearance... just sheer, transparent loveliness!
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for the boys to grow up into show business, but prefers to have them choose their own vocations and has no intention of interfering. He worries about them much the same way as any other father, separates them occasionally because he thinks it's good for them, sending one or two up to the ranch, and puts Gary on a diet when the boy shows signs of plumpness. He dislikes publicity in connection with the boys, and has a particular horror of their becoming too smart for their britches. When any one of them gets out of line, Bing handles the situation briefly by saying, "Get back in your trunk, junior."

As the boys grew older, Bing saw to it that each of them studied a musical instrument, and they now play the trumpet, the piano and the trombone. On Christmas Eves, Bing and the kids make a tour of the neighborhood, singing carols and tooting their trumpets. After each rendition, the kids hold out a hat for contributions, and at the end of the evening, Bing painstakingly counts the money, divides it into five parts, winks at the kids, and pockets his own share.

A man of great earning power, Crosby seemingly pays little attention to money. Actually, he is a shrewd business man and makes all major decisions himself.

tough—like butter...

An incurable giver of gifts, which he sprays liberally among his circle of friends, Bing is sometimes hard put to hide the sentiment he has put into his purchases. He usually covers up by presenting a gift package and saying to the recipient in an offhand manner, "Here. For you. Something a fan sent me and I thought you could use it."

His dislike of obvious sentiment is shown in the songs he sings, particularly the ones written especially for him. He refuses to sing any tune whose lyrics are maudlin, and has managed quite well through the years with this policy, inasmuch as he is beyond doubt the most versatile singer of songs in America today. John Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who write songs for Bing's Paramount pictures, find him extremely easy to write for due to this versatility. A born minstrel, Bing likes to sing. He starts the minute he awakens in the morning and continues throughout the day, sometimes humming, sometimes blasting with the full power that few people realize is in his voice. He rambles from a popular tune of the day to an obscure Irish folk song, and has at times been seen riding a bicycle through the Paramount lot, unconcernedly singing a tune.

His modesty is starkly unbelievable and yet is evident in everything he does. He pays no attention to publicity, and has never had a scrapbook of clippings in his home. He never plays his own records and when listening to playbacks of his voice at the studio will cover his face with one hand and mutter unprintable criticisms. According to his older friends, Bing never expected to be a success, and today is torn between not believing the accomplished fact and trying to ignore the obvious adoration lavished on him by the public. Jim Van Heusen says that Bing was sincerely surprised at winning the Oscar last year. He kept repeating, "It's Barry's picture, it's Barry's picture," and when presented with the statue, told the radio audience, "It's a great America when a guy like me can win an Academy Award. Fact is, there's hope for everybody."

Manhattan's Stork Club has a rule that no guest may smoke a pipe, yet when Crosby appeared there, took his pipe from his breast pocket and lighted it, not a word was said. Unaware of the rule, and the last man to ask for special privileges, Bing would have been quick to cooperate, but the management hesitated to approach him

with a reprimand. This type of deference amazes Bing, yet his poise and complete self-confidence render most people incapable of criticizing him. His disbelief in his own success and the casualness with which he accepts it make him the master showman that he is. The question of his eventual retirement goes unanswered, by both the industry and Bing himself. No one knows if he wants to retire, but the odds are against it. He is too restless a man to be without his present interests and he is a going concern whose momentum has become too great for him to control.

His fans are greatly responsible for the force behind his activities. Crosby is a rarity in show business, in that both men and women all over the world admire his personality and his talent. The affection which they lavish on him is often embarrassing to Bing. Take the young flier who, in the early days of the war, met Bing on a movie set.

"I joined up for you, Mr. Crosby," said the boy. "I'm going to shoot down enemy planes—and every one will be for you, because you represent America to me."

Bing turned five colors.

Years later, the boy came back and managed to see Bing again. He had shot down eighteen enemy planes and was hung with ribbons and medals.

"You see, Mr. Crosby," he said. "I told you I'd do it."

Although not usually so vehement, the admiration of Crosby continues by all who know him, either personally or professionally. Johnny Burke sums it up by saying, "If anybody said he didn't like Crosby, he'd be a faker, looking for attention. And if anybody really disliked Bing, he'd be afraid to say so because he'd probably get a punch in the nose. At least he would if I heard him."

Support the 1947 Red Cross Fund

THE JOB AHEAD...

SERVING

*in peace as in war,
in the quiet of the hospital,
in the fury of the hurricane,
the veteran at home,
the troops overseas.*

GIVING

*necessities such as clothing,
shelter, food, and medicine
in time of disaster.*

TEACHING

*Home Nursing, Nutrition,
Accident Prevention,
First Aid, Life-Saving.*

LEADING

*millions of women in
volunteer services in their
community... millions of
young people in the Junior
Red Cross crusade.*

HELPING

*sister Red Cross Societies,
so that kindness, mercy, and
mutual aid may bind together
the people of this planet.*

DEPENDS ON YOU!

USE YOUR HEAD

(Continued from page 62).

hairdo of your dreams with just a little of the right kind of attention.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT'S SO THIN

Have permanents more often, either the store-bought type or the kind you give yourself. Curl gives a bulky look to hair and so just naturally makes it seem thicker. For the thick look, keep your hair cut in uneven lengths or, if you prefer it long and in an "updo," back-comb your curls to make them look fat and heavy.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT'S SO THICK

Have your hair thinned regularly by a hairdresser who can do it so ends don't poke through the longer hair. Don't wear fluffy hairstyles which make your head appear too large, but rather go in for close-to-the-head, straight hairdos like the barretted pageboy or the smooth short bob.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT WON'T CURL

Try rolling your hair on ribbons or strips of cloth torn to even lengths. Divide your hair into about eight sections around your head, dampen each section slightly, then starting at the tip ends of the hair, roll each section over the cloth or ribbon till the curl reaches the scalp. Tie the cloth ends together to hold the curl firm until it is dry. If you want very tight curls, leave your hair rolled up over night, but 30 minutes setting time will produce a soft curl which is what most gals want.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE IT JUST WON'T GROW

Chances are that your hair is split on the ends and breaks off, keeping your hair at a constant length. Avoid having too many permanents and always have the old permanent cut off before you subject your hair to more curl. Brush your hair regularly and use brilliantine or a hair cream on the ends to counteract dryness. Avoid using combs with broken teeth, or sharp hairpins or curlers. If your hair is split so badly that ends look discolored, better have them cut, then embark on a be-kind-to-your-hair campaign.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE YOU JUST WASHED IT

Try using a liquid shampoo with hair conditioning action for greater manageability. If your hair is unusually dry, rub brilliantine or a hair cream into it right after the shampoo.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT BECAUSE YOUR HAIR IS SO CURLY

Curly hair has a will of its own, so set it in the direction it wants to go. Use a very heavy wave lotion for the setting and don't comb your hair until it is thoroughly dry. Wrap your head in a heavy towel when you bathe. This will keep the steam from undoing your precious set.

YOU CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOUR HAIR BECAUSE YOU CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND HOW TO WEAR IT

Watch for the new short hairdos, very youthful and flattering. Started last spring with the revival of the 1920 bob, the trend for short hair seems more popular than ever. The 1947 version is slightly curled, with the front hair cut to the tip of the ear, while the back hair dips to almost shoulder length.

* * *

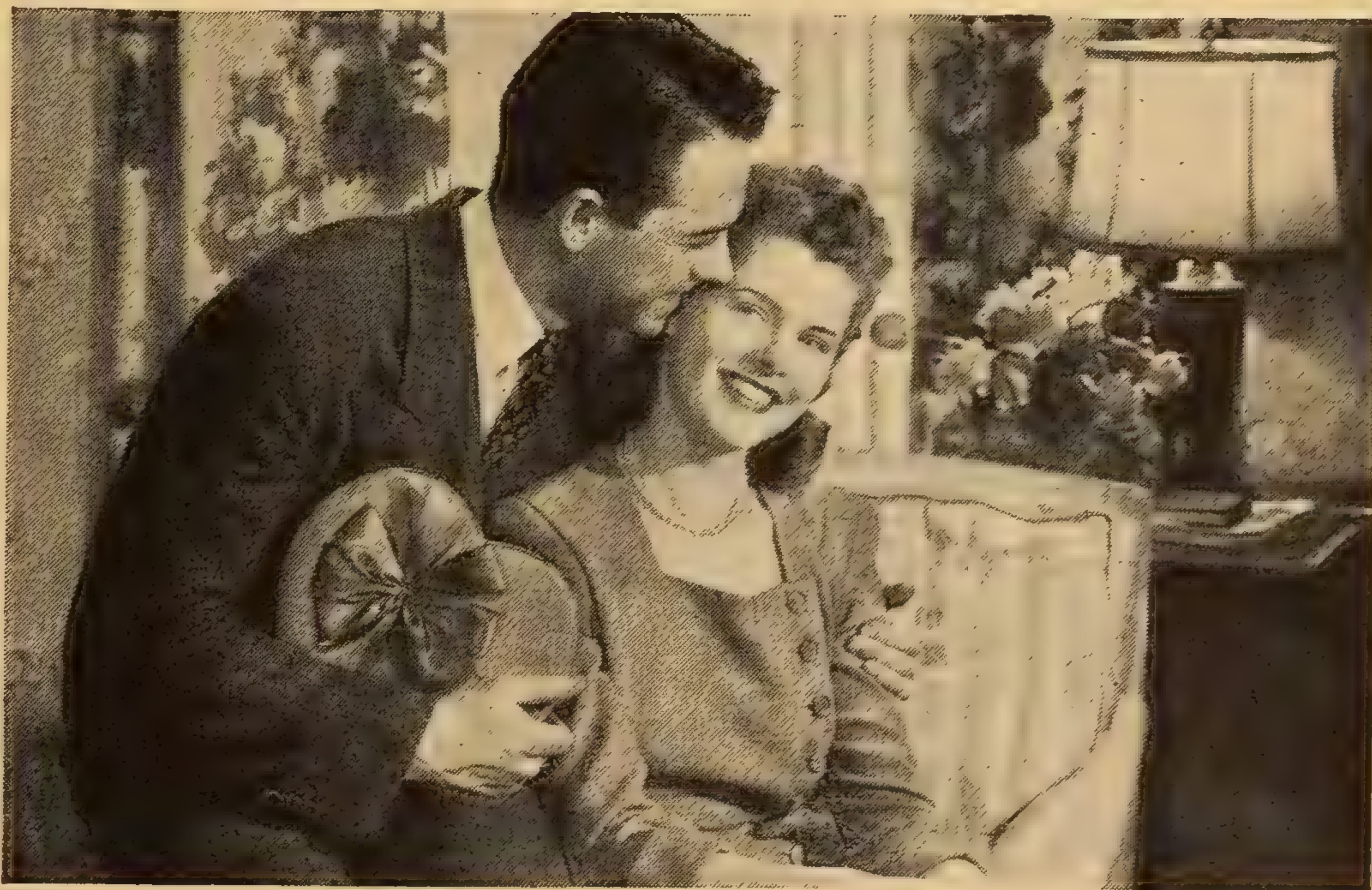
You have another problem? Drop me a note telling me all about it and as your Beauty Editor, I'll be happy to help you overcome that bulging waistline or that spotty complexion. My address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



"Divided hearts at our house..."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness*. I didn't realize that I was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene . . . or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the

careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect . . . advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right*! I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and

can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 4: CLEAN ODOR—"Lysol's" clean, antiseptic odor disappears quickly after use. Being an effective deodorant, "Lysol" helps to solve an

important problem of personal daintiness.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

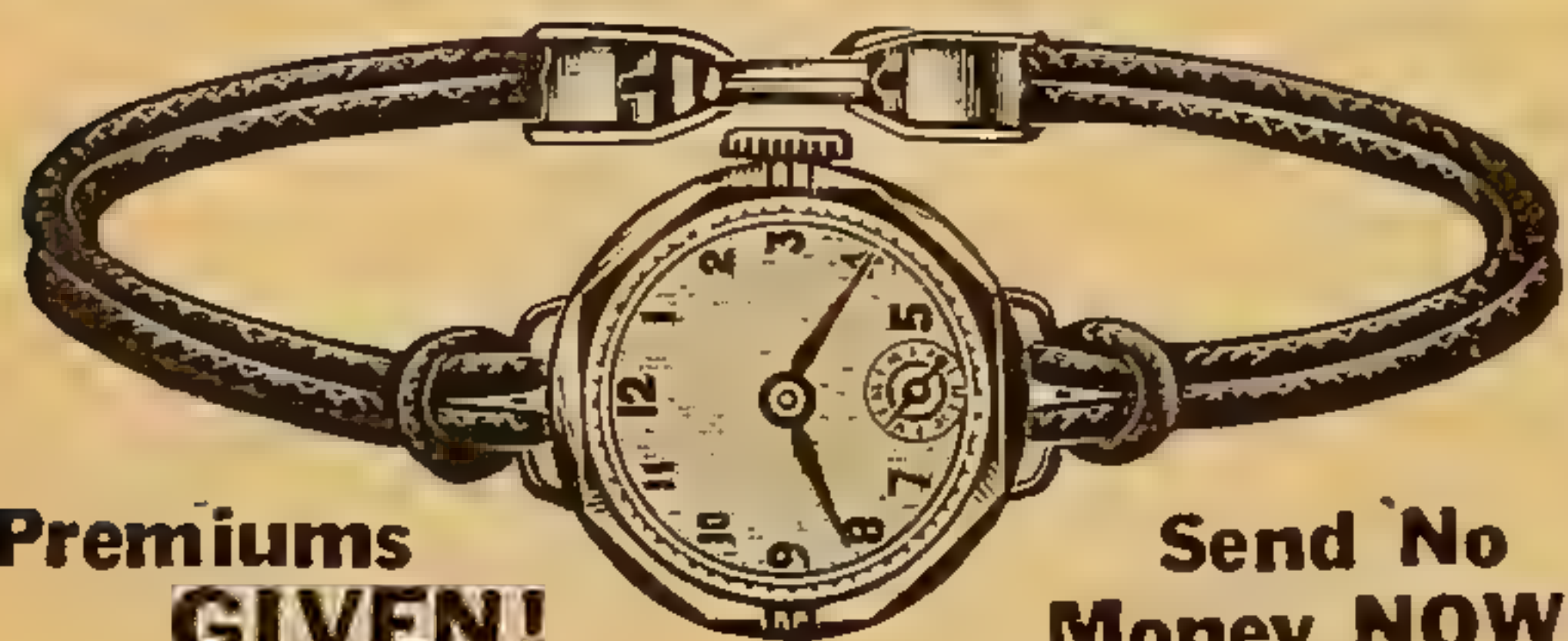


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WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET



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GIVEN!

Send No
Money NOW!

Send name and address—Ladies! Girls! Boys! Dainty wrist watches, pocket watches, alarm clocks, flashlights, oven-ware sets, blankets—other premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** colorful art pictures with White CLOVERLINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, sold to friends at 25 cents a box (with popular picture) and remit amounts stated for premium wanted as explained in catalog sent with order postage paid by us. Our 52nd year. Write for trial order of SALVE and Pictures on trust to start. WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dept. 10-57, Tyrone, Pa.

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THE FANS

(Continued from page 82)

whose own Rodeo packed the Stadium there, played host to 350 club delegates at a reception at the Ambassador East Hotel. Dale Evans and the Sons of the Pioneers helped Roy entertain the delighted guests.

msfca diary . . .

Jeanette MacDonald's appearance on the Family Hour brought Marie Waddy and Martha Farrington to town and we club-talked over luncheon at the St. Moritz . . . Anne Boeger, prexy of the Wilbur Evans Club, dropped in to tell us about the theater party which Theatre Consolidated is planning in conjunction with several clubs for legit stars . . . Ed Dukoff, Danny Kaye's manager, called to say that Danny and Sylvia are now so far behind on the mail, they hope you Kaye clubbers will understand and be patient . . . Roddy McDowall, in town for a p.a., phoned to put the official stamp of approval on a new club in his honor . . . the Evelyn MacGregor Club's birthday party for Evelyn at the Barbizon was another gay and charming success for that club.

the msfca trophy contest . . .

The coveted MSFCA Trophy Cups are awarded every six months to the three fan clubs which MODERN SCREEN's editors judge the most active and outstanding among the 503 MSFCA clubs. (And the competition is really tough!) The clubs are rated on the basis of points scored in a series of monthly contests.

All MSFCA clubs are fairly divided into three leagues. League One includes those clubs having 600 or more members; League Two covers those with a membership of from 200 to 599, and League Three is for the under-200 classification. One cup winner is selected from each league.

getting to the points . . .

Here's how to score in the Trophy Cup race: 1. "This Is My Best" Contest. Six articles and/or poems selected from your journals each month, each 100 points. 2. Six Candid Camera Contest winners each month; first prize, 100 points; five others, 50 points. 3. Best journal of the month (one in each league), each 500 points. 4. Best editor of the month (one in each league), each 250 points. 5. Best original piece of art work (one each month), 150 points. 6. Best cover of the month (one in each league), each 250 points. 7. Most worthwhile club activity of the month (one in each league), each 250 points. 8. Greatest percentage increase in club membership each month (one in each league), each 100 points. 9. Best MS correspondent of the month (one in each league), each 50 points. 10. For each regularly scheduled edition of a club journal, 100 points. Next month we'll announce the winners of the fourth consecutive Trophy contest for the Winter, 1947.

and prizes, too! . . .

Now just take a gander at the precious loot we've scared up for you lucky winners: to the authors of the six best articles and/or poems (as selected from your club journals by MS's editorial staff, in our "This Is My Best" contest) will go gorgeous gift-combos of Faberge's famous perfumes and colognes! M-m-m! Tweedy Woodhue, man-menacing Tigress, sophisticated Aphrodisia and saucy Straw Hat! For the guys, we've got the wonderful new Faberge Men's Cologne. But there's more! Each month's best editors will receive a



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lush box of glamor-goodies especially packaged for us by the Ponds people! (They're lovely to do that, no?) Also in line for prizes are the monthly creators of the best original art work. For them—the smartest-looking makeup kit ever—the Tangee Trip Kit, bulging with lipstick, rouge, cologne, pancake, etc! (Note: suitable prizes will be substituted for male winners!) And there's a fair share of booty waiting for the six winners of our monthly Candid Camera Contest, too! More about this next month!

club banter . . .

Didja know that every edition of the Nelson Eddy Golden Notes (NE International Club) is on file with the Library of Congress? . . . Jackie Jerrolds of the Gene Autry Club, was chosen Queen For A Day, on that well-known program . . . John Carbone, movie reviewer of the Gene Kelly Club News, doesn't use stars or bells to rate films. He uses flowers: Orchids for the best; then, gardenias, lilies and petunias in descending order . . . N. Y. chapter of the Dick Haymes Associates (Edith Pell, chairman) is seeking to combine all local branches of Dick's clubs into a co-operative group . . . Jive, journal of the Bob Crosby Club, announces the results of its third annual members' poll (Bob was exempt): Favorite band, Tommy Dorsey; musician, Harry James; male singer, Bing; female singer, Dinah Shore; actor, Bing; actress, Bergman . . . A poll of Allyson Clubbers reveals these faves: Actress, June and Bergman; actor, Van and Pete Lawford; male vocalist, Bing and Frank; female vocalist, Dinah and Jo Stafford . . . John Raitt Club is running a baby contest. The three members judged to have been the cutest babies (via infant photos) will win prizes from Johnny . . . Joe Beasley, prexy and editor of the Pee Wee King Club, is a sports reporter for his local newspaper . . . Chuck Rini is looking for a capable prexy to take over his Alan, Ladd Club. Please send your qualifications to The Fans, care of MS.

msfca club plugs . . .

Each month we'll try to plug as many qualified MSFCA clubs as we have room for. Each of the following clubs has published at least one journal; some are established clubs of long standing. Write to The Fans, care of MS for their addresses: All Stars (Sylvia Pall); Harry Babbitt (Jean Kurowsky); Joseph Calleia (Ena Svedise); Chopin Music Club (Philip Swindell); Perry Como (Bella Conover); Lloyd Cornell (Viola Myers); Bing Crosby (Philomena Vendetti); Ken Curtis (Bernice Harbaugh); Don DeFore (Delores Privitera); Jimmy Dorsey-Bob Eberle (Lorraine Brault); Tommy Dorsey (Marilyn Stevens); Joe Dosh (Arlene Maxon); Jessica Dragonette (Florence Brubaker); Bob Eberle (Virginia Wellington); Nelson Eddy Music Club (Rita and Jo Mottola); Vincent Price (Amena Peacock); Basil Rathbone (Margie Goode); Margaret Whiting (Ann Paparello); Jack Berch (Ginger Bagnall); Vivian Blaine (Shirley Weis); Kenny Bowers (Lee Garber); June Christy (Mary Downey).

MARCH ISSUE

Gable's back—and nobody's got him on their cover but our own March MODERN SCREEN. If Clark's the guy you dream about, he'll be on your newsstand on February 11th—all yours!

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KEEPS HAIR UNDER CONTROL AND LUSTROUS

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DUCK

(Continued from page 57)

reflected for a moment. "But these were marching along in single file."

"Ducks have a way of doing that sometimes, I believe."

"Shepherded by two small girls in pink?"

"Those are the children's party dresses. They're my nieces who've been staying with me all summer, and they're due at a sort of farewell party one of the neighborhood mother's is giving for them—tomorrow they go home. To Las Vegas."

"You say those are your nieces?"

"Among others. My oldest brother, Buddy, has six offspring. Mike, the youngest, had two. My sister Francis has only one, so far."

"Very fertile, you Graysons."

"Practically the source of American population," Kathryn agreed cheerfully, "all except me. I just sing."

"You know," said Kathryn thoughtfully, "we might do well to look into the matter of those ducks, and Maddle Addle and Teenie Weenie—"

Brent winced. "What did you say?"

"Children of that age enjoy nicknames. Let's face it. But Madeline and Patricia—if you prefer—are supposed to stay immaculate until the party. And if they followed those ducks to the pond. . . ."

At that moment the French doors from the garden opened and the two children entered. Dripping, mud-streaked and supremely happy in their ruined party dresses, they wore an air of triumph.

"Dick said ducks can't drown," Madeline said.

"Drown," corrected Kathryn.

"But they can," Patricia said.

"We drowned 'em," added Madeline. She giggled, and added, "dead."

"Help," yelled Kathryn. "Quick!" She was already dashing through the door into the garden. Brent caught up with her as she was fishing the limp bodies of the three drowned ducks from the pond, and helped her carry them into the kitchen. She snapped on the oven, wrapped the ducks in dish towels, and shoved them inside, leaving the door open. She got milk from the refrigerator, poured it into a pan and set it on to warm.

Dick, tall, handsome and thirty—major domo of her establishment—came wandering in from the garage, his levis grease-stained, his hair tousled. He sounded only mildly astonished as, surveying the scene, he said, "What on earth—"

"They very nearly disproved you," Kathryn said. "If held under water long enough, even ducks drown. See if the darned things show any signs of life."

"This one's got its bill open a little," Dick said.

"Then pour some of that milk into it."

Fifteen minutes later, with the partially revived ducks set out in the sun, Kathryn glanced at her watch and set out at a run. The girls must leave in ten minutes for the party, which—in their present condition—added up to a crisis.

As she ran, Kathryn used her "Val-kyrie" voice. "Jean! BETTY!"

"Baths," said Kathryn, "and clean dresses. Hair ribbons. Ten minutes." . . .

Madeline and Patricia arrived at the party on time.

"I just can't understand it," Grace, Buddy's wife, was saying. She and Buddy had arrived from Las Vegas at noon, just in time for lunch, and would leave before dinner with Madeline and Patricia. "They drank their milk like darlings, without a word. And they've gained weight. How on earth did you do it?"

"The milk?" Kathryn asked. "Oh, simple. I gave them prizes for drinking it. The one that drank the most, the fastest—"

"But good heavens," Grace protested, "that's simply terrible psychology. Now they'll want a reward every time they have a glass of milk."

"Not at all. I stopped giving them prizes, after awhile, and they went right on drinking milk anyway. They'd got used to it, and it called up pleasant associations."

"Oh. Well, did you have to spank them very often, or anything?"

"I never spanked them. They were relatively good—although Teenie Weenie's a little devil when she wants to be. I bought them slides, you know, and tricycles and things, and the first thing Teenie Weenie did was to take the front wheel off her tricycle."

"And you didn't spank her?"

Kathryn looked shocked. "It was her tricycle. I asked her, 'Don't you like your trike?' She said she did. So I just left the wheel off for a week. She saw Madeline riding hers, and got good and restless. Then I had Dick put the wheel back on. Teenie Weenie left it on after that."

Grace plopped down on one of the beds. "I'll never understand how you run this house," she said. "You don't appear to have any servants, just a group of charming people who live here casually with their children. What's the deal, anyway?"

Kathryn grinned. "It's the only way to live. You remember when I had the Bel Air house, with the Guatemalan housekeeper and the couple from Central Avenue? I never could understand why the grocery bill was \$300 a month. Then I came home unexpectedly one night and there was the explanation—a party for 25 people going on, with turkeys and fried chicken and champagne. It was just about then that Dick came around to deliver some horse meat for Throck, and we got to talking. He's an engineer, and he said he needed a year to accumulate a little money so he could get started again. So he and Jean and the two children came to live with me—not in the role of servants, that wouldn't have worked."

"And after I bought this house, he found Don and Betty. Don's just out of the service and is going to school, and it was a perfect arrangement for him as well. You see each couple has two rooms and a bath and a private entrance, so we all have our privacy. But we are like a community family. On birthdays we have a home party, and when I'm lonely I go out and sit in the kitchen and sew."

"Alice—she's my secretary—often stays too, and Johnny often comes around."

Grace came to the point. "D'you think you'll marry Johnny Johnston?" she asked.

"He hasn't his divorce at the moment. And I don't want to take any chances, especially on marriage. But he's really a marvelous person. You'll get an invitation, when, as and if."

"That's all I wanted to know," Grace said. She stood up. "We'll have to be starting back. And if you've spoiled the children, I just won't let you have them again."

"They'll be here next summer," Kathryn said cheerfully, "drowning ducks and teasing me and calling me Sissy, and putting their dresses on backwards."

She was still waving after the car when she heard the phone ringing and remembered that Johnny always called at this hour on Sundays. She ran to answer it with a light heart, thinking, I'll ask him for dinner and tell him about the ducks.

THIS IS LANA!

(Continued from page 49)

only as The Ziegfeld Girl that Lana walked on mink. As herself, she steps out in shoe-leather like you and me. She'd rather munch pretzels and cheese than toy with a grape, and she sleeps in high-necked flannels as often as in silks. With a hot-water bag to toast her toes yet. No Susie Doakes has a deeper maternal instinct. Her heart belongs to Cheryl. She carries pictures around like any other pest, and if you don't bring the subject up within a reasonable time, she'll plop it into your lap. "Did you know I had a baby? Look, isn't she cute—?"

She doesn't act the way movie queens are supposed to act and lots of them do—as though they were real queens condescending to their subjects. She's too healthy-minded for that kind of sham. Any mood she gets into she soon laughs herself out of. As a rule, studio people don't look forward to going on tour with stars. There's too much babying to be done. Lana's an exception—wakes up good humored, no matter when she's dragged out of bed, and stays that way most of the time. If things go wrong, she doesn't take it out on others who have their own headaches and aren't as well paid as she is for wrestling with them. She doesn't have to be handled, she handles herself. "I feel crabby, I'll go lie down for a while—" and that's the end of it.

She doesn't expect you to suit your convenience to hers. In the course of a crowded shooting schedule, she's sometimes asked to sit for stills on a Sunday. Before committing herself, she calls the photographer. "Doing anything Sunday—?" If he is— "Okay, okay, I'm busy Sunday too. Just forget I mentioned it—"

who's lotta? . . .

She loves to poke fun at the Legend of Lana. Tell her she's the hottest thing in town and she'll ask if you ever heard of Lotta Turnover. That's her favorite story. It happened on the Superchief. Lana and a girl friend, en route to New York, discovered the Edward Arnolds on the same train. That night they had dinner together. Lana enjoys taking her meals in the dining-car. She's not the type to hang back, squealing: "Oh, this'll be murder—" If it's going to be murder, she keeps out of it. But under a few turned heads and some curious stares, she feels she's hardy enough to bear up.

Next morning Arnold's wife and the girls slept late. Breakfasting alone, Arnold struck up an idle conversation with the steward. "How's business?"

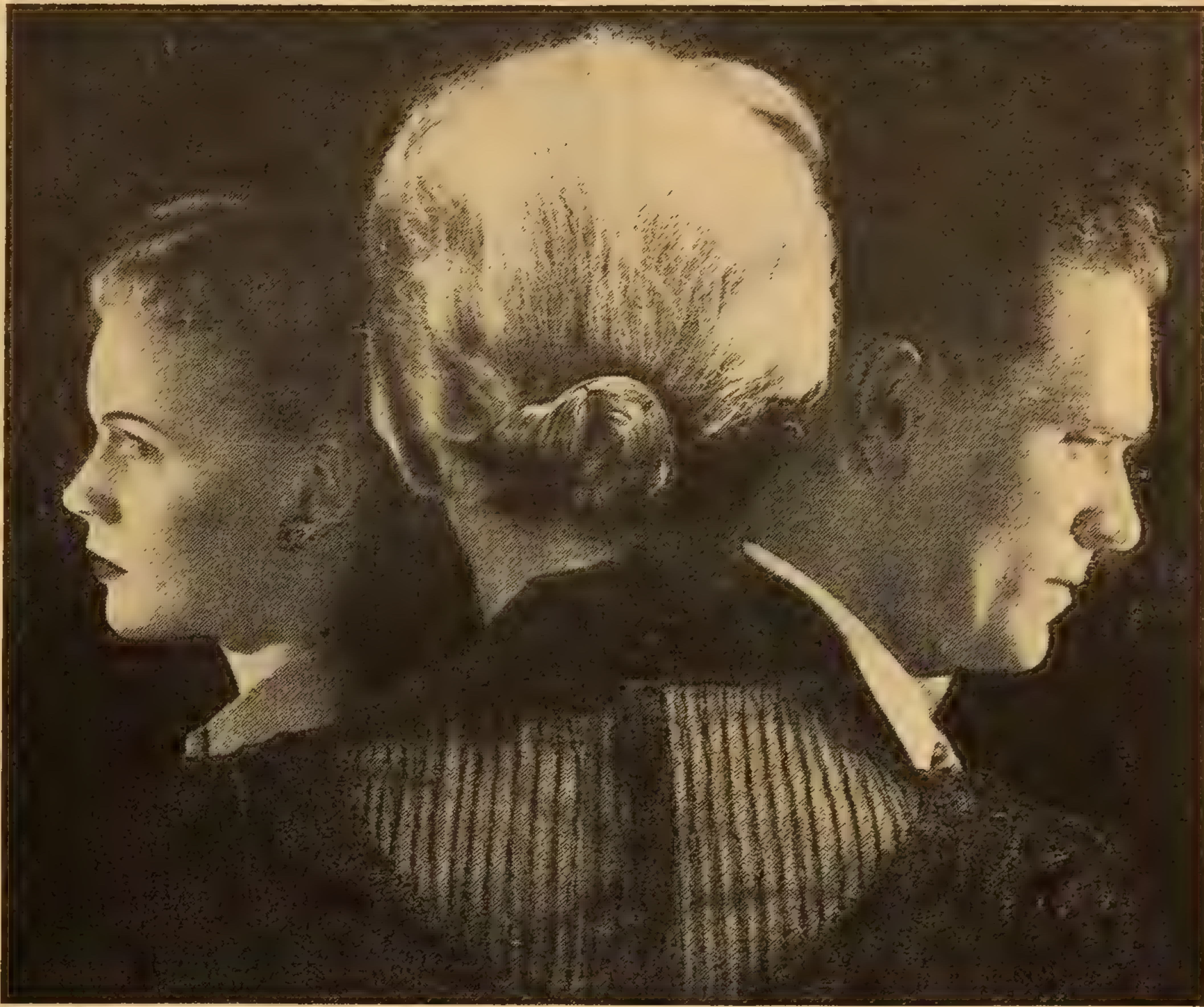
Business was good. Too good. Too many customers and not enough food. Couldn't get this, couldn't get that. No call to kick though. Come right down to it, folks were pretty understanding. Take these movie stars, for instance—supposed to be temperamental, but they're not. Can't get what they want, take what they can get and like it. Plenty of movie stars riding this train. Barbara Stanwyck last week, Spencer Tracy the week before—

"This week Lana Turner," said Arnold. "Oh yes, yes—lotta turnover, four thousand a week," and the steward moved on.

Between Arnold's booming basso as he told the story later and Lana's hysterics as she listened, people ran in to find out what the riot was about. "I'm a big star," Lana gasped, tears rolling down her cheeks. "I'm Lotta Turnover—"

She doesn't kid her career though. About that she's in dead earnest and always has been. Only somewhere along the line she got pretty discouraged. Being a girl of

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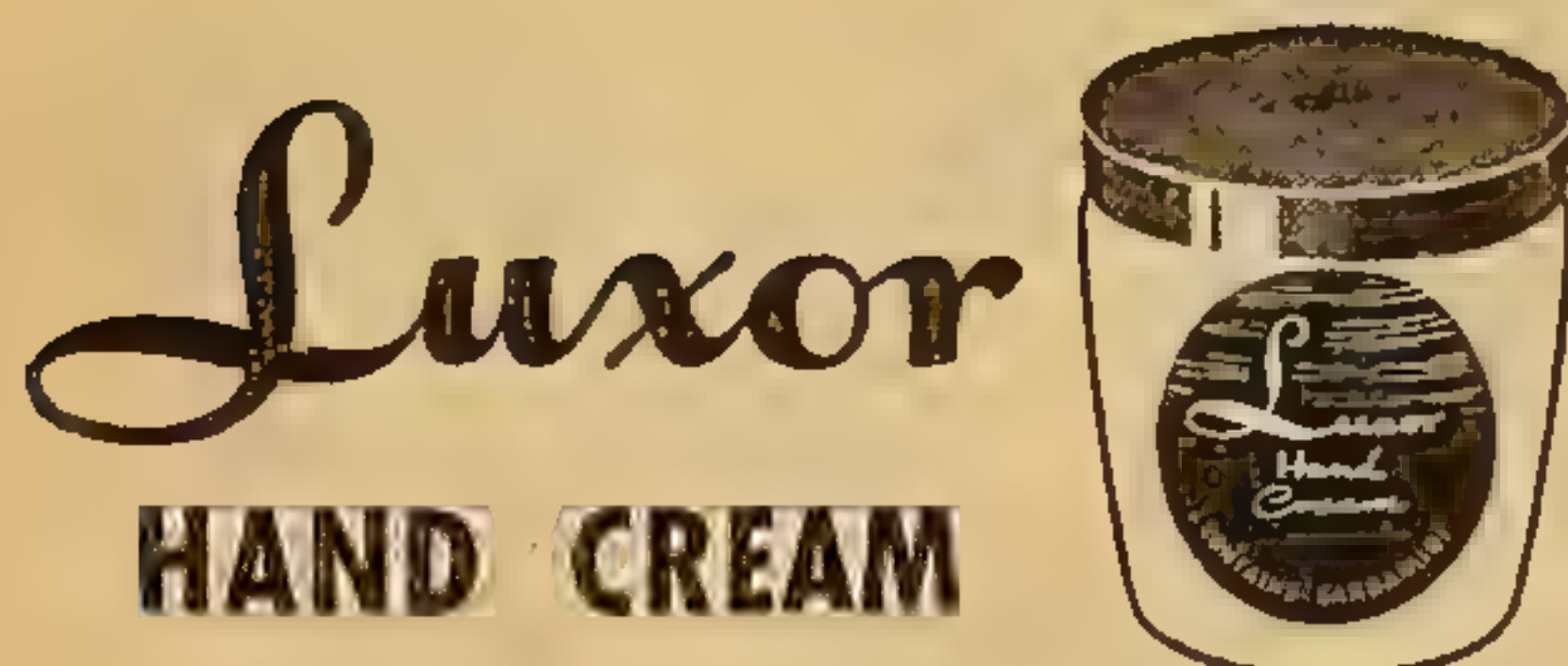
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sense, she knows the box-office value of her face and figure. But she also felt, reasonably enough, that an actress should be given a chance to act and began to despair of finding anyone to agree with her. So she slipped in and out of the tailormade roles, hoping that something better would come along but not quite sure what she could do about it. Till one day she looked the situation in the face, took it by the hand, led it to the front office and said:

tough gal turner . . .

"From now on I fight for parts. I've got a child and I want security for her. How long can you last in this business as a personality kid? I'm through being a clothes horse, I want to act. If I don't know enough about acting, teach me—"

At about the same time a producer named Carey Wilson was preparing a script called "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and trying to visualize the girl. She had to be physically exciting, but with force of character as well. Suddenly Lana popped into his mind. He'd given her her first part on the M-G-M lot—the redheaded girl who liked to kiss in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"—and he remembered now how she'd struck him then. No sweater girl, no rose geranium all dressed up—but a kid who was scared to death, yet in whose frightened eyes burned the will to succeed.

Through the years he'd lost touch with her. Now he looked her up on the set of "Weekend at the Waldorf," and told her his idea. If she went slightly crazy, you can't blame her, she'd waited so long! But what would the front office say?

The front office looked startled, then thoughtful, then told Wilson: "Maybe you're right—" The picture proved him right.

So next on his program came "Green Dolphin Street." Hepburn was considered a natural for the role of the bitter Marianne. But it turned out that Hepburn wouldn't be available for months, and the picture couldn't wait. Now who in his right mind would dream of Lana in a part originally meant for Katie Hepburn? Answer: Carey Wilson, who bethought himself of an old old rule that says when you cast an actress to type, you hurt your suspense—

Again he went to the front office. "Why not play this one on the opposite beat? Why not play it with Turner—?"

This time the pause was a little longer. They didn't, however, say "Wilson, you're nuts," as they might have done before "The Postman." They were open to persuasion. How did Wilson figure Lana, the alluring, the desirable, as the harsh and relentless Marianne? — Here's how. What Turner did best in "The Postman" were the scenes of temper and spirit and violence—the murder scene, for instance. She made you believe in her as a woman tigerish enough to go almost willingly to the chair herself, provided she could take the man along. As far back as "Andy Hardy," Wilson had felt the force in her composition. In "The Postman," everyone felt it. All right, here was another iron-willed woman. If Turner could give her the ruthless strength she needed, what law said she couldn't be attractive at the same time—?

So the front office said, "Go ahead. We'll tell her it's official—"

Next day Wilson phoned her. "Well, how do you feel about the part?"

"Oh Carey, you know I'd give my right arm to play it—"

"You're playing it, haven't they told you?"

Pause. "Say that again—"

"You're Marianne. It's official!"

Squeal, clatter of a dropping phone, three seconds of silence, then a small voice. "I heard you right, didn't I?"

"You heard me—"

"Then all I've got to say is this. I'll do anything, up to and including killing myself, to play it right—"

At the moment, her life is bounded by Cheryl and work. Yes, of course she goes out—not often, her shooting schedule's too tight—but she'll have dinner or go to a Saturday night party with Pete Lawford or Ty Power or Henry Willson, the young Selznick executive who was her first agent. But romance? No. So far as men are concerned, she's fancy-free and likes it. Please note we said at the moment. Any-one who makes predictions about Lana is crazy. Tomorrow's another day, and for youth and beauty like hers there are lots of tomorrows. We're talking about today. Today her career looks good, her daughter's healthy, she's got a nice house to live in and, after emotional turmoil, her heart's at peace. There isn't a thing about today that she'd change.

In a small way, Cheryl's part of "Green Dolphin Street." She contributed the color of her hair. No one connected with the picture could see Marianne as a silver-blond, which was fine with Lana. She'd been carrying that white mop around with her long enough. But they couldn't decide what color to change it to till one day they brought the baby in for pictures. The mass of Cheryl's hair is golden-brown, the ends much lighter. "Kind of a café-au-lait," said Lana, lifting a curl. "Let's cut off a bit and see how it photographs—"

It photographed beautifully, and Lana's hair is now café-au-lait. Incidentally, if you're one of the fans who's been worried about her hair, you can now relax. Letters have been pouring in—

"Oh Lana, they say you've ruined your hair with dye. We hope it's not true—"

It's not. Hedda Hopper will vouch for that one. She'd been told the same thing, and you all know Hedda—she uses the approach direct. "I hear your hair's coming out in bunches," says Hedda to Lana.

"Feel it," says Lana, equally simple and direct.

Hedda ran her fingers through it, shook it, tugged at it, then paraphrased Lincoln. "Tell me the name of your hair-dye," she said dryly, "and I'll use it myself."

To get back to Cheryl. She takes it for granted that her mother's a movie star,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Although I am unable to get around by myself, being a chair-bound arthritic, my friends wheeled me all the way to the big auditorium where Danny Kaye was appearing. I was ushered to the front row, center aisle. Just a few minutes after his show began, Danny turned to me and casually addressed his lines to me! To my surprise, I was on the beam, and responded to his quips. I received the thrill of my life when Danny stopped the show and leaped off the stage, came down to my chair and chatted with me. Cameras clicked, the crowd laughed and clapped, and I was in seventh heaven. To cap it all, my picture appeared in the paper next day, with Danny's arm around me! I felt like a queen for the day, and the memory of that evening will never be forgotten.

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just as your child takes it for granted that you're chief cook and bottlewasher, or a writer for MODERN SCREEN. She's interested without being impressed. Lately, she's taken to studying the fan magazines for pictures of her mother. On finding one, she says: "Why hello, Lana Turner, how are you—?"

One day she visited the set of "Green Dolphin Street"—an exquisite brown-eyed child in black velvet jumper and white organdy blouse, a black velvet band around her Alice-in-Wonderland hair.

"How do you like it here?" Frank Morgan asked her

"I'd like it better if you had a drugstore with ice cream cones."

live her own life...

Lana's never bothered to wonder whether some day the name Cheryl Crane would be up in lights. From the first, she's had definite ideas on what she could give her daughter that would be of value—the happiest childhood and the best education possible. After that, her life's her own. From the start, she was also determined not to have a spoiled child. Parents who over-indulge their children are really over-indulging themselves, thinks Lana. It's the kid who takes a beating later on.

Lana makes it a rule not to correct the baby in front of others. She takes her somewhere else, sits her down and says, "Let's talk this over—" Cheryl has a will of her own and can put up a good argument but, on the whole, she's willing to listen to reason. Like all children, however, she gets her sassy, crabby or rebellious spells and if Lana has to spank, she spansk.

There's always a last warning. "I've told you and told you not to do that, baby. Don't do it again—"

By now baby's in a mood where she's got to do it again, if only to assert her individuality. With a sidelong glance at her mother, she does it again. "All right, young lady, now you get it—" We might add that she can take it. No tears. Her feelings are hurt and she's pretty quiet for a while, but then she's over it—tantrum and spanking both forgotten.

A few months ago they moved into a new house, just big enough for the two of them. Mrs. Turner, who'd been living with them, decided she'd like to do some traveling and then come back to an apartment of her own. The thought of running a household appalled Lana at first. "I don't even know how to plan a meal—"

"You'll learn," said her mother. "Remember how you learned to swim?"

She remembered all right. They'd tied a 12-foot rope round her waist and pushed her in. Scary but exhilarating. Any challenge stimulates Lana. Pushed into the stream of domestic responsibility, she floundered for a while, then began finding her way—

"How?" asked a skeptical pal.

"Well, first you get yourself an efficient couple—"

"That's what I thought—and turn it all over to them—"

"Certainly not. You have to supervise—"

"For instance—?"

"For instance, you check the bills and they're too high, so you say fun's fun but don't let's overdo it, who says we've got to have pheasant every night—"

Being Lana, she kids it. Just the same, she's learned to swim and her house is run as she wants it run. And it's furnished to suit herself, not some decorator. With modern pieces against a background of color. Pale blue for the baby's room, white and yellow for her own. The walls of the living room painted the loveliest yellow, with chintz drapes hanging from under green cornices, two huge red chairs and a 10-foot couch the exact color of

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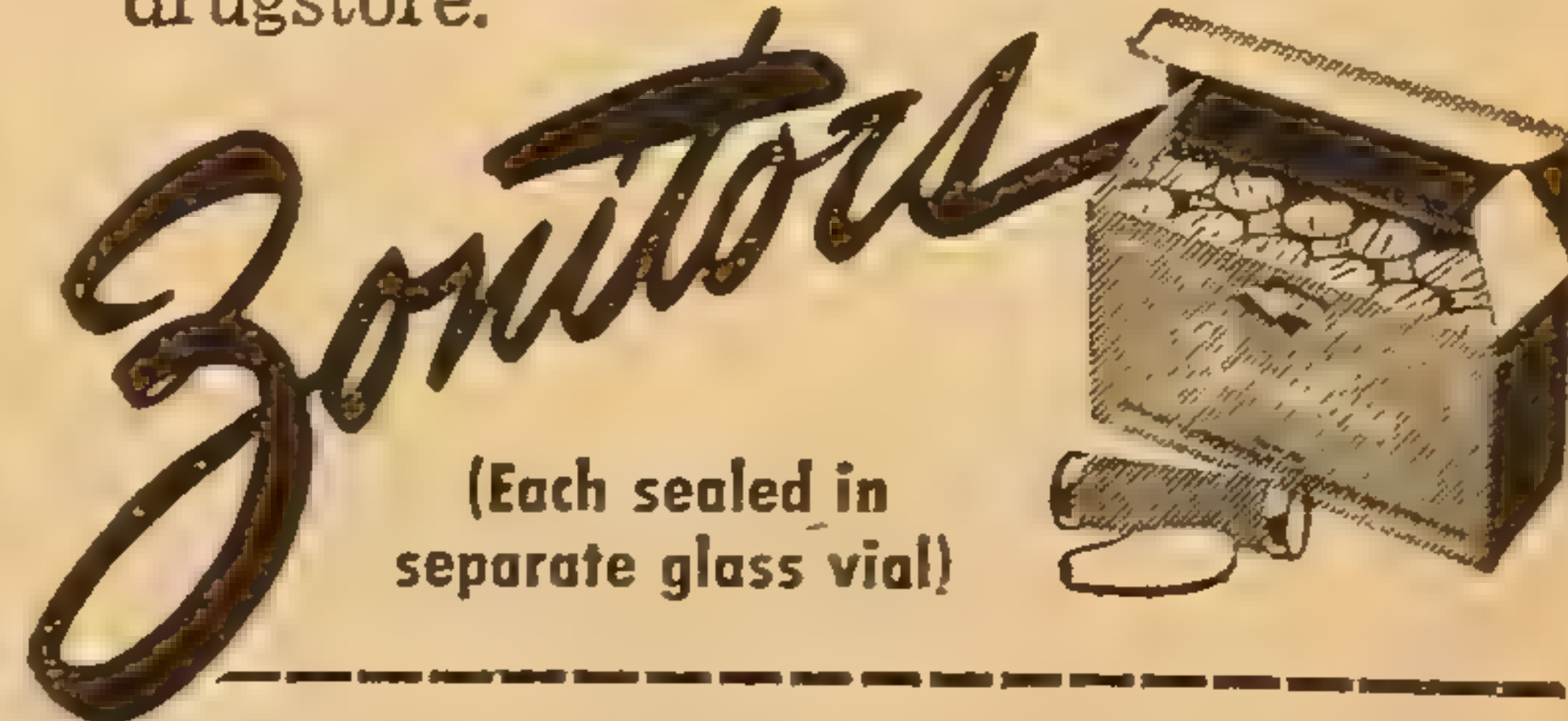
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the walls. It's a living room to live in—not like the formal drawingroom of the big house she gave up because it was so big. Lana's not at home with formality. She likes her small dining room and the smaller kitchen. She's crazy about the den with its copper apron in front of the fireplace. The other house had elegance and wide-open spaces. This one has charm, and every corner spells home.

Lana's been on "Green Dolphin Street" since before they moved in, but she does get an occasional day off and there's always Sunday. Needless to say, these are Cheryl's red-letter days. Life begins when Mommy wakes up, which isn't too early. Time was when the baby'd watch her chance to slip away from Nana and bang at the door. Now she's reached an age of understanding. "Shh!" she warns her nurse as they tiptoe past. "This is Mommy's rest-day—" But the angelic effect is ruined five minutes later. "I think Mommy would like me to wake her up—"

little beggar . . .

Then comes the eternal "Mommy, I want a pussy cat."

Lana's heart sinks. This comes up at least once a day. It's a painful subject because, for some unfathomable reason, cats terrify Lana. She's tried to sell her child dogs and rabbits, ducks and canary birds—

"No, I want a kittycat."

At this point she sees nothing left but to buy a spaniel, look her daughter in the eye and say firmly, "This is a kittycat."

After lunch Cheryl takes a nap, preparatory to the day's big event—a drive. They wind up at a drive-in for the treat of the week—what Cheryl calls "supper-out"—a hamburger, Susy Q. potatoes and a glass of milk.

But the best is yet to come. Cheryl loves seeing her mother dressed to go out. She'll go happily to bed so long as Lana promises to come in and kiss her goodnight when she's all dressed up. There's a game she plays—keeps her eyes tight shut till her mother comes in—

"Here I am, baby."

"What dress are you wearing, Mommy?"

"Look and see."

Slowly the eyes come open. It would suit Cheryl fine if Lana went out formal every night. Dark dresses are all right, but anything sparkly brings a long sigh of bliss up from the toes. "Oh Mommy, I love you so much I could eat you."

At the risk of bringing on the usual howls of derision, we're about to use the good-friends-though-divorced line. There's no denying the fact that Lana and Steve Crane are friends. For this they undoubtedly share the credit, and if we stress Lana's share, it's because we know her and don't know Steve. Whatever her shortcomings are, pettiness isn't among them. She doesn't bear grudges, and her sense of fair play is like a man's.

Seeing them together, you're conscious of no strain between them. The past is past. On her third birthday Cheryl had a lovely party—with a dog act to entertain her guests, with Raggedy Ann and Andy souvenirs, with a five o'clock supper of creamed chicken and milk, ice cream and birthday cake. One little girl hung shyly back from the group. Unprompted, Cheryl walked over, patted her cheek, took her by the hand and said, "Come on, let's play—" It was sweet and funny and touching, and you couldn't help noticing that Cheryl's parents instinctively sought each other's eyes to smile into.

As for Lana herself—the real, not the legendary Lana—there's not a thing about today that she'd change. Her career looks good, her baby's healthy, she's got a nice house to live in and her heart's at peace.

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"SURE I'LL TALK ABOUT GUY"

(Continued from page 55)

with the Indians. Well, Guy's been an archery fan for years, and the dream of his life was to own a bow made by Hill. One day he came to town on a Navy pass, got hold of Hill's phone number and called. What chance of buying a bamboo bow?

Not much, said Hill. He'd had six promised for a year and hadn't been able to get round to them. Besides, he was short of bamboo as well as time—Maybe Guy's disappointment registered on the wire. Anyway, Hill started asking questions—found that this kid was in the Navy, crazy about archery, stationed where there was a lot of hunting—

"Well, I tell you," he said, "I've got a bow here that I made for myself. Come on out and I'll talk to you—"

The upshot was that he sold Guy his own bow for half its value. And got something in return that you can't put a price on. Madison's reticent, but there's plenty of wallop packed in the little he does say. "Hill didn't know I had any connection with pictures. I used the name Mosely. There was nothing behind what he did but good feeling. Those are the kind of people you look for. That's the kind of guy I'd put myself out for—"

If I'm giving the impression that he high-hats any phase of his career, then I'm doing him wrong. Certain things seem to him kid stuff, that's all. But aloof he isn't. Someone was telling about Sinatra heckling a bunch of admirers—"Come on, kids, who's my biggest competition?"—and they yelled "Guy Madison!" He got a terrific boot out of that.

poor guy . . .

By the way, his slant on the young fans is pretty much the same as Frank's. "Just kids having fun in their sloppy sweaters and slacks. Let 'em have it. They've got time to grow up—"

Personally, I like the Seattle story. He and Bill Williams were there for the opening of "Till the End of Time," and the cops finally had to take over to prevent mayhem. One child lost her temper and told Madison off. How she figured it was his fault I don't know—she was probably tired. But her pal didn't like it. "Poor Guy," she said, smiling sympathetically. It gave him the same kind of lift as when Hill sold him the bow, and he said the same thing, only he said it straight to her. "That's the girl I've been looking for—"

The kid looked like stars were exploding in her eyes, Williams told me. "That's worth a million autographs," she said.

Another thing that happened on this northern tour. Rory Calhoun happened to be in San Francisco at the same time. Rory's under Selznick contract too and may be in Madison's next picture. So Guy kept trying to shove him into the limelight—

"Come on out on the stage and get into the act with me—"

"You're nuts. They wouldn't know me from Adam—"

"What's the difference? They didn't know me till yesterday, they'll know you tomorrow—"

Rory's one of his few close pals. They double-date—Guy with Gail Russell mostly, Rory with Natalie Thompson or Cathy Downs or Lana Turner.

Well, let's talk about Gail Russell—you've been champing at the bit ever since her name came up. There's not much I can tell you beyond what everyone knows. They're tremendously fond of one another and date frequently but I doubt that they



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by DANNY KAYE

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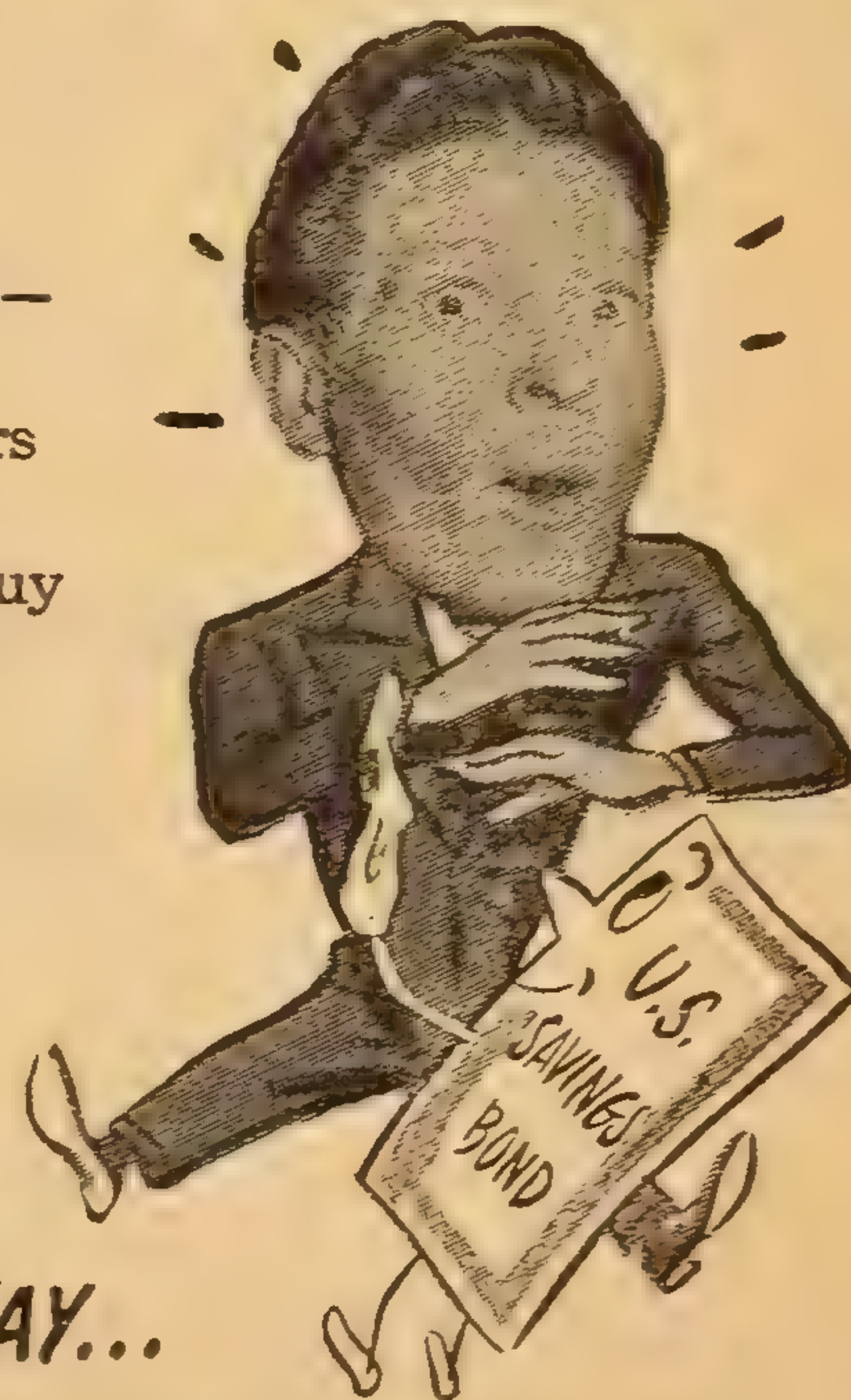


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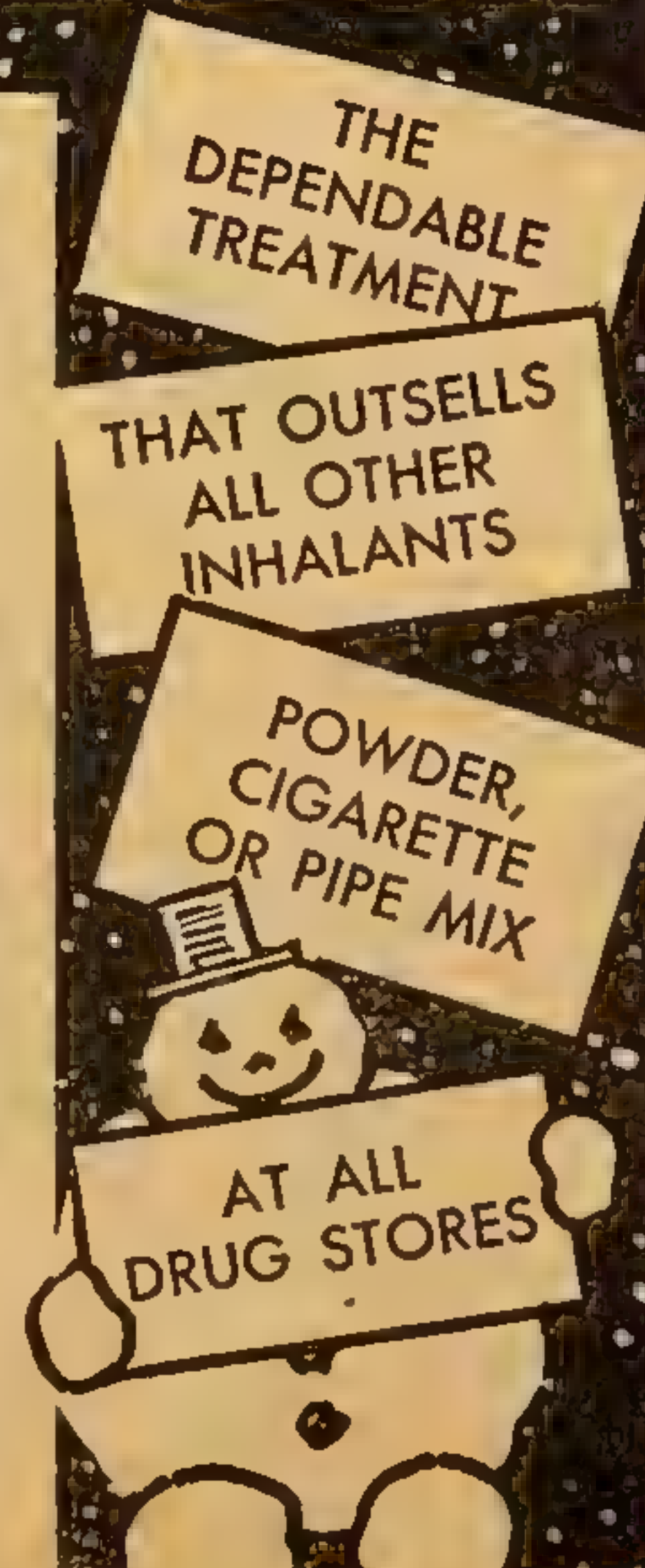
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contemplate a sudden marriage. I've heard Guy on the subject of Hollywood marriages: "I can understand," he says, "why so many of them don't turn out—this is a pretty rough racket for marriage. Actors and actresses give so much to their work, there's not an awful lot left to give between husband and wife. Things happen to make you irritable, set you on edge—more than in most professions. If you have domestic troubles on top of career troubles, it's just about more than you can handle."

If I were pinned down, I'd say that he and Gail were enjoying today and letting tomorrow take care of itself. It's not all night life either, not by a long sight. They ride and hike together, and she's even gone fishing with him. Not hunting, no. Rory's his hunting companion—Rory or Howard Hill or his brother Wayne.

Wayne's 21, goes to L. A. City College on the GI Bill of Rights. Came down to register, planning to find a room. That's typical. The Mosely clan's close, but they're just as respectful of one another's rights as if they were strangers. Wayne would no more have moved in on Guy than he would on me. It was Guy who suggested it. "Be good for us both. You won't have to look for a room and I'll have company—"

"Well, if you think it'll work out—"
"It'll work out fine—"

That's all the talk there was. No production numbers. But they get along like a house afire. Or as Guy puts it: "I'm never in his way—I don't think—and for sure he's never in mine—"

stokes up on steak...

It's a self-sustaining household. Guy cooks, Wayne does the dishes. They tried a maid for one day, but Guy couldn't stand it. Sit in the dining room and wait to be waited on!—that's punishment, he says. Besides, he doesn't like coming in and finding someone around, ruins his sense of privacy. As for eating out, he got tired of that long ago. "Time you get home, cleaned up and out again, they're standing in line twenty deep. People checking you over. 'What're you doing here alone?' That stuff gets old," says Guy.

Cooking? He picked it up the way so many men do. Outdoor men especially. When he worked as a lineman with the phone company, he'd get home late, bring along a couple of pounds of steak and fixings. Nothing fancy. No desserts even now. By dessert time he's too full of good solid food to be bothered.

He's always rushing to make the market before six. Don't ask me how he knows where the steak hangs, it's an instinct with him. If every market but Schmidt's ran out of steak and he'd never seen Schmidt's, he'd still head for it the way steel heads for a magnet. Of course if Schmidt's ran out too, he'd make do with liver or chops. But he'd just as soon not. Noon or night his favorite meal's steak, tomatoes and lettuce and a quart of milk. For breakfast he changes to orange juice, oatmeal, bacon, six eggs, toast stacked that high and a quart of milk.

Which reminds me of his favorite joke. We'd all stopped at a drive-in one night and I'd asked for a bacon and tomato sandwich, pronouncing it tomahto as I always do—

"Are you kidding?" said Rory. "It's tomayto—"

"In Pennsylvania," I explained patiently, "we say tomahto—"

"In hamburger joints," he informed me, "we say tomayto—"

Later my father, also from Pennsylvania, double-crossed me. He said tomayto. At table Guy never misses a chance to pass them. "Tomahtoes?" he'll ask me elegantly,

then shove the plate toward Rory. "Have a tomayto, bud—"

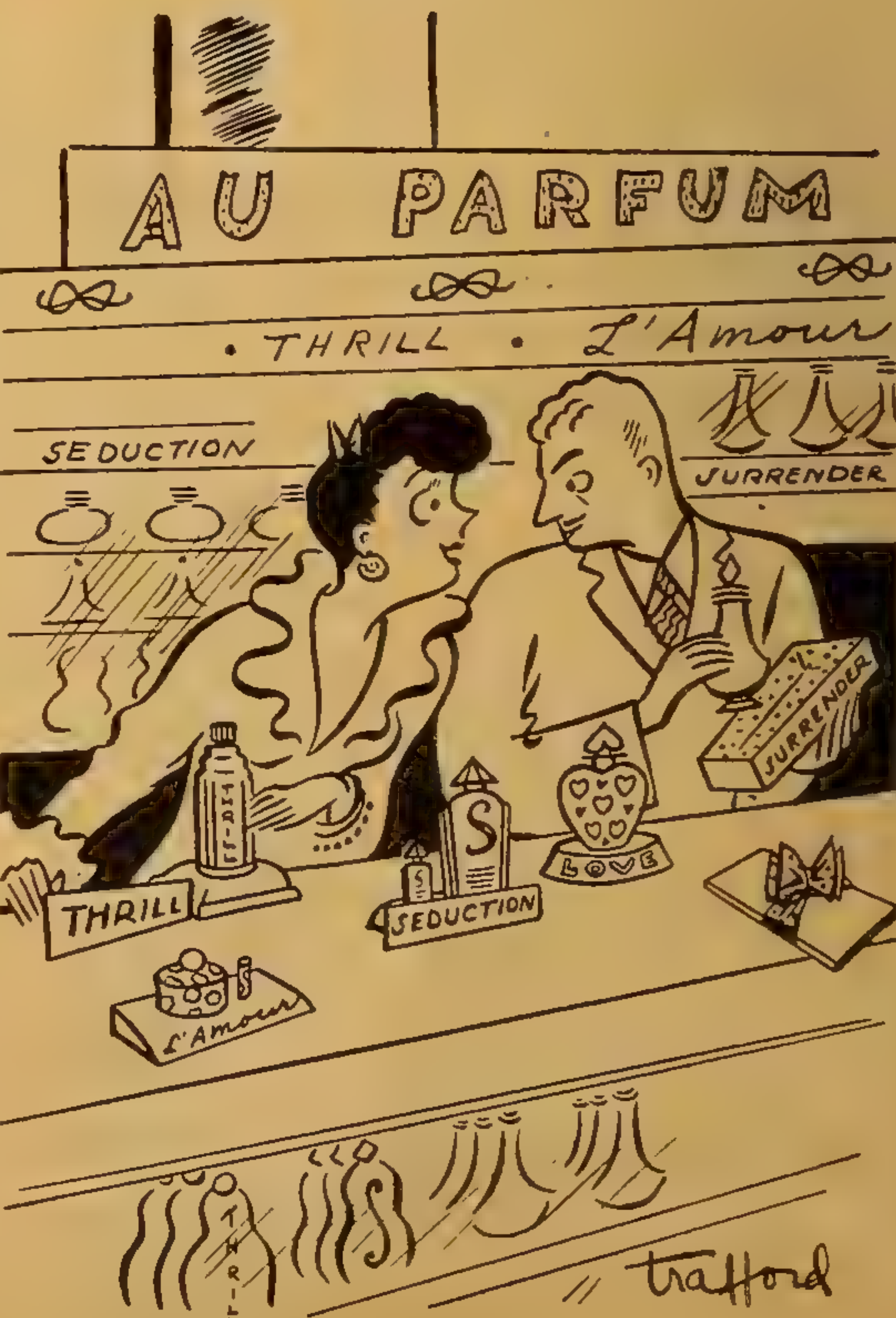
Wayne takes over after dinner. Guy hates dishwashing. Wayne doesn't love it, but both believe in a fair division of labor. That's how the housework gets done too. Guy is convinced that women like to fuss. Proof: They fuss over housework, than which nothing is simpler. Try the Madison method. Relax. Just because your mother cleaned house every Thursday doesn't mean you'll be clapped in jail if you wait till Friday. Or even Monday. Guy waits till things get dirty, then they pitch in. Each boy takes a room. They hit the Venetian blinds first, and not with brushes. Brushes are easier, but damp cloths are better. The well-trained Mosely brothers use damp cloths. Then they dust, vac the rugs, run a wet mop around the outside and that's all there is to it. Wash up and eat an apple. Smell the lemon oil. Drape your legs over the side of a chair and feel virtuous. Think how proud your mother'd be. The way they tell it, you wonder what you've been missing all your life, not cleaning house.

All this is done to music. Only thing Guy bought when he moved in was a combination radio and record player. He's got to have music. Anything from symphony to swing. As long as it's got a beat, he'll listen. Turns on the car radio with the ignition. Now he's got a bedside model—from Mr. Selznick for Christmas—so he falls asleep with it on and wakes up with it on—No, I'm not kidding. Are you a music-lover? Well, stick around with Guy for a while and you won't be. He drives me nuts. It's got so I walk in, make blindly for the dial and turn it off. He gives me that lazy grin—"Why didn't you phone? I'd have turned it off myself—" But it's on again before I'm through the door. Which is fine, but try talking against it.

Since he finished "Honeymoon" with Shirley Temple, we've kept Madison pretty much on the go. Dramatic lessons, personal appearances—and you know he did "Dear Ruth" down in Laguna. That's when Selznick decided to test him for Laurie in "Little Women."

Guy didn't want to do the play—not at first, anyway—yet in the end it was his own decision. Right after "Honeymoon" he went in for a talk with Mr. Selznick—

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What popped the idea into David's head I don't know, but when I came in he sprang it on me—

"What would you think of Guy's doing a stage play?"

I was about to say fine, but a quick look at our hero threw me into reverse. Selznick caught it too and grinned. "Why don't you talk it over with Henry, Guy?"

So we talked it over. What it amounted to was Guy thinking out loud. He laid out the arguments himself. Pro: This was a challenge, and a challenge should be picked up. Con: What he needed right now were encouraging words. Later, with more confidence, a panning wouldn't bother him. Now it would.

Next day he called Mr. Selznick: "I don't think the play would be such a good idea—"

"Okay, Guy, it's up to you—"

A few days later Mel Ferrer walked into my office. Said he wanted to put on "Dear Ruth" down at Laguna, with Natalie Thompson as the girl and Guy as the boy. We've got Ferrer signed to one of those acting-directing contracts, and he's tops in both departments. I could see how working with him would be great for Guy.

At noon I found Guy in the commissary. "When you were in New York, did you see a play called 'Dear Ruth?'"

Yes, he had.

"Think you could do the lieutenant?"

Pause to count ten. "Maybe—"

"With Mel Ferrer directing—"

You could see at least half the load slide off his back. "Sure, why not?"

Any way you figure, it wasn't an easy job. First appearance on a live stage. Four-and-a-half days to learn the part. An earlier date in San Francisco that couldn't be cancelled, so he had to hop up there, hop back at four in the morning and be down at Laguna by noon to resume rehearsals. He lost fourteen pounds, but after the first few minutes on-stage, he relaxed. All of a sudden he was easy and assured.

"What happened?" I asked him later.

"Well, I just figured you can't do better than your best. You want them to like it but if they don't, the heck with it—"

They seemed to like it. The play did the biggest business of the season and the notices were excellent. On Sunday Mr. Selznick brought Jennifer Jones down. We went to supper after the show; and he kept looking from Jennifer to Guy. She's set to play Jo in "Little Women," you know. Finally he said: "You're not exactly the type, but—how'd you like to test for Laurie, Guy?"

Anyone else would have fallen flat on his face. I'm sure Guy did inwardly. But all he said was, "I'd like it fine, Mr. Selznick—"

One more story and I'm through.

If you're a friend of his, you'll soon notice that he's got what seems an uncanny knack for gifts. It's always something you want. Maybe you mentioned it idly six months ago, maybe you never mentioned it at all, maybe you didn't even know you wanted it. But he knew—

I asked him once how he knew—

"By keeping my ears open—dropping questions when nobody's looking. As a kid," he went on, "I'd get handkerchiefs for Christmas. You can't mistake a handkerchief box. I'll never forget that flat feeling when one of those flat boxes hove into sight, and I knew it was more handkerchiefs I had no use for. Promised myself then never to give people things they couldn't use—"

I like that story. It may sound slight, but dig underneath and you've got a kid's application of the golden rule—learning through his own disappointment not to disappoint others. I don't know a better way to use experience.

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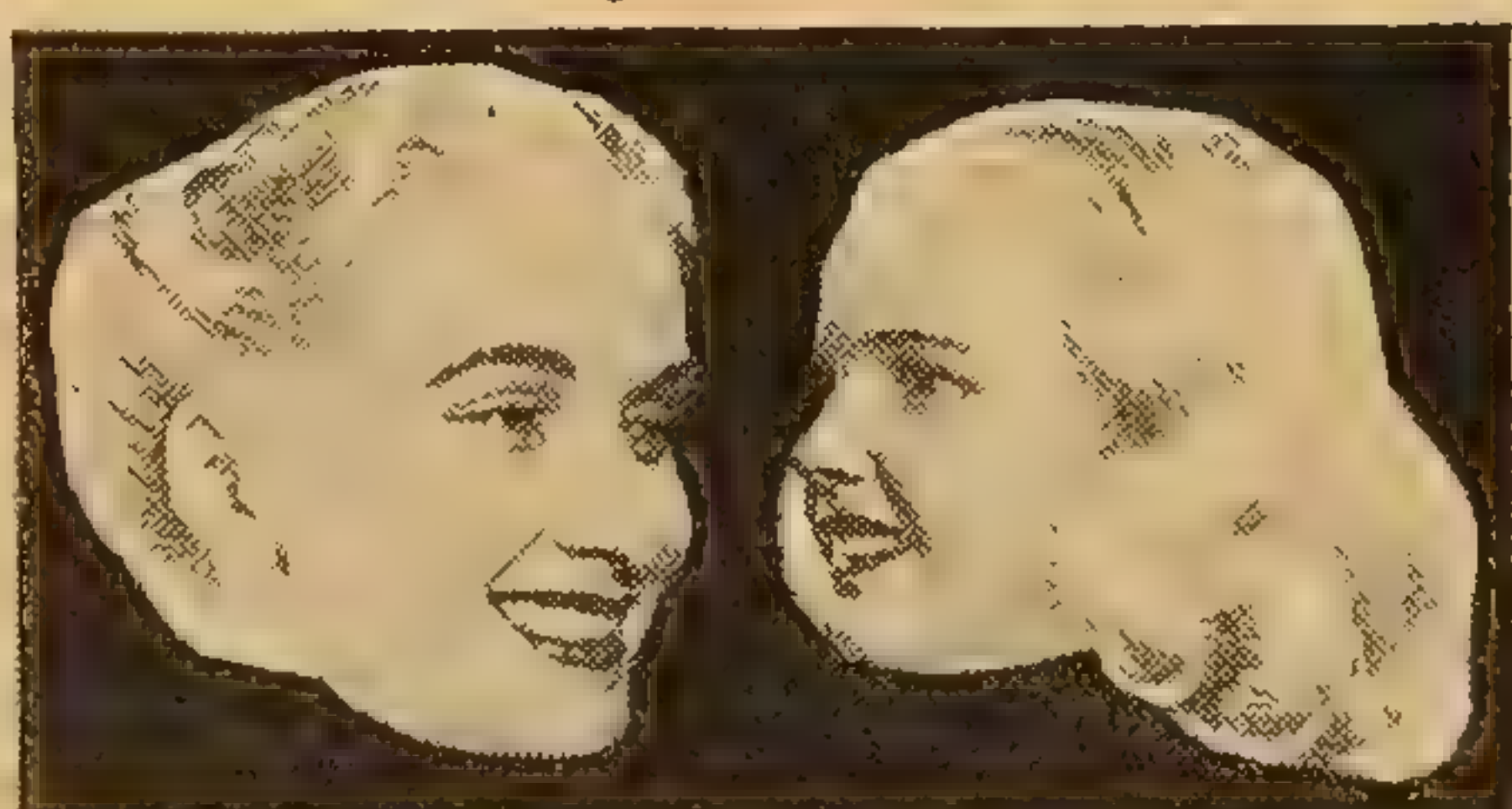
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WANTED: ONE GUARDIAN ANGEL!

(Continued from page 53)

"I say a little prayer before hitting the hay, 'Dear Lord—thanks for making me a movie actor!'"

When Glenn brings home a script from Columbia, Ellie grabs it right off and rifles through anxiously. "Just to see," she explains, "what kind of a character I've got to live with the next few months!"—She's not kidding.

beat-up romeo . . .

Glenn wore a sailor suit around the house all the time he made "Destroyer" and had the joint jumping with gobs on leave. He brought two professional dice dealers down from the Las Vegas gambling clubs to sop up the gamboleering color and jargon when he did "Gilda" and "Framed." Playing a lighthouse keeper with Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life," Glenn hauled home all his salty Santa Monica fishing boat pals. He cluttered up the carpets in every room with model planes and motor parts when he made "Gallant Journey."

"For Heaven's sake," Ellie protested. "Don't sign up for any jungle pictures. You'll be bringing home lions and tigers!"

Glenn had one of the best times of his life when he made "Texas." He's horse happy anyway and that picture was a wild and wooly Western. Glenn rode his black horse, Count, all through it, scorned a "double" and risked his neck, not only for camera shots but for the fun of it.

Glenn even gets a kick out of the lady killing, caveman parts they've been handing him lately. He'd out-Bogey Bogart if they let him because he's crazy about anything that lets him romp around with a character. The major fear in Ford's life is that someday he might have to play wishy-washy, stuffed-shirt parts.

Glenn had to rough up his leading lady, Janice Carter, pretty brutally when he made "Framed." He tossed her around like a basketball in some scenes and she limped home one night aching like a tooth. Next day Glenn got a wire from Janice's husband, "Stop playing so rough—my wife's black and blue."

Glenn sent one back, "Sorry about the color scheme. We're mixing up some new ones today." They had another slam bang scene and Janice went home to her hubby with new and attractive rainbow shades in her bruises. When he had to wipe up the floor with Rita Hayworth in "Gilda," Glenn paved the way for the dirty work. The morning Rita showed up on the set for her workout she found four dozen American Beauty roses from Glenn and a card, "Honey, I hate to do this—but you know how it is in the movies." If Rita didn't, she found out. When Glenn got through, she needed the roses.

Another thing about Glenn, he can do the most unpredictable things in the most unpredictable way sometimes. Even his wife, Ellie, knows that only too well.

When war broke out, Glenn didn't say much to anyone about his plans to serve.

Glenn's one ex-GI, incidentally, who hasn't a gripe in the world about the days he spent in uniform. He got a huge kick out of the service. He was especially glad he enlisted and stayed an enlisted man, rising to a sergeant's chevrons. "You learn a lot being an enlisted man," Glenn explains, "and you have twice the fun."

But when he enlisted, no one except Glenn Ford knew what he was thinking, not even his best girl, Eleanor Powell. They weren't married then. One day Glenn and Ellie drove downtown to Los Angeles. Glenn had some business at the

City Hall. "I'll just wait in the car," said Eleanor. "Okay," breezed Glenn, "I'll be right back."

He was gone two hours. When he returned, Ellie couldn't help remarking, "You were gone a long time, honey."

"Yeah," said Glenn. He climbed in and started back to Beverly Hills. Driving along Wilshire Boulevard, Glenn suddenly remarked, "Oh, by the way—I just enlisted in the Marine Corps."

"You what?"

"Yep," grinned Glenn. "I leave for boot camp in a week."

Ellie didn't say anything the rest of the way to Beverly Hills. But when Glenn let her out at her house and kissed her goodbye, she sighed and smiled, "Well—that's my Glenn!" And it is—it certainly is.

Ellie found out about their new house recently in the same startling way. They've been looking for a bigger, better place to live for eight long months with no luck at all in the housing panic. One day Glenn came home from work and Ellie asked him the usual question, "Anything happen today?" and got the usual "Nope." Then, "Oh, by the way—I bought Max Steiner's house today."

"You what?"

"Yep," nodded Glenn breezily. "Like to run by and take a look at it?"

Ellie was speechless. If she'd had a rolling pin or something handy she very probably would have heaved it at her mate in sheer exasperation.

music mad . . .

But Ellie calmed down the minute she saw the beautiful place Glenn had acquired with a quick look and a quicker check. It's a handsome French chateau style, white brick mansion sitting snugly on three acres in the rolling hills below Pickfair with the lavish estates of wealthy Hollywoodites like David Selznick, Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire surrounding it on all sides. The neighborhood glamor wasn't what made Glenn Ford whip out his checkbook, though. The land space, the six bedrooms, the fireplaces in every room, the cozy bar-den and the music room were what he was looking at.

All the walls are sound proofed so Glenn can play his most crashing Wagnerian symphonies at four o'clock in the morning and nobody can hear a peep, even in the next room. There's an automatic record player next to the bed in his room so he can lull himself to sleep with Beethoven, Bach or Brahms. It shuts off automatically, then starts up again in the morning. That might seem like a silly gadget to anyone who didn't know how absolutely record happy both Glenn and Ellie Ford are.

Glenn's a natural born collector and a walking hobby horse. He's got volumes and volumes of stamp albums he's saved since boyhood; he owns a stack of old theatrical playbills he started hoarding in his stage-manager days. He's got pipes stashed in every nook and cranny of his house. One pipe rack stretches halfway across the wall of his room. He collects biographies with emphasis on Abraham Lincoln's life. His particular treasure is a signed portrait of the late President Roosevelt. Glenn bagged that in typical direct Ford fashion.

He was back in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball one year. Like all visiting stars he was warned by the presidential secretary, Stephen Early, not to ask for autographed pictures.

But when Glenn came up before FDR, the president recognized him because Ellie

for Nervous HEADACHE



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HEADACHE
IT ALMOST
DROVE ME MAD

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MY MILES NERVINE
BEFORE THEY
GET SO BAD



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Powell was always a Roosevelt family favorite.

"Hello," beamed FDR. "Well, how are things going, Mister Ford? Having a good time in Washington? Anything I can do for you?"

Glenn hasn't any inhibitions. He said what was on his mind. "Yes, Mr. President, there is. I'd like an autographed picture." He caught a severe frown from Steve Early on that. But the president smiled. "Fine—I'll take care of it." When Glenn got home, the handsome picture was there, "To Glenn Ford" and then the famous signature. He keeps it right over his bed.

Glenn caught the horse bug 'way back in the days when he was a groom at the Riviera Country Club Stables. His big ambition is still to play polo, but when that comes up Ellie just says, "Be sensible!" It's a millionaire's game, Glenn knows, but he can dream, can't he?

The closest he's got to that dream are his two horses, Count and Pancho, who graze on the Columbia Ranch and get a workout under Glenn or Ellie or even two-year-old Pete now and then. He's done a little better on his motor dream, though.

Glenn was purring along the highway a few months ago when a kid in a hopped up "hot rod" teased him into a race. The minute Glenn stepped on the accelerator of his blue Lincoln convertible the "hot rod" gave him bronx cheers from its cut-out exhaust and walked right away from him. "I'll fix you," Glenn muttered. No kid could make him eat dust—not after he'd worked in a garage—as he did once.

Glenn overhauled his motor, rebuilt the carburetor, redistributed the body weight, did all the things the hot rod experts do to his big Lincoln. He took it out on the road again just laying for a hot rod. The minute one came along Glenn stepped on the gas and—Zowie—he ripped away.

young abe lincoln ...

Definitely the outdoor boy, Glenn can not be lured out of the house for anything resembling nightlife except a good French or Italian restaurant. He and Eleanor have been to Mocambo and Ciro's exactly once apiece since they were married. Both times were on business. "What fun is there paying fifty bucks for a sandwich?" snorts Glenn. When Glenn was married, Ellie talked him into having a suit of dress "tails" made. He hasn't worn it yet.

Ellie and Glenn stepped out and circulated most when he was in the Marines. With a scrubby haircut and an o.d. uniform, Glenn was practically disguised and Eleanor Powell had been off the screen long enough to escape notice, too. With that wartime incognito, they roamed the jitterbug haunts.

But now that he's a red hot rave, Glenn Ford can't have much fun stepping out. He gets a complex when he dances with Ellie anyway, if he knows anyone's watching. She's a dream dancer, naturally, and Glenn gets a weird idea in his bean that everyone's expecting a ballroom exhibition, like Veloz and Yolanda or something. So he tightens up. "I look like young Abe Lincoln when I get out on the floor," he sighs.

Glenn's definitely no clothes horse, but he's tidy about himself—a two or three a day shower man if he's active. He sticks to one stimulating masculine scent, but appreciates good perfume on women and can spot it every time Ellie changes from the brand she wore when he met her. Glenn shaves twice a day to be presentable; he and Ty Power have the heaviest beards in Hollywood. He sports no jewelry doo-dads whatever besides the plain gold wedding band he acquired when he married Ellie. It's got a simple senti-

Too Strong!



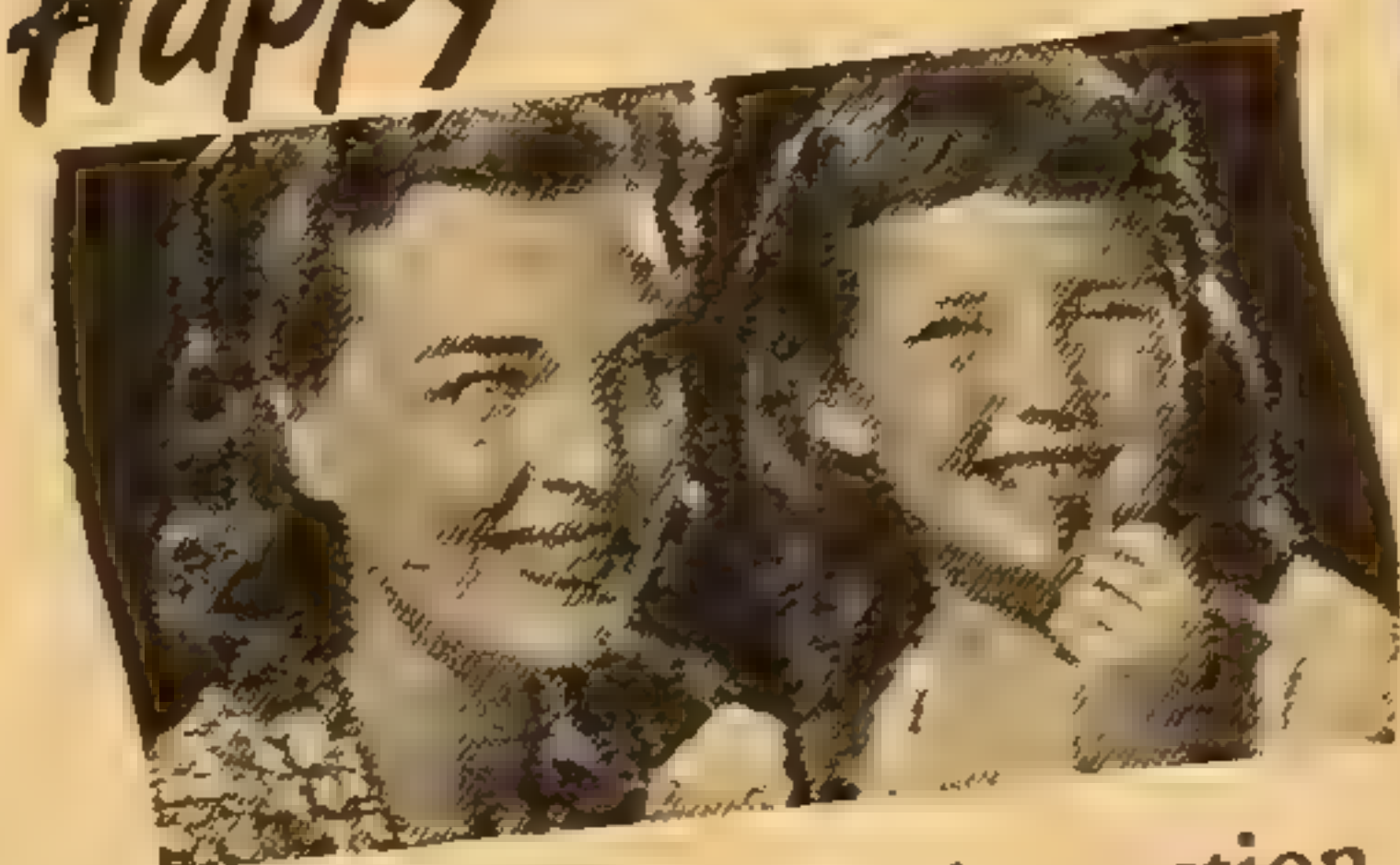
Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* can leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



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You've gotta help me, folks. I'm feeling worn out as yesterday's bone, and it's because *worms* are dragging me down, sapping my resistance.

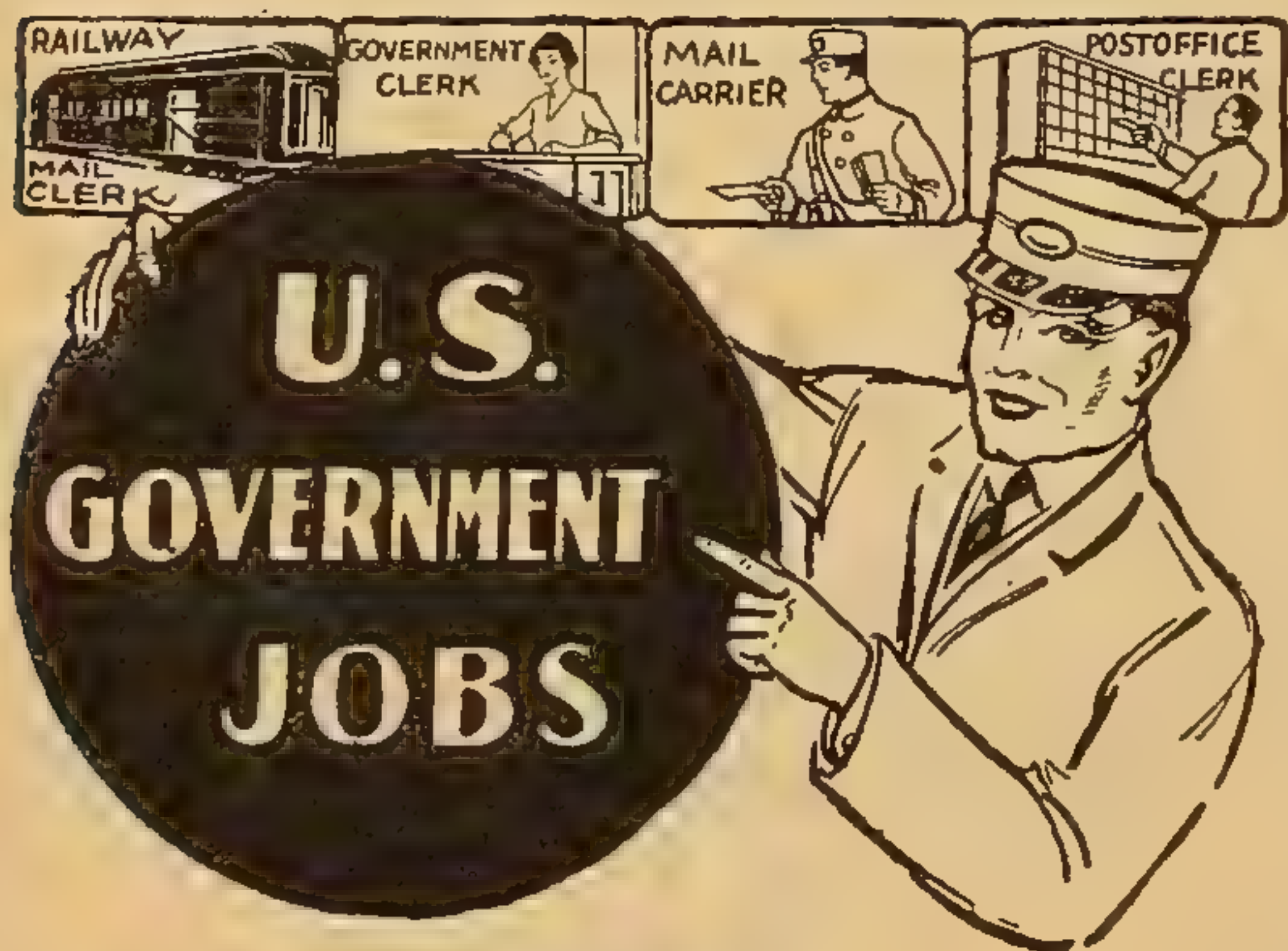
Like most puppies over a month old, I need Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. They're safe for me and fatal to worms. Later on, when I weigh 10 pounds, you can keep me worm-free with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules.

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ment engraved inside—"Glenn—Love, Ellie" and then, "Mizpah"—which represents an old Scottish sentiment, "The Lord watch between thee and me."

Most of the time, since they've been married, though, it's not only the Lord but Ellie too, who watches over Glenn. He's the kind of big comfortable male who takes to domesticity like a kitten to cream. Between Agnes (the Scotch cook Eleanor's had for eight years) and Ellie, Glenn wonders how he ever got by before he was married. Ellie even takes all his gear—his pipes, tobacco, money, even aspirins, in her bag when they go out anywhere. He's practically helpless without her—but both of them like it that way.

"Since I married you and left the screen," Ellie tells him, "my job is you." She adds, "It's nice work," and Glenn purrs like a cat. But he doesn't let his head get oversized. When he gets to reading his own publicity or fan mail and feels any such symptoms coming on, all he has to do is pick up a scrap book of Ellie's and look through it—particularly to the page which shows her "Broadway Melody of '36" on one side of Broadway and on the other side of the street, the marquee of her stage hit, "At Home Abroad."

Then he asks himself, "Wait a minute, brother—just who are you and what have you done? You'll never be the star Eleanor Powell has already been."

Ellie Powell can be a star again, tomorrow if she wants to—but she's not sure she wants to. Recently, she thought she'd like to keep her tapping toes in practice and signed for floor show star appearances at the Copacabana and the Chez Paree, back East. The minute the news got out, Hollywood producers started chasing her with picture offers.

But Ellie isn't so sure she wants to say "Yes." The career of being Mrs. Glenn Ford is lots of fun and she's pretty thoroughly domesticated by now.

Glenn Ford has nothing whatever to worry him. Right now he's happy about the whole thing, in every department—as he has been practically all of his life—being Glenn Ford. The only possible cloud on his private horizon popped up the other day.

His boy Pete, aged two, toddled into the room, spied his dad and chirped, "Hi, Glenn!"

That made Old Man Ford sit up and rub his whiskers. Well, now! For a sprout of two to call his popper "Glenn" could hardly be proper. Yet, darn it, Glenn didn't want to get "Daddy," either. That would make him feel definitely older generation. Glenn was wrestling with the Right Steps To Take and was up a tree on that one the last time I saw him. I imagine he'll find the answer though. He always has to everything else—and had tons of fun doing it.

THE FLYING FILTHY FIVE

(Continued from page 35)

learned.

This was the first of many amusing and heart-warming adventures on a trip that came about quite casually one noon, when Ty walked into the studio commissary. I was sitting alone at a table, so he joined me. He scanned the menu, but obviously there was something on his mind.

"What are you doing the next few months?"

"Nothing that will make history!" At that time I wasn't even sure I'd be with Ty in "Captain From Castile."

"How about taking a trip? I'd like to fly my plane and John Jeffries said he'd like to go along as co-pilot. We might ask a couple of other guys and have some fun."

"Count me in, brother!" Ty's casual attitude suddenly became contagious.

"Don't you even want to know where we're going?" He roared with laughter.

Several weeks before our departure we picked up Ty's Beechcraft Twin Engine plane in Wichita. As we said goodbye to Mrs. Beech, the charming wife of the plane manufacturer, she presented us with individual leather cases, inscribed with our names and good wishes. Little did we realize that fate had reserved a moment for us to be especially grateful for this gesture. Inside the cases were the lucky silver dollars we always carried with us.

At 7 a.m. on August the 19th, we took off from the Lockheed Air Terminal in Burbank. The fog was thick. Except for the roar of our engines, the outside world through our windows looked unusually peaceful and still. With complete confidence in Ty's flying ability, we still felt a bit funny inside. Instinctively each man asked himself—will I get back in one piece? We said nothing. I looked around at the others and it seemed as if we were actually seeing each other for the first time. Then suddenly, as if released by some silent signal, we all began to grin.

Ty and Jeff deserve all the credit we can give them. In ten weeks we were in the air 120 hours, we covered 23,500 miles

and visited 25 countries. Like the excellent flyers they were during the war, they never jeopardized our lives or took chances. Ty held the stick most of the time, Jeff did most of the navigating. We hit every designated stop on the nose and with weather conditions permitting, the trip was always smooth, the plane expertly under control.

No sooner had we registered at the El Mirador Hotel in Acapulco, than Ty unpacked his sneakers, dungarees and an old sweat shirt.

"You've never seen a sailfish as big as the one I'm going to catch," he announced.

The sun was just coming up over the water as we started out the following morning. Even at that early hour the day promised to be a scorcher. At the end of two days I caught the first sailfish Jim caught the second, followed by Jeff Ty just looked grim while we winked at each other when he wasn't looking.

"What's the matter Ty, forget to bait your hook?"

"Maybe the sailfish saw his last picture!"

Our last night in Acapulco, it was so hot sleep was next to impossible. So we decided to go walking. From a tiny, primitive house clinging to the side of a hill came the sound of music. Thinking we were unobserved, we stopped to listen to the laughing, singing and shouting—obviously some special celebration.

"Senor Romero, won't you all join us. It is a birthday party my friend is giving for his sister. They would be honored to have you."

It was a man I had last seen at Saipan when we both landed in the same outfit. These people were poor but their hearts were rich with the joy of living. Playing outside on the porch, a ten piece orchestra had somehow been engaged for the special occasion. Inside, the hot, stuffy little house was choked with people.

We danced with the guest of honor, who was genuinely thrilled at our presence.

They showered us with attentions and shared their humble refreshments. Hot, tired, with aching feet and our clothes soaking, we said goodbye and started back up the hill to our hotel again. Slowly, we walked along in silence.

"Wonder if they had as much fun back at Ciro's tonight?" Ty looked straight ahead as he said it. No one ventured an answer.

From that moment on, things happened so fast—sometimes so furiously—our adventures became a series of impressions. Guatemala City! Meeting our first president. The lottery salesman bent on beating up a waiter, who tried to keep him away from us. Everyone's surprise when we allowed the salesman to join us. San Salvador! Our corner hotel suite overlooking the plaza, jam-packed with seething, hysterical students.

terpsichorean turn-about . . .

Signs, songs, banners, fireworks, wild, confused dancing in serpentine fashion. The threat of revolution! Those bullet holes in the cement casement, where Ty and I looked out the window. Our sudden discovery by the crowds, "Viva Power," "Viva Romero." Thousands of hoarse voices, then back to their demonstration again. Us waving our acknowledgement—and ducking! Later that day, sneaking out the back way for a scenic trip to the top of a volcano. How quiet! How peaceful!

Managua, the capital of Nicaragua! Cathedral bells heralding our arrival. Those crowds pouring in at dawn, on mules, on horseback, afoot. The police at the airport so excited, joining forces with the mob and charging our plane. Pressure too great to open the door. Whirling propellers narrowly missing their heads.

The great ball honoring us that night. Buttons ripped, handkerchiefs stolen, complete confusion, trying to brave the mobs outside the hotel. Crashing plate glass windows at the club, policemen and soldiers crushed in the path of autograph seekers. That look of pride on the Club official's face. The Club official's voice:

"Señors, there haven't been this many people here since our last revolution!"

The music no longer playing as the dance floor clears. The señorita inviting Ty to be her partner in a gay exhibition dance. My pal Mr. Power, so charming, so smooth! That ingratiating smile:

"I only wish I was a good dancer. I do apologize. But my good friend Mr. Romero, who is also an expert fisherman, he loves to dance!"

San Jose, in Costa Rica! My cousin, Douglas De Fort and some beauty contest winners meeting us at the airport. Those cozy group pictures for the morning papers. Douglas' party at the Union club (there's always a Union Club in every Central American city). One of the girls called to the phone by an irate father, who saw her published picture. My beautiful cousin, Flor del Carmen, finally explaining we were merely visitors, not "romantic strangers."

presidential bounty . . .

The original Club El Sesto, not the movie version where Celeste Holm and I danced a few months previous in "Carnival in Costa Rica." Dawn breaking, badly needed sleep before our luncheon date with the President and his family. Late breakfast, one hour later seated at the great table with the President, his wife and daughter. Soup, aspic, fish. Vegetable patties, croquettes. Mental Academy Awards for the best performance of "looking hungry." Steaks, sizzling hot, three inch steaks! Ty not daring to look at me. I daring not to look at him. Dessert. Coffee. Imaginary headlines: "Hollywood movie stars pop open at President's lunch table!"



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Real regret at leaving these warm, hospitable people. Beautiful girls, also beautiful scenery, kindness of my relatives our warmest memory. Panama, our last stop in beautiful Central America!

Giggling, squealing, screaming, shrieking girls outside our door, making sleep impossible. In desperation, explaining we can't come out, we are resting, we are sleeping, we haven't any clothes on. Shouting and more shouting:

"We don't believe you."

The door bursting open, catching me standing there just as mother nature made me! Females disappearing faster than nylons at Macy's!

bumming their luck . . .

Enroute to South America! Our first bad weather, hitting the Equatorial belt over dense jungles—boom! Like crashing into a solid cement wall. Reaching for our belts as Ty climbed, trying to get out. On top—no way of seeing the ground, no way for Jeff to navigate. My first prayer, while Ty and I squeezed our lucky dollars. Ty, the intelligent and expert pilot, turning around and returning to Panama. Refueling, out again, this time following a Pan-American passenger plane bound for Colombia.

Lima, Peru! Modern, cordial, enthusiastic Lima. Their beautiful presidential palace, their charming president. The world-famed Carmen Amaya dancing at a local theater. Discovering we were her guests when we called for our tickets at the box office. That note from Carmen during intermission. Her kind invitation to visit back-stage after the last number, her gracious speech and dedicating the number in my honor. No sun in Lima! No rain in Lima! Our clothes always sopping from what the natives refer to as—"heavy dew."

Pisco beach on the coast of Peru! Paracas Hotel, clean, attractive, quiet, beautiful. A movie star's paradise. Mental note to tell the folks back in hustle-bustle Hollywood.

Preparing to leave for Santiago. My accident, slipping on the composition marble floor, chipping my elbow on the edge of a chair. Rumors flying thick and fast. "Romero broke his back." "Romero broke his head." Santiago, Chile! Three days in bed with the flu. Chills, fever. Hotel maids gathering 'round my bed, just looking. Local doctor wringing hands—in mental anguish—"What shall I do?" He's asking me!

Buenos Aires! Luncheons, parties, receptions, banquets! Eight days of social activity in gay, modern, abundant Buenos Aires. Cocktails starting at nine. Leisurely dinner ending at midnight. Business men reporting to work early in the morning. How those frenetic-paced Argentinians can take it!

just like the movies . . .

Montevideo, Uruguay! Stepping out on a balcony and greeting the people with their President. The Iguazu Falls that dwarf our own Niagara, swimming beneath the smallest in next to freezing water. On to Puerto Fonciere, an Estancia (we'd call it a ranch in this country) of one-and-a-half million acres. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cox, the overseer and wife, our very nice host and hostess. Alligator hunting at night on the river. Pitch black, canoes slowly pulled by small yachts. Alligators' eyes—red balls of fire held spell-bound by the glare of flashlights. All around us—alligators. Ty got the first one. Just like in the movies, pinching ourselves to make sure it's real.

That short flight, sixty miles away to meet the Gauchos. Landing in a clearing, surrounded by a frame of fire. Those gay, never-to-be-forgotten, fantastic, fabulous

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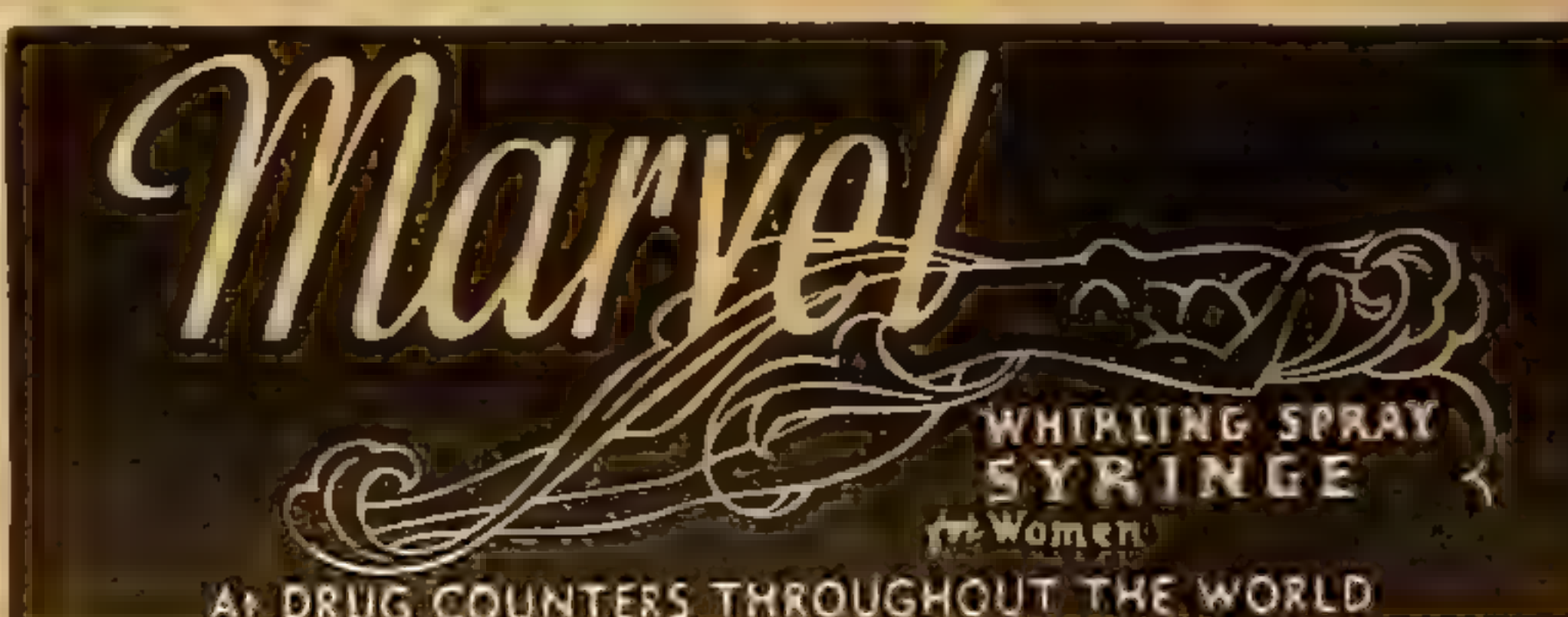
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Flying down to Rio! The magnificent city of Rio de Janeiro. Sudden fog. Great mountain peaks rising out of nowhere, not ten feet away from our window.

"Where do you think we are, Jeff?"
"Don't you think we'd better climb out of this, Ty? Other planes might be flying around here, too!"

Visions of other planes, crashing right into us. This is what you read about in the papers! Air getting hotter, collars getting tighter. Eureka! Presto, like magic. Right out of nowhere, right out of the fog, the whole city of Rio spread out below us in splendor. The gigantic figure of Christ atop their highest mountain—arms outstretched—peace on earth. Welcome to Rio!

neighbor sabu . . .

Those beautiful mosaic sidewalks. Our top floor apartment, its verandah overlooking the sea. King Carol and Madame Lupescu, our immediate neighbors. Having to leave before taking advantage of their gracious invitation to visit. Those endless stacks of autograph books waiting in the lobby. The Club Atlantico, the inimitable songs of the famous French Lucienne Boyer. A cocktail party to remember: Miss Boyer, the girls from the show, the manager of the club. Our last sight of Rio, suspended in a cable car reaching up to Sugar Loaf mountain. The bay and lights of the city, snapping on and forming a great glowing carpet beneath us.

Belem in north Brazil, after a seven hour flight over the jungle. Our boarding house hotel with, of all people, Sabu and his eight-week-old pet jaguar, making an English movie. The Port of Spain in Trinidad, the Pan-American guest house, the "Royal Lion" and "Lord Pretender," famed calypso singers making up songs that included the names of our pictures.

Cayenne in French Guiana, populated by the liberees from Devil's Island. Swooping down low over Devil's Island, those catwalks, open cells now choked with weeds, strange and unbelievable and terrifying in contrast to the beauty recently witnessed.

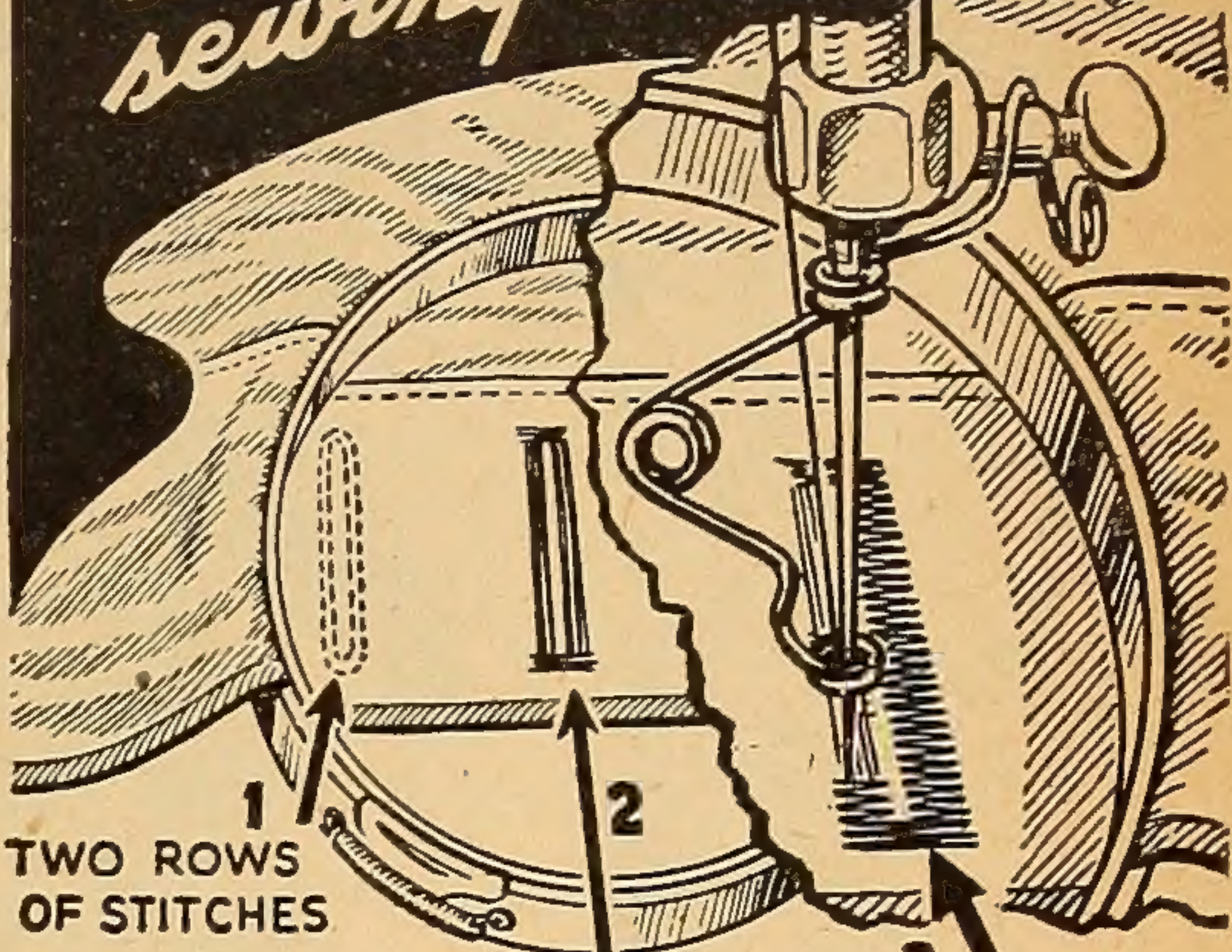
Trujillo in the Dominican Republic! The house of Columbus, historic, close to ruins. Refueling—Haiti, Port of France, Kingston, Jamaica. Havana, Cuba! Home of a long line of Romeros. Hundreds of relatives, old and new! Old family friends. The little old lady who knew my grandmother. My mother's first beau, his gift to me of a picture of my mother as a little girl. Cuba, the great heart of Cuba tied up with memories in my heart.

Florida—New York—home!

gone, but not forgotten . . .

Our trip is over, but of places, South American, Central American and Mexican, we will never forget. Of people who accepted us as their own. Long will we remember hotel doors covered with lipstick (God bless the movies!), marble-floored suites, gold fixtures, no hot water! Do they have jeeps in the United States? What about "lend-loose?" Tell your producers not to send us dubbed pictures. We have our own Spanish speaking stars—we want your stars to speak for themselves. They said it in every country. These warm-hearted, warm-blooded good neighbors. To them we are all eternally grateful.

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THESE FASHION FROCKS ARE PRACTICALLY TWINS OF THE I CREATED FOR MY PERSONAL USE AT \$200 TO \$300 EACH. I AM GLAD TO PRESENT THEM AT LESS THAN ONE-TENTH THOSE PRICES



Constance Bennett

glamorous star of stage, screen and radio. One of the world's 10 best-dressed women, she designs exclusively for FASHION FROCKS.



Style 812
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Desk 42054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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